

REMINISCENCES

OF

HENRY ANGELO,

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LATE FATHER

AND FRIENDS,

INCLUDING

NUMEROUS ORIGINAL ANECDOTES AND CURIOUS TRAITS OF
THE MOST CELEBRATED CHARACTERS THAT HAVE
FLOURISHED DURING THE LAST
EIGHTY YEARS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1830.

PRINTED BY SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT.

TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF RUTLAND,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS VOLUME
IS BY PERMISSION MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

BY HIS GRACE'S
DEVOTED SERVANT,
HENRY ANGELO.

REMINISCENCES

OF

HENRY ANGELO.

SECTION I.

VAUXHALL.—I remember the time when Vauxhall (in 1776, the price of admission being then only one shilling) was more like a bear garden than a rational place of resort, and most particularly on the Sunday mornings. It was then crowded from four to six with gentry, girls of the town, apprentices, shop-boys, &c. &c. Crowds of citizens were to be seen trudging home with their wives and children. Rowlandson the artist and myself have often been there, and he has found plenty of employment for his pencil.

The *chef d'œuvre* of his caricatures, which is still in print, is his drawing of Vauxhall, in which he has introduced a variety of characters known at the time, particularly that of my old

schoolfellow, Major Topham, the macaroni of the day. One curious scene he sketched on the spot purposely for me. It was this. A citizen and his family are seen all seated in a box eating supper, when one of the riffraff in the gardens throws a bottle in the middle of the table, breaking the dishes and the glasses. The old man swearing, the wife fainting, and the children screaming, afforded full scope for his humorous pencil.

Such night scenes as were then tolerated are now become obsolete. Rings were made in every part of the gardens to decide quarrels; it now no sooner took place in one quarter, than, by a contrivance of the light-fingered gentry, another row was created in another quarter to attract the crowd away.

Mrs. Weichsell (Mrs. Billington's mother) was the principal female singer. The men were Joe Vernon, of Drury Lane Theatre, &c.; Barthelemon, leader of the band; Fisher, hautboy; and Mr. Hook, conductor and composer. The dashers of that day, instead of returning home in the morning from Vauxhall, used to go to the Star and Garter, at Richmond.

One morning I was with a party going over Westminster Bridge, when, seeing a boat, one of them proposed taking it to go to the Tower, and to go by the Margate hoy. Two of us,

however, preferred going home to our beds. These were the freaks of folly fifty years ago. On week days, I have seen many of the nobility, particularly the Duchess of Devonshire, &c. &c., with a large party, supping in the rooms facing the orchestra—French horns playing to them all the time.

MARY-LA-BONNE GARDENS, though far inferior to Vauxhall, had still some attractions; but they were adapted to the gentry, rather than the *haut ton*. Here there was no distinction of nights. Old Charles Bannister, Tom Low, of Sadler's Wells, Reynolds, and Mrs. Thompson, of Covent Garden, were the singers. The exhibition of fireworks, under the direction of Signor Torri, was at one time a great inducement to company to frequent these gardens. Signor Torri also introduced a scene representing Vulcan and the Cyclops at work. On the stage erected for this, a burletta was performed, called the “*Serva Padrona*,” in which Mrs. Thompson was the heroine. Where Mary-la-bonne Gardens stood is now the bottom of Harley Street.

RANELAGH. --Of all the public places known at that time or since, Ranelagh had most decidedly the preference. I have often seen a line of carriages extending from Tattersall's to Chelsea, where the rotunda was built. The price of admission was two shillings and six-

pence. It was the custom for gentlemen to buy, in the anti-room, nosegays, myrtles, hyacinths, roses, &c. &c. ; not only to wear them themselves, but also to present some of them to ladies. There were no cropped heads, trowsers, or shoe-strings seen here—such dresses would not have been admitted. Ranelagh was the *élite* of fashion. The gentlemen wore powder, frills, ruffles, and had gold-headed canes, &c. &c., forming a great contrast to the dandyism of the present day. On entering the rotunda the *coup d'œil* was magnificent, and would have astonished the most fastidious foreigner, or those who were never there before.

When I was at Paris, in 1775, there was an imitation of this place, called the Collisé; but it was as inferior to Ranelagh as Mary-la-bonne Gardens were to Vauxhall. On several occasions the fireworks at Ranelagh were under my father's direction. On the late king's birth day, he once also gave a Venetian *spectacle*. In the garden there was a large sheet of water, on which were a number of boats, full of men, armed with long poles. The boats were then divided into two parties, an equal number of men in each, and the amusement consisted in endeavouring to push one another into the water. The victory was won by those who succeeded in ducking most of their opponents.

The dresses of the men were so gaudy, and covered with ribbons, that, with their finery, their sousings created the more merriment to the spectators, and also much gratification to my father, who, I believe, was the first who introduced this Italian *bêtise*.

The last time I was there was at the fête we *pic-nics* gave. Garnerin, and Mr. Sowden, a gentleman of our party, ascended in a balloon at six in the evening. At ten a small one was to ascend, to which were attached some fireworks; all the party were impatient to see the show, and I was myself in the gardens, along with some of the *pic-nics*, long before the appointed time. It was so arranged that the fireworks should not go off until the balloon had been a certain time in the air. I recollect a circumstance which occurred at the time, and was then not very pleasant to me. A conversation arose about actors, and I observed that of all the amateurs, General A***** was the most prominent *pic-nic* of our *dramatis personæ*, and in some parts, there were few who could at all be compared with him. I added, however, that he was a great bouncer, and knew how to draw a long bow. Though his stories were very amusing without being satirical, he was, I said, fond of talking of *himself*, and acted as his own trumpeter. Some one upon this suddenly called out, "Thank you, Angelo, I am much

obliged to you." This was a thunderbolt to me. The party all began to quiz me; another said, " You have got into a scrape;" another, " The general will cut your head off;" " He'll find you out," &c. &c. They all laughed at me, and gave me the slip.

Conscious that I had been unguarded in my remarks, and had spoken too freely, I remained some time in the damp gardens, in no very comfortable mood. Finding I had been deserted, I returned to the room, where I soon found my compassionate pic-nics, Colonel Greville, our active manager, having secured a box purposely for us among the number. " Cost what it will," said I to myself, " as I am in so hungry a mood, I am not to be quizzed out of my supper."

Being the first to enter the box, those who followed pressed me forward, so that I found myself seated at the other corner, and no one could pass by without seeing me. This had been previously contrived, the better for the general to make his attack whilst we were at supper; and the jest passing round, I heard them occasionally say, " There he is;" " He'll find you out." I, however, was too well employed with the ham and chicken to take much notice, but at last he himself stood before me; " Make room!" said he, addressing himself to me, " you and I must drink a glass of cham-

page together.” (Bravo! thought I to myself.) “ You said that I was the first amateur; why, don’t you know, when I played at Richmond House, there was but one opinion?—Garrick played the actor, I was the gentleman, in Lord Townley: did you ever hear of my speaking a prologue at the Margravine’s, without having seen a line of it?”

“ No,” said I.

“ The person who was to have spoken it not being perfect, was afraid to venture. I happened to be behind the scenes that night, and, to prevent disappointment to the audience, I went on, and spoke it myself.”

“ Why, that appears to me incredible.”

“ I’ll tell you how it was. My son prompted me, and I caught every word. The audience were not aware that the prologue was not intended for me, because no announcement was made of it in the play-bill, and they all complimented me very much, for it went off with very general applause. We had played together a few nights before at the pic-nics. The farce was Lethe; he was Lord Chalkstone, I played the old man.”

If anecdote, song, or imitation, adds to a convivial party, there are few who could in that respect be compared to the General; his affability, and the notice he always honoured me with, I shall ever gratefully remember.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The entertainment of Sadler's Wells, where Tom Low was the favourite singer, was merely confined to singing, rope-dancing, feats of strength, and pantomime. The additional inducements, however, were cream of tartar punch, and red wine of the sloe vintage. The dramatic selections, though not calculated to astonish an audience, tended more, perhaps, to improve the intellect.

Some years ago a very good-natured and particularly obstinate friend of mine, who had no very mean idea of his ability and his feats of agility, boasted that he could walk as well on the rope as any of the performers at Sadler's Wells, and made a bet with me that he could accomplish more than I could. I had no hesitation in accepting the bet; for, the fact was, I had made the experiment two years before.

Being one morning at a rehearsal there, Signor Ferzi, who was then the famous rope-dancer, was practising at the time, and, seeing me very attentive to his capers, he offered to show me how to walk to the end. He particularly cautioned me to fix my eyes upon one object; I followed his instructions, and, to my surprise, found very little difficulty; so that, having already made the trial, I did not hesitate to make a second attempt. Unfortunately for my antagonist, it was his first appearance on the

rope (by the by, many have made their *last* appearance *on* the rope.) He was rather a lusty personage, about five feet nine, and this circumstance so added to my confidence, that I waited with impatience for the day. Our bet was a dinner, to be paid by the loser.

Signor Placido, voltigeur, engaged that year *en second* to the Little Devil, so called from his superior abilities, was an excellent fencer; and his attempts to please my scholars made him always welcome to my room in the Haymarket. He was kind enough to say a word to the Little Devil on my account, and a rope was fixed on purpose for us, and a day being appointed, we both met at Sadler's Wells, to decide our wager. We were received by the Little Devil and his mistress, *La Belle Espagnolle*, as she was called, a very handsome woman, who that season had astonished every one by her graceful feats on the rope.

My opponent opened the ball, mounting the ladder first. He had his balancing pole in his hand; but he had scarcely got four yards, when he fell to the ground. It was now my turn. Recollecting the lesson I had previously taken, I moved forward gently, turning my toes well out, and placing each foot alternately before the other, my eye never deviating from the end of the rope, and succeeded in winning the wager. I was so elated, that I fancied I

me ; he tried to creep near his betters. By keeping my distance, I treated his shuffling haste to avoid me with contempt. Luckily I was seated next to the Honourable Mr. Anstruther (a merry one of the old school), whom I had known above twenty years, whose pleasantry and friendly recollection of me, after having been many years in India, was far more acceptable to me than if I had followed my first intention. The Duke presided ; on his right was the Prince ; on his left, Sir Sidney Smith ; Admiral Halliday (then Captain) was vice-president. The Duke, during the time he was eating his soup, was every moment putting wine in his glass, and the rest followed his example. Finding the quick firing begin so very soon, I thought I could not do better than look forward to the consequences of the bottle ; and therefore avoided drinking malt liquor, and from the first discharge to the last, stuck to old Hock, some considerable quantity of which I must have drank during the many hours I remained there.

The Duke was continually calling out, “ Halliday, look to the heeltaps !” I was here wise enough to restrain myself ; but had I been in any other company, some hours before I left the room I must inevitably have been under the table. But by not having changed my wine, nor talked much, I was perfectly sober

and collected to the last moment, a convincing proof that “ a silent tongue makes a wise head ;” for I think I must have been eight hours at table, and often have thought how very lucky I was at the time, with so many wines before me, to adhere to my resolution.

About an hour after dinner, when conviviality increased with the bottle, the Duke left his chair, and coming behind Mr. Anstruther and myself, putting his hand on our shoulders, we were about to rise directly, but the Duke said, “ Sit down, Anstruther ; I shall call upon you for the Alderman’s Thumb. Angelo, you must give us the Friar.”

Soon after singing began. The Prince, though he did not honour us in the beginning of the evening, then began to sing with considerable taste and humour. Among those who were called upon, was Colonel Doyle, (in the Spanish service), who gave an Irish song with such true native brogue (quite in our late Irish Johnstone’s style), that the company was delighted. When known to him, then a boy at Westminster School, I saw him in the holyday time perform the part of Sir Callaghan O’Brallagan, in Macklin’s “ Love à-la-Mode,” the farce got up by the Westminster boys. Mr. Mercer (brother of Captain Mercer of the guards, who was killed at Bergen-op-zoom) sang with a deal of taste in Viganoni’s *Vocè di Camera*, and Ana-

creon Moore added considerably by selecting some of his choice songs. But what seemed very much to amuse the Prince, was Sir John Mac Pherson's Highland war-song, (probably an Ossian, one of his brother's), and to give it the true warlike effect, whilst singing, he stood up, and, what with his robust appearance, his height being above six feet, a voice like a Stein-tor, brandishing his arm as if he had a clay-more, one would have imagined that he was bidding defiance to the whole company.

Our famous Irish bard sat very near him, listening to a melody very different to his own. The words were unintelligible to the whole party. All I can recollect, is, that at the end of every stanza (a long song), he vociferated, “Chough! Chough! Chough!” each time extending his arm as if he were giving a blow, enough to terrify those around him: all which made the Prince laugh very much. His “Chough, Chough,” I should suppose, was intended for the Celtic war-whoop. Mr. Anstruther, who, I have been told, when in India, was reckoned a great star in the private theatricals, and had particularly distinguished himself in the character of Scrub, in the Beaux Stratagem, sang the Alderman's Thumb.

I have often dined when the Duke presided at our Masonic meeting. He frequently honoured me with a preference by calling on me for a

song. I took care always to give those which I considered he approved of, and as the Friar's song seemed to take his fancy, I got my merry poet, John Bannister, to write a rhetorical piece for me ; and having often seen Henderson in Falstaff, I always endeavoured to imitate his manner and guttural voice, particularly his laugh, which seemed to come from a throat so choaked with fat, as almost to prevent utterance. I have always considered that the acting of a song, by giving point to the words, if well written, is far superior to the exertion and affectation of a fine voice. Being called upon by his Highness, I took courage, and went off as if I was sitting at the top of the table in Sheridan's Duenna, a Father Paul ; and if I may flatter myself, from the general notice bestowed on me, my attempts at whim made amends for a bad voice ; and if I could introduce no dulcet sounds, there was, at all events, something to laugh at.

Speaking of singing ; from what I have attended to, in the many societies I have been in, where I have heard (since the days when Webster was President at the Anacreontic) some of the first comic singers, particularly my old friend John Bannister, I am of opinion, that a smile, or a mark of attention, from any of the party most interested, always enlivened it the more, and gave impetus to the efforts of the singer. It must be the same, I should think,

on the stage : the less applause, the less exertion. These remarks have been lessons to me ; and though I am not like many (except when I am alone singing with my guitar), who sing more for their own amusement than for that of the company, yet I have ever felt more confidence when I caught the eye of any one who attended to those points of the song where I endeavoured to produce the most effect, and a smile had the same effect upon my voice as a bit of rosin upon a fiddle-string.

About twelve o'clock we were all surprised to see on the table a dwarf, who, I should think, could not have been more than five and thirty inches in height. He first entered at the bottom of the room, and was placed on the table, next to Captain Halliday, dressed in a court suit, with his *chapeau-bras* under his arm, and his sword by his side. After bowing, and running between the decanters and dessert, he made his *obéissance* to the Duke, who, I heard, had first seen him at Lisbon, and afterwards patronized him here. As he was going away the next morning—he had come to take his leave—the Prince seated him on his knee, where, like a child on the nurse's lap, he sat eating cakes and ice. His Highness retired about three o'clock, and it was five when I left the Duke, in high spirits, singing and laughing with the greater part of the guests who were enjoying his affability, and convivial humour.

This monastic prelude, which I always kept to myself, is welcome now to those who may speak it with better effect, as I consider my singing days to be over. I am now left to chaunt a dismal ditty, “ *Non sum qualis eram.*”

Soliloquy.

“ When the eye is pleased and the stomach well stored, the mind will rejoice. Ha ! ha ! ha ! What delicious dainties have I swallowed this day ! Angelic soup ! Divine turkey ! Heavenly wine ! I have done you justice, and am thankful.—(Crosses himself)—If I lack agility, I excel in grace, before a good meal. I have often thought that the stomach was the seat of learning. The appetite surely is the most sensible part of man, or Providence would never have placed the palate so near the brain. This tickles my palate, and suits my taste, the belly can vouch for the wisdom of the head : here (tapping his belly) is the larder of learning—the Epicure’s Library.”

Neapolitan Club, which consisted of those only, whom the Duke had known at Naples.

MEMBERS THAT DAY.

July 14, 1806.

H. R. H. Duke of Sussex	H. R. H. The Prince of Wales
Mr. Baker	Lord Arch. Hamilton
Mr. Bagwell	Sir Sidney Smith
Mr. Beckford	Sir John Douglas
Mr. Brummell	R. B. Sheridan
Sir William Hillary	Mr. Thomas Moore
Marquis of Headfort	Sir John Mac Pherson
Mr. Egerton	Mr. Mercer
Rev. Mr. Manby	Colonel Doyle
Mr. Magra	Captain Halliday
Colonel Phillips	Hon. Mr. Anstruther
Mr. John Smith	Angelo
Sir William Worseley	

As copied from the book at the Thatched House Tavern, in my presence, by Mr. Willis, July 11th, 1825.

I was the only professional person invited ; but had I been a public singer, or a buffoon, I should have thought I was only there to amuse the company, and should have considered myself one of the “ No song, no supper.” Received as I was, however, I cannot but with pride keep in mind and boast of the honour conferred on me. “ Some have greatness thrust upon them.” Having met with one of the purse-proud gentry at Bath, (too common there) who derived all his consequence from train oil, (thanks to his industrious father, who had been a trader to Greenland), he thought it was impossible that *I* could ever have been in such company, and offered to bet me fifty pounds that I had not dined with his Majesty when Prince of Wales. Though I could have won the sum from the fellow, who thus presumed upon his own consequence, I merely made it a trifling wager. As my testimony was not a sufficient proof, I was very glad to meet, a few days after, in Milsom-street, one of the party who dined that day with the Prince. I accosted him, first apologizing for the liberty I had taken, and mentioning the particulars of our dining together with the Duke of Sussex at the Neapolitan Club, the day the Prince was there, how I was situated about a bet I had made, and requested his leave to permit me to write to him, which he politely granted. At

the same time I told him that if he honoured me with an answer, the very name of Anacreon Moore must remove all doubts. The following is the letter which I sent to him:—

“ Bath, April 30th, 1826.

“ SIR,—When I had the pleasure of accidentally meeting you after the many years had elapsed since that gratification, I took the liberty of mentioning the circumstance which I then reminded you of,—our dining together at the Neapolitan Club, having been present by an invitation from H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex. To appeal to the circumstance of the dinner, and such a select party, would be an affront to your memory. But if the presence of the only professional character there, and the name of Angelo, have not escaped your recollection, a line from you, stating that I was present, and that too from Anacreon Moore, would be a tower of strength to the quondam fencing master. I should not have presumed to address you the other day, or taken this liberty to trouble you, but having quitted my profession, and retired where etiquette is so strongly observed, and where professional men are exploded, my testimony that the Duke of Sussex invited me to dine with him, and that his present Majesty was there, appears at Bath, (where pride is the order of the day), as a matter of doubt. In re-

minding you of the enclosed names, (as copied from Willis's book), of those who were at the dinner, or any inquiries from me to corroborate my veracity, I trust will need no further inducement to accede to my request.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Sir,

“ Your obedient Servant,

“ HENRY ANGELO.”

“ *To Thomas Moore, Esq.,
Sloperton Cottage, Wilts.*”

A few days after I met my quondam fag *Jack*, and judging from the consequential nod of his head as he passed by me, I inferred that he was hurrying on to *cut* me ; but being sharper of the two, and not forgetting his behaviour to me at the Neapolitan Club, not having heard from Mr. Moore, I did not hesitate to speak to him, and requested to be favoured with a line which should at the same time notice the fact of our having dined together by the invitation of the Duke of Sussex, and that the Prince was present. This he *promised* to do, having mentioned to him the wager which might depend on his letter, and I received the following note from him :—

“ Mr. _____’s compliments to Mr. Angelo, and upon weighing the circumstance of his

application, is of opinion that after such a *LAPSE*, it would be highly indecorous in him to comply with Mr. Angelo's request, particularly as he must refer to persons of the highest station in life, and Mr. —— at the same time begs leave to suggest, that the person he should apply to, would be to that particular member of the club to whom he was his guest."

Did he possibly suppose that *I* could apply to the Duke of Sussex to come as an evidence to prove a debt? As to highly indecorous, it was shuffling with me not to comply with my request. Enough, however, of this haughty fellow. At my return to Bath I received this from Mr. Moore:—

"SIR,—You must have thought me most culpably negligent in leaving the letter with which you favoured me near two months ago. On my return I received it. I am ready and happy to bear testimony to your presence as an invited guest at the dinner in 1806, where the Duke of Sussex presided, and where his present Majesty was also one of the guests; I have also to thank you for bringing the circumstance of the very agreeable day back to my recollection, and beg you to ‘Believe me,

“ Your faithful Servant,

“ *Sloperton Cottage, Wilts,* “THOMAS MOORE.”
July 10, 1826.”

This was a sufficient proof to remove all doubts of my assertions, and to enable me to win my wager, at the same time giving me that consequence to those *self*-important people, who looked on me as a professional man beneath their notice. I had experienced far different conduct to this, however, before I came to the *good city* of Bath. While speaking of this aristocratical city, I cannot avoid relating an anecdote which at the time much hurt my feelings.

A dramatic fête was to take place in honour of the King's Birth-day, (St. George's Day), including a play, ball, and supper. As I had been from a boy a theatrical *amateur* star, though no stage-struck planet, and as for that night only the performance was to consist entirely of amateurs, I wished to be present. Of the Thespians was Colonel Bradyll, whose abilities on the Bath boards have often gratified many an audience. A committee of gentlemen was formed to direct the arrangements. I then resided near two miles from Bath, which certainly a little abated my anxiety to see a *gentleman* performance, considering the trouble I should have afterwards at night to return home. I thought, that, however their own amusement might have been gratifying to them, my curiosity might prove that "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" Being acquainted with a particular friend of one of the committee, I

waited on him, and requested his interest to procure me admittance, if only for half an hour, either behind the scenes, or in some corner of the house, merely as an experiment, to judge if, at a future day, I might venture to attempt my efforts at comedy for some poor actor with a large family. I had a mind to see how far my endeavours could keep pace with the *gentleman* performance. The following day I was to receive an answer to my request, and, to my astonishment, my friend told me that he had succeeded for me, and that I was to be admitted; when he added, “but you must tie a white pocket handkerchief round your arm.”

“What for?” said I.

“Because none but gentry have tickets.”

Here’s a distinction, thought I, irritated as my feelings were at the moment. My answer was far from complimentary, as I considered myself insulted, after having made my theatrical *début*, when a boy, with the present Lords Harrington, Townsend, Mulgrave, &c., and my finale at the Margravine of Anspach’s. After such distinctions conferred on me, to submit to that contemptible degradation now, I may well say—

“To what base uses may we not return!”

DUKE OF MANCHESTER.—So long ago as August, 1801, at the time of Nelson’s attack at

Boulogne, passing through Kimbolton, in my way to Leeds, the Duke of Manchester graciously condescended to invite me to stop at his house. The Duchess of Gordon, who was there with her three daughters, the Saturday following, was going with them to Scotland; in the interim I proceeded on my journey. On my return the succeeding Sunday, I was kindly received by his Grace. The only visitors were the present Lord Jersey, the late Lords Hinchbroke and Ludlow. His Grace's friendly welcome and affability, void of that *étiquette* and ostentation I had every reason to expect, made the time pass very pleasantly. After breakfast every one had his own pursuits. Having my gig with me, and being fond of fishing, the river at St. Ives was my daily resort. The only restraint, and that a pleasing one, was to meet at the dinner hour. When assembled, the hospitality of the table, the conversation over the glass, and the perfect freedom from restraint, rendered the visit most delightful. I was told by an old friend, Captain C——, who had been many years in the duke's regiment (Huntingdon), though it might have been merely a joke, that my presence one day disappointed his Grace. If this really were the case, it must have been the one previous to my returning to town, as I recollect I drank more wine than usual, and when the cheese

was introduced, the ale, which was remarkably strong, was placed before me, and I sipped it rather too freely. If I had not been in awe of the company, most probably the ale and the wine would have made me “How came you so?” and I might have exposed myself to their derision. However, though I had occasionally drunk malt liquor, that did not prevent my distinguishing where I was, so that I could not believe what was told me, that the duke had said, “I did all I could to make the *old Italian* drunk, but he was too much for me,” (speaking of the ale.)

Those who go to see the mansion are always taken to the cellar, where a glass tube is presented to them, more than two feet long, which holds, I believe, near a pint, to drink, and when approaching near the end the remainder rushes out in their face. This beer, which is considered so very strong, is still brewed with the same quantity of materials as it has been for these last hundred years. I have not only to be thankful for his Grace’s condescension, but since this reception I have been so indulged, that, three times, a quantity of it has been sent to me; the first time in 1801, the last in June, 1828—an honour highly gratifying to me after having been noticed by him so many years.

After remaining at Kimbolton some time, I followed the Duke to town, where he resided

then at the British Coffee-house. As he observed, every one was away. Honoured as I had been, I took the liberty to say, “I wish your Grace would make mine your coffee-house, as you say every body is out of town, and condescend to dine there.”

“Well,” repeated he, “provided you’ll have only one dish.” “My Lord, that will not be enough for the family.” However, there was but one addition, fish. Such fare imposed upon me, seemed more to his satisfaction than had I crowded my table to convince him how much I felt flattered by his presence under my roof. Soon I had a pleasant sail with him, in a yacht he hired for the purpose, to Margate. The captain, who was all the time at the steerage, to assist had only a boy about twelve years old, the Duke and his servant, the whole time, managing the sails. The other passengers were Lord Hinchingbroke and myself. The Duke of Manchester’s regiment was then quartered at Birchington, a little distance from Margate, where his Lordship, I believe, was second in command. When landed, we proceeded, and the next day returned without any addition made to our crew; so that, to make use of an expression similar to that attributed to Vestris, the dancer, I might say that our party consisted of “Moi et le Roi de Prusse,” me and the Duke.

Previous to my leaving town in 1822, hear-

ing of his Grace's arrival in England from Jamaica, as he was at Kimbolton, and it was uncertain when I should be in London again, I waited on him there; and on being announced to him, was cordially received.

“Ah, Angelo! what brought you here?” said he. Making a low bow, and at the same time exposing the back part of my head, I replied,

“A poor, old, bald-pated friar, your Grace, is come to pay his respects to you.” He immediately held down his own head, and said, “Look at mine.” I beheld a deep furrow, frightful to look at. After congratulating him on his miraculous recovery, I related to him what I had heard from a gentleman, who was in Jamaica at the time, of the sufferings he had endured, and the narrow escape he had of losing his life. What I had heard was that his cumile had been overturned, and he was thrown on his head with such violence, that a fracture ensued. He was left on the ground speechless, and every body considered him to be dead. The chief surgeon in Kingston at the time was ten miles absent from the place, and though several offered their assistance, nothing was done. An express was sent to the surgeon directly, when a young surgeon, judging from the hopeless state the Duke was in, that the delay of a few minutes longer must evidently cause his death, without consulting the others, immediately proceeded

to the operation of trepanning, which fortunately saved the Duke's life. Had he not done this, he must have been long dead before any other assistance could have arrived. The young practitioner acquired considerable reputation, and was gratified with the approval of the first medical men in Kingston. To return to my visit. His Grace kindly said, "You are come to stop here." I told him I had called several times at the Clarendon Hotel, but was informed he was at Kimbolton; and as I was going to reside above a hundred miles from town, I came on purpose to take my leave. I therefore accepted his invitation only to dinner, as the next morning I was obliged to return.

MARGRAVINE.—For several years I was one of the performers at the Margravine's, and long before I was honoured with her Highness's notice, I remember, when a boy, our family occasionally stopping days at her mother's, Lady Berkeley, when residing at Cranford. Her brother George was my school-fellow at Eton, and was captain of the Marlborough in Keppel's action, June 27, 1778. When he left school, he was placed as a boarder at my father's, where he remained a considerable time. When he was Admiral Berkeley, and lived in Charles-street, St. James's Square, I was his neighbour, residing then in St. Alban's-street, where he frequently used to call. He often put me in

mind of our fagging when at school, and of our living together afterwards under the same roof ; at all times he seemed pleased to see me.

Some few years previous to being one of her Highness's *dramatis personæ*, she gave a grand masquerade at Brandenburgh House. I should rather think it must have been soon after her return to England with the Margrave. It was her *entrée*, vulgarly called *house-warming*. The cause of my being there was, a few days before my father dined at the Russian ambassador's (Harozow or Simolin, I do not recollect which), which he was often in the habit of doing ; when, a Russian prince being at table, speaking of two tickets he had for the masquerade at Brandenburgh House, observed, how very awkward he should find himself, not being able to speak English, remarking, at the same time, how very much he should like to have an Englishman with him. M. Lysakawik—who was intimate with our family, and was then secretary to the ambassador, and when I was in Paris, in the year 1775, held a diplomatic situation there, and to whom I was under many obligations—observed to the prince, that I could give him a deal of information. It was soon settled that we should go together : accordingly, on the evening he called in his carriage at my house in Curzon-street. He was a well-informed young man, then on his travels.

On our entering the grand saloon, we found the Margrave and Margravine standing at the entrance to receive the company. I recollect shewing him the Duchess of Gordon and her three daughters; also Lady Rancliff, whom I had known some years when Miss James, having, with our family, passed many a day at her father's, at Eltham, and often visited in Gerard street, his town residence. All the men as they passed saluted the host and hostess, and were received with that affability and kindness which at all times enhance the value of an invitation.

The ladies were most elegantly dressed, and it was altogether a superb spectacle, though perhaps there was not so much life and spirit as is usually to be found at a masked ball on the continent. As, however, I was bear-leader to a prince, the novelty was of sufficient attraction for me, as the company was so select. The greater part wore dominos; the few that were in character, took little trouble to be gay or witty. Two circumstances took place in the course of the evening worth mentioning. I was present at the first, which might have been an accident; the second was certainly disgraceful to those who had been enjoying every luxury and hospitality. The probability is, that it was purposely done.

One of the doors, adjacent to the room, was a full length portrait of the late King of Prussia,

Frederick ; the door was closed, and a beautiful large mirror was placed before it. A mask, in a sailor's dress, *perhaps* fancying he saw a number of masks in the next room, and something having attracted his attention, rushed with impatience to get there, and dashing violently against it, shattered the glass in pieces. This might have been accidental ; but, whoever he was, he took care directly to change his dress. I mentioned to the Margravine, some time after, what I had seen that night, who told me that the mirror was remarkable for size and beauty, and that with all her inquiries, she never could get the least information about it. The second affair to which I allude was both wanton and malicious, and disgraceful to the parties. In one of the rooms the curtains were of beautiful rich silk, covered with point lace. On several places the lace had been purloined, the silk cut and torn, and the satin chairs and sofas ripped with a knife. The victuals were thrown under the tables, and many other depredations were committed.

This masquerade, I believe, was the first and the last. Having occasionally joined in amateur theatricals from my first *début* (when an Etonian) at Lady Townsend's, Whitehall, with several young noblemen, who were my school-fellows, and many attempts since at the *buffo caracato*, I received an invitation from her

Highness to become* one of her *dramatis personæ*, and some years ago was honoured with her notice, and my *entrée* at her gala dinners and suppers. Her theatre was small, situated near the water side, and was commodious, and beautifully decorated. There was a parterre and side-boxes. The Margrave's was at the back of the pit, and was usually occupied by the *élite* of the company, the corps diplomatique, &c. The orchestra was of course well conducted, as it was under the direction of Mr. Sapiro, who presided at the harpsichord—I should think the father of our excellent singer.

The Margravine on all occasions was the *prima donna*, and mostly performed the juvenile characters; but whether she represented the heroine or the soubrette, her person and talents captivated every heart. Her *en second*, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, was Miss Sutherland. The excellent acting of the Hon. Keppel Craven, aided by his youth and elegant appearance, made both the French and English pieces go off with *éclat*. These pieces were written by the Margravine. Count Dallet, who was chamberlain to the Margrave (an elderly man), as a French comedian, was a great acquisition. Having seen Beville, the famous comic actor at Paris, he often reminded me of him. The Count generally played the father; the Margravine the daughter or pert chamber-

maid ; Keppel Craven, the lover, or the intriguing lackey. One of the characters (I may say a prominent one) allotted to me, was in a piece called “ The Gauntlet,” written by the Margravine, adapted and taken from Schiller’s Robbers, wherein I was captain of banditti, “ Wolfganga.” Having introduced something contrary to her highness’s intention, I got into disgrace, and was placed in rather an unpleasant situation.

Previous to my intended plan of robbing the Bishop of Fulda (Joe Maddocks) of two hundred marks, I have to wait in a forest for him ; I meet with a wood cutter (a prince in disguise, Keppel Craven) ; this produces an encounter ; we fight, and I am killed, and ought to fall immediately. This death, so very premature, was not pleasing to me. As the *grand voleur*, the chief of the banditti, I considered myself entitled to a better exit. At the rehearsal, however, I was entirely under the direction of the Margravine. I did not say a word of my disappointment, at being obliged merely to tumble down and die. When I hinted my chagrin to my brother performers, they all agreed with me, and told me that I ought to die *game*, particularly the Bishop, who, in his droll, gruff manner, said,—“ Poh ! don’t mind her, make a speech of your own.”

“ Oh dear !” I replied, “ I shall be in dis-

grace—I know not what to say.” He then meditated a few minutes, and suggested a few sentences, one of which was, “ Curse on my fate; before I shall receive my just reward”—(robbing the bishop), “ and by the hand of the very man that I—my money—ah, oh! ah! up with your leg and give’m money again.”

I was of course much pleased, having something to say; and the first night of the performance, no sooner was I down, than, before my antagonist could speak, I gave them my dying speech, and, following my instructor, favoured the audience with sundry groans and struggles, which, to use a newspaper puff, received *unbounded applause*. I was not a little pleased with the stage effect I thought I had introduced; but instead of meeting with congratulations, as I expected, my good natured friends, particularly my instructor, began to laugh at me.

“ You’ll have it,” said one of them; “ the Marggravine is in such a passion. How did you dare utter any thing she has not written?” Without waiting for the *grand soupé*, I got away as soon as I was dressed, avoiding the reprimands, for that night at least.

Soon after, the same play was to be performed again, when I received a note from her highness, mentioning the evening. On my arrival to dinner, which was our accustomed

meeting hour, previous to the performance, I had prepared myself for my reception. I took courage, and having another speech ready for my defence, I presented myself boldly before her highness, who severely reprimanded me. She asked me, “ How I dared to speak a word that was not in my part, and make her write a jumble of nonsense ? ”

“ Indeed, your highness,” said I, “ there is always a dying speech for every one on the stage that is killed, and it is very hard that I should be the only one to go without; besides, I was a hero.”

“ A fool!—don’t tell me; while you are talking, is Keppel to stand all the time, and the house to be listening to your stuff? I insist upon you not uttering a single word.” I apologized to her highness, and promised to obey.

After our great directress was gone, there was a general murmur among my fellow amateurs, who asked me, “ why I did not say I had a right to expect to die on the Brandenburgh stage, as well as actors on the London ones.” Though they would have persuaded me to have vindicated myself, nevertheless, like many gentlemen who play to please themselves more than the audience, I was determined to have my fun out. Having that morning passed by Exeter 'Change, and recollecting the noises made by the beasts, I thought I could not do

better than give the growl of the bear, as a sort of new reading. With a new stage effect, and with one of Grimaldi's expiring faces, I gave a few queer kicks, suiting the word to the action, “ Oh !” for I was to “ speak no more than is set down.” I took care, however, to give them my best “ oh !” which was not a bad imitation of the bear himself, and from the laughter that followed, I had reason to believe that my comic attempt was well relished ; however, I escaped getting into a third disgrace, and this was my last performance : nor am I impatient to smell the lamp again.

SECTION II.

LORD BYRON.—Two days previous to the walking match between Captain Barclay and Wood, the pedestrian, which was to take place at Newmarket, I was in attendance at the East India College, then at Hertford. Having finished my morning instruction, anxious to see the Captain, who had been my scholar, and wishing him to succeed against so renowned a pedestrian as Wood was considered at that time, my thoughts were full of the approaching match—I felt myself animated enough, though but twenty miles from town, to go the whole distance on foot. By the evening I got as far as Thrapston; when at tea, hearing a chaise and four enter the yard, the waiter informed me that it was some lord. Having been known to not a few in the course of my professional attendance, it occurred to me that he might have been one of my scholars, and the waiter

said there was only his gentleman (valet) in the chaise with him, so that he could easily ask his name. To my agreeable surprise he informed me that it was Lord Macdonald, who for many years had frequented my fencing rooms, and who at all times had honoured me with his friendly notice. As he was alone, I flattered myself that my presence might be acceptable to him, and without ceremony I sent in my card, and soon received an answer that he would be glad to see me. On my entrance, he inquired what brought me from town. I told him that I was walking on my way to Newmarket to see the two famous pedestrians.

“ You have had quite walking enough,” said he. “ I am going there ; you can travel with me.” We passed a pleasant evening together ; and mentioning at supper, that from my attending at Cambridge I was well acquainted with the different colleges, it was fixed that we were to stop there in our way to Newmarket.

Leaving at an early hour the next morning, we arrived there to breakfast ; having the day before us, we amused ourselves by viewing the different colleges, some of which he had never seen. The statue of Professor Porson much attracted our notice. After dinner we set off, and arrived at Newmarket in the evening, when I took my leave, returning thanks for the honour

his lordship had conferred upon me. Pleased with his cordial reception, and preferring such a conveyance to any boast I might have made of time and miles in my attempt at pedestrianism, I considered myself lucky to meet with such a flattering and pleasant acquaintance. At nine o'clock I went to pay my respects to Captain Barclay, but was told he had retired some time to rest. In my way back I met my old acquaintance, Mr. Jackson, of pugilistic excellence, walking with his friend Griffiths, of Pall Mall. The latter offered a bet on the two combatants, Gully and Gregson, who were matched that week to fight, and I not knowing the prowess of the parties, left him to chuse his man, and accepted his proposal; fortunately I was the winner, and (what with my proffered ride to Newmarket, and on my return home,) I am to thank Mr. Gully for those expenses I might have paid for my excursion and curiosity.

In the morning Newmarket was all in a bustle, the walking-match, previous to the races, exciting the attention of every one. Each had a temporary booth erected at the starting place; the Captain, at setting out, proceeded at the regular pace, at no time deviating from it; whilst the other appeared to be hastening too much at first to expect a continuance—however, to the surprise of every one, the walking did not last long. What could be the cause

which made Wood give in so very soon astonished all but the knowing ones; most probably they were in the secret. The blacklegs looked to others as well as their own. If I am not mistaken, they had not been walking two hours before Wood gave in; this could not have been a trial of skill or exertion, and the many crowds were like others I have seen, all inquiring, and no one knowing why they were met together. Sudden indisposition might have been the cause of the match being closed, but it could not have been fatigue. Some said that Wood had received, the previous night, a dose. I should have been heartily sorry to have travelled so far to see such a walking match, if it had not been for the reception Lord Macdonald gave me, and indeed I was very angry with myself for going on such a foolish errand.

As the foot wager was finished so soon, I returned to Newmarket in expectation of finding a conveyance to town—I had no lords now to make *me* their *agreeable* companion in a post-chaise, instead of their valets, and no chance of returning to town till the next day. The races now began to attract my attention, particularly that between Sir Peter Teazle and another horse, for a thousand guineas, on the one mile course. Of all the races I have ever seen this was the most amusing to me. Placed as I was

at the coming-in post, I saw them both start, standing facing the mile they were both to leave, and galloping towards me. It was quite a novel sight. Sir Peter Teazle was the winner. This was the last race, then approaching to four o'clock, and every body was driving off the ground, when, to my surprise, I heard a voice calling out "Angelo! Angelo!" and turning round, I perceived it was Lord Byron, with a party of his friends, in his barouche.

"What business have you here?"

"Why, my lord," answered I, "like many other fools I came to see two men take a walk. Your lordship, I should suppose, is here to see the race with Sir Peter Teazle."

"Yes, I have betted on him—he is the winner. How did you like the race?" returned his lordship.

"I should have liked better," said I, "to have been at Cambridge in my way home."

"Get up," said his lordship; "I can give you a ride there, and you can dine with me." Off we went; my old acquaintance, Theodore Hook was in the barouche, and I need not say how very much pleased I was to meet him. His family and my father's were intimate for many years, and many pleasant hours I have passed at their house. Often attempting a bit of a pun myself, I listened frequently to those of his father, who, I have been told was considered

the first punster, and many a good laugh I have had to thank him for. Mrs. Hook was an affable, pleasant lady, inclined to be lusty. Hook himself, with his spectacles on, did not disguise his good humoured countenance ; he had always something to say to make others smile. His eldest son (late Dean) I knew when a boy, at Westminster school, and, though so many years ago, cannot but recollect his very friendly attentions to me when grown up to manhood.

Previous to his being elected for Oxford he introduced me to his brother collegians ; and often, on the days of my attendance there in winter, I have joined them in their snug parties in Mother Dawson's back parlour, between the hours of two and three, where, gridiron on the fire, and steaks and chops broiling, we made the best of our time ; as their evening avocations called them soon away, the glass passed round pretty quickly. These meetings were so pleasant, and formed such a change to my other convivial ones, I could almost have fancied myself again an Etonian, when *hook'd* in with the infernal fellows, with their square caps (as Lingo calls them.) At my return to Cambridge with Lord Byron, at the inn where we dined all was ready for his reception. I should think our party did not consist of more than six ; except Hook and myself, the others were Cambridge men. Lord Byron, then, from what I perceived,

was on the vegetable system, for I saw him eat nothing else. Previous to our sitting down to dinner I hastened to the Eagle and Child inn, where I procured two places in that evening's mail coach ; one only was left for the inside. After dinner, I need not say the glass and the joke made the evening pass swiftly ; Lord Byron, by his affability and cordial reception, having greatly enhanced the pleasure of it.

Having taken a place for Mr. Hook and myself, as he was going to town, we got up to take our leave ; Lord Byron said he would see us to the last, and getting up from table, shewed the way for the others to follow. My friend and myself had settled it that for the first stage we were to ride outside together, and afterwards to take it by turns to ride inside. Having gone to the inn too soon, and both of us being seated on the top of the coach, his lordship, that no time should be lost, sent to St. John's College for the good beer it was noted for, when, filling two tumblers, he handed them up himself to us, laughing at the many people that were wondering at his being so very busy waiting on the outside passengers. They all knew it was Lord Byron, but they did not know that we had dined with him ; it appeared more strange from his not suffering any one to assist him. He was my scholar when not more than twelve years old, and many times he has taken me by the hand.

What must be my feelings now when recollecting the scene of that evening—his obliging condescension, our parting, the coach driving off, his huzzas, and the twisting of his hat? Such impressions can never be obliterated. Strange that in so short a space, two different noblemen, finding me wandering, should take me in their carriage; the events connected with the last will ever dwell on my mind. However I may vaunt of the issue of my intended pedestrian experiment, I cannot but be vain of my journey to town on the top of a coach *all* night, *Theodore Hook* seated next to me, preferring *my* company, though exposing himself to those damps that fall on the approach of morning, at the time he might have had a warm birth inside. His conversation, humour and gaiety, made the meeting so cheerful that at our arrival in Bishopsgate-street we did not know where we were.—I must never expect to meet with such a pleasant companion.

THE DUKE OF ST. ALBAN'S.—I should think it must have been about the year 1769 that our family dined with the old Duke of St. Alban's, at his house in Bolton-row, Piccadilly, (five doors from where I resided after near thirty years); at that time his Grace was a scholar at my father's, and frequented his *manége*. To judge from Van-dyke's picture of King Charles and his family, at Lord Pembroke's, at Wilton, (which they say the

King of France wanted to purchase, and offered to cover with louis d'ors), he very much resembled his ancestor, as he had the long face and heavy eye belonging to all the portraits of the family. Though so long ago, then a schoolboy, I well remember there were during dinner-time a number of dogs in the room, and there was one servant in the room whose sole occupation it was to feed and pay attention to them ; after every meal, he had orders to wipe each dog's mouth carefully with a napkin. The Duke was anxious to purchase my father's best manége horse, called Monarch; but though two hundred guineas were offered, my father would not sell him. At my return home, my mother told me that I was born in the house where I had dined.

PRINCE MASSARANO.—At the time my father taught riding, horses were sent to him to break in for the manége. Prince Massarano, who was then Spanish ambassador here, sent two of his horses every morning to the riding-house. Only one of them was to be taught his paces. The groom, instead of taking the other to the stables, always remained present with one whilst my father was engaged in breaking in the other. This circumstance excited my father's curiosity, when he asked the groom his reason for so doing. “ Sir, my master desired that he was to remain present, during the time

you were teaching the other, that he might learn, as he was only to pay for one."

WELTJE AND BOAR'S HEAD.—Weltjé's hospitality and *bonne-chère*, at his residence on Hammersmith Mall, where his friends were ever welcome, were well known. Many a convivial day have I passed there. His manners were not very polished ; but at the same time good-nature, and his humorous eccentric anecdotes, of which he had so many, with his excellent dishes, so pleased his guests, that they were never out of patience in listening to him. He once gave me the following description of his returning home in his carriage one night to Hammersmith : " Fon I gote to de fost dumbpike beyond Kensington, from town, de goach stobed some time, fon me say, ' God-am, ged on : ' fon de dumbike say, ' Sir, dere be nobody on de bokes.' By Gode, I was very much fraightened, so I did ged up mineself. The next day gome de goachman ; ' Pray, Sir, fon am I to ged the carriage ready ? ' ' Tartifle, what become of you last night ? ' " The fact was, the man was so drunk that he fell off the box ; unhurt, he took his nap all night under a hedge, and waited on his master, as if nothing had happened, to receive orders. Whether at Carlton-house or his own, Weltjé was always remarkable for singularity. I have been told that when Alderman Newnham was one day

dining at Carlton-house, the Prince said to him, " Newnham, don't you think there is a strange taste in the soup?" " It appears so to me, your Highness." " Send for Weltjé." When Weltjé made his appearance, the Prince observed that the soup had a strange taste. Weltjé called to one of the pages, " Give me *de spoone*," and putting it in the tureen, after tasting it several times, said, " Boh ! boh ! tish very goote," and immediately left the room, leaving the spoon on the table. Among the number of pleasant parties when I have been present at his house, was the one when my friends, Bannister, Munden, and Rowlandson were there, with Madame Banti and Taylor of the Opera-house, Mr. Palmer, of Bath, with his son, a young midshipman, who, unfortunately, I believe, that day had his cheek bit by a monkey. We sat a long time to a dinner, *bien recherché*; dishes cooked in a superior style. All of us were ready for wine and conversation, for the time had been otherwise engaged, enjoying great variety of *entremets*, particularly Madame Banti, who not only tasted of every dish, but, in addition to a quantity of strong ale, drank a bottle of champagne. When we imagined that the repast was over, and that nobody could touch a morsel more, enter a large boar's head; when sitting near half an hour, looking at our busy host occupied in mixing up different

ingredients, oil, lemon, cayenne, and various other ingredients, 'twas *nem. con.*

“Indeed, Weltjé, we have had more than enough.” Weltjé exclaimed, “Boh! by Gode, I vil make you all hungry again; two heads gomed to dis gontry, von for me, toder for de Queen, dat de Prince of Bronsvick sent,” amusing us all the time with droll anecdotes, peculiar to his own description, to make his culinary performances appear the shorter. Clean plates having been brought in, *sauce piquante* finished, and a large dish filled with slices of the boar's head, swimming in provocative mixtures, being placed before us, we all fell to again, and verified the French proverb, that “*l'appétit vient en mangeant* ;” or, as Hamlet says, “As if increase of appetite had grown with what it fed on.” Our second repast was so very excellent, that our plates were continually replenished. Banti, from her repeated libations of champagne, was in higher spirits than any Frenchwoman I had ever seen. With the enthusiasm of a true John Bull, she sang “God save the King,” that she might have been heard on the other side of the river. Munden, whom she had never seen before, sang the “Old Woman of Eighty ;” and to give effect to the song, tied his pocket handkerchief round his head, though his superior humour needed no addition. When he had

finished his song, Banti left her seat in ecstacy, and went to the other side of the table, where he and I were sitting, and was so pleased with his mummetry (it could be nothing else, for Joe never was an Adonis,) that she came behind his chair and kissed him ; which, however, did not excite a blush, but an agreeable surprise. What with the song, the choice wines, the delicious fruits (from his hot-house), and the zest given to the entertainment by Banti, it formed such a delightful treat, that the evening passed too quickly, and it was time to depart long before we were sated with “ the feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

WELTJE AND HIS POSTERITY.—Weltjé, whose profuseness and variety at his table had no bounds, was often visited by those whose superior situation was more suited to a palace, yet their pride did not overcome their gluttony, or restrain their motives. “ The proof of the pudding is in the eating.” He was also often crowded with poets, painters, actors, musicians, &c. His income must have been very large. A person observing to him what sums such entertainments must cost, he replied ; “ By Gote, as long as I can shpend my monies, my frients fon they compt here, dere are plenty of goote tings, and fon I die, dere is enofe for my *posterioris*.”

GALLINI, CANDLES, AND CAT'S MEAT.—This is a very different character to Weltjé. Gallini, the dancing master, who had amassed a large fortune, was a great miser, and his covetousness was known to every body. Petrot, the famous dancer, was a boy with him, and had been instructed in the same school abroad. Gallini surprised all his acquaintance by inviting Petrot and some others to his house in Hanover Square to dine. My father, who, for a number of years, had received Gallini at his table, but had never received so much as a glass of water in return, was, with myself, of the party. Petrot having never seen his rooms, and Gallini not having time to shew them before dinner, it was delayed till after ; and previously to our leaving, about nine o'clock, he took us to the concert room, leading the way with a sort of rushlight, so that we were almost in the dark. While Gallini was describing the room, and telling us how many it held, the great expense it had put him to, and other matters, a servant came to say that a person below had particular business with him.

Gallini immediately went down stairs, leaving the bit of candle with us. No sooner was he gone, than I put my hand in my pocket, and finding some paper, directly folded it up in different parcels (having seen that all the chandeliers were ready for the following night), and

giving a paper to each person, I proposed that each of us should light the candles. My suggestion was complied with immediately; and as the cotton had been moistened with spirits of wine, the room was in a blaze. At this return, soon seeing such a glare of light, the old miser was almost frantic; his candles burning, he began to exclaim, “Così far? diabolo!” &c. He ran about the room like a madman, and began to puff them out. The whole party burst into a fit of laughter and left him to grow cool upon his anger, after a delicate hint about his parsimony.

I have been told that when he attended his schools, he used to promise his coachman a pint of beer, if he got through the turnpikes without paying; but he always took care to have the first draught, and seldom left little more than the froth at the bottom. Often when returning home at night, exhausted and fatigued, after a whole day's teaching in the country, he would take nothing but bread and cheese for his dinner, which he used to eat in his carriage. One night, finding nothing in his pantry, rather than be at the expense of sending for any thing for his supper, he had recourse to the cat's meat which he found in a corner, and with dripping, parsley, and onions, fried together, which he cooked himself, he feasted on this *grand plat*.

At this very time too, he was reckoned to be worth a hundred thousand pounds. This parsimonious character married Lady Elizabeth, the sister of Lord Abingdon.

LE TEXIER. ROAST FOWLS.—At one of the Opera house masquerades when I was present, Le Texier (of reading memory, in Lisle-street, Leicester-fields) was manager, and introduced one device that had a novel effect. For the first time, the whole back of the stage was entirely shut out from the company by the drop scene, and secured on each side to prevent any intrusion. At one o'clock the scene was suddenly drawn up, and the eyes of the hungry spectators were delighted with the sight of several supper tables, and a cold collation. There was a sort of colonnade of pillars, around which were placed plenty of cold roast fowls. As they were intended for John Bull, a Frenchman might have said to his countryman, the *entrepreneur*, “ Vy you no put a de roast biff?” The idea seemed to give great satisfaction to every one present, and the columns were soon stripped of their ornaments; in a quarter of an hour, not a solitary chicken remained. A good supper is considered a good thing, even by the greatest advocate for intellectuals, and therefore the plan did not add a little to the *agrémens* of the evening. As an attempt at punning, I observed at

the time, that though there had been a fair share of amusement, the projector had certainly provided but a *foul* (fowl) supper.

GENERAL PAOLI, was very fond of equitation, and, whilst in England, was a constant attendant at my father's manége, and was often at his table, where he was much delighted to meet D'Eon and Wilkes. He usually brought with him a Corsican Priest, the Père André, an intelligent and shrewd fellow, who, I rather think, had shared many troubles with him there.

CHEVALIER D'EOON.—Though I was but a boy at the time of which I speak, yet D'Eon attracted so much attention at that period, that he made a great impression on my mind, and I recollect him as well as if I had seen him yesterday. Boswell's Memoirs of him brought him into general notice, and contain some very curious particulars.

I was well acquainted with that strange character, the Chevalier D'Eon, and remember him from the age of eight years. Of all the foreigners who frequented my father's table, which was always open, and where a hearty welcome attended the visitors, D'Eon was not only the most constant guest, but indeed I may say my father's bosom friend. From his superior knowledge and sagacity, he was always consulted upon literary matters, and he materially assisted my father in his treatise on fencing. D'Eon

being a capital fencer himself, and well versed in the theory, his judgment had great weight with my father, when he attempted to write on an art respecting which so many already had given their opinions. D'Eon having served in the army as Aid-de-camp to Marshal Broglio, he was well acquainted with all the manœuvres of the manége. I have often heard him converse with my father about the horses they had formerly rode, when, at Paris, they were both scholars of the same masters: Monsieur de la Gueriniere for the manége, Monsieur Taillagori, the fencing school. For many years I only knew him as a Captain in the French service. His dress was ever the same—that of a foreign officer in the dragoons, red, pea-green lapels, and silver lace. His countenance was rather effeminate: blue eyes, features small, pale, and dark beard. He always wore a wig and cue, his height was about five feet seven, and he was rather inclined to corpulency. He was a great eater, and *à-la-Français*, I have often observed that he partook of every dish, even if he sent away his plate directly after. My father being a foreigner, there was full scope for those who preferred made dishes.

Things, however, now are very much altered. Visitors from abroad generally brought with them letters of recommendation. My father was in the habit of receiving a great many, and his

house was a receptacle *pour les étrangers* of all descriptions. My mother, from her long experience, was enabled to suit the taste of the *gourmands*, so that they made my father's house their *table d'hôte*. Wilkes, D'Eon, and Sheridan were often guests there together. Their conversation must have been very entertaining. Though I understood French enough then, the former mumbled so (I do not believe he had any front teeth), I seldom knew what he was saying. Wilkes's favourite dress was either a red, or a green coat, edged with gold, which I have often seen him wear in his constant morning walk, about eleven, from his house at Kensington Gore. His *maîtresse*, Madame Champignon, lived there. His town house was in Prince's-court, George-street, Westminster, looking towards the Park; but he afterwards resided in Portman-square. D'Eon was very much pleased to put the foil in my hand, and at last we were often strong antagonists, and many a time have I taken pains (when I came to manhood) to put him out of humour.

At the time he frequented my father's manège, we occasionally rode his manège horses to Acton, where my father had his country residence. One day, accompanied by Omai, the Otaheitan, and all three mounted *en cavalier*, with cocked hats, long-tailed horses, and *demie-queue* saddles, we pranced up Oxford-road,

to the delight of a number of lookers on. D'Eon leading the way, I was left to the care of the islander. We all went on in good style till we got as far as the Pantheon, when Omai's horse made a full stop, nor could he be made to move an inch forward. The horse's capers afforded much amusement to the people, although in action he was stationary the whole time, whilst we were hailed with shouts of laughter, D'Eon the whole time calling out to us in French. The horse suddenly made a retreat, for the animal preferring the stable, and finding out what sort of a rider he had, though we continued on each side our whitey-brown companion, whipping, not all our endeavours could get him to move forward—piaffing (a manège term) till he found his way back from whence he came; poor Omai trembling from head to foot, whilst his steed hurried him back to the stable. Obliged to follow him, I soon, however, found another horse which took him safely to his destination. When I related the story, it contributed very much to the amusement of my mother; not so of my father, who was angry with me for not telling him which rein to use. D'Eon sometimes remained at my father's for weeks. I remember whilst he was there, the Turkish ambassador, who occasionally came to our house in town, was invited to dine at Acton, and he brought his secretary with him, old

Hone and Cosway, both artists. On this occasion, my mother had provided a Turkish dish, “pilaw” (fowls dressed with rice). During dinner time, he did not spare the Burton ale, which was very strong, and (a good Mahometan) took plenty of wine *à l'Anglaise*. And with his *chasse caffé*, Maraschino di Zara, in addition to several glasses of cherry-bounce, he seemed to enjoy himself.

Every thing went off very pleasantly ; his affability and good humour pleased every one. He took great notice of my younger sister, then a little girl ; but when he was going to kiss her, she ran away from him, frightened at his long beard. He, however, coaxed her with some *bon-bons*, and having placed his pocket handkerchief before it, she suffered him to kiss her. Here the gallant Turk succeeded. About twelve at night the company retired. The ambassador's carriage went first, one belonging to another guest succeeded, and my father's followed. When we got as far as the hill, previous to entering Kensington Gravel Pits, at the back of Holland House, his Turkish Excellency was seized with the cholic, having paid more attention to Bacchus than Mahomet. A sudden stop was put to the party. He and his two Turkish attendants descended, and as he had partaken too freely of the ale, he walked about to get the benefit of the air. Such a

scene never since have I witnessed, for I found that liquor has just as potent effect upon the “ turbaned Turk” as it has upon us Christians.

At this period there was much talk about D'Eon's sex, and one day when he dined at our house, Treves, the Jew, (who was afterwards one of the chosen guests at Carlton House) contrived a plan with a view to elicit something connected with the mystery. My father informed D'Eon that there was a person in the next room, who would, on condition that he discovered his sex, on the instant pay him a thousand pounds, when he directly flew into a violent passion, and it was with much difficulty that my father could restrain his rage against the Jew.

It is a fact that policies to the amount of six thousand pounds were open to ascertain his sex ; but nothing could induce him to give any explanation. He was christened as a female, by the name Charlotte Genevieve Louisa Augusta Andrea Timothea D'Eon, and his baptism is so registered in the parish of Pancras. Whilst I was travelling in the South of France, I passed through the town where he was born, (Tonnerre) and my curiosity was very much excited. The house he was born in was pointed out to me. We often used to see his brother-in-law, a robust tall Irishman, Mr. O'Gorman, who formerly had been a wine-

merchant. Tonnere is a remarkable town for the best Burgundy, which I should think gave the *ci-devant marchand* a taste for his sister, as the paternal estate is entirely covered with vineyards. Up to this time I had always known him as Captain D'Eon, and often have I seen him in his fencing jacket, stripped, perspiring violently, and receiving such thrusts as must have been dangerous, if not fatal to a woman ; and very often foils were broken upon him, as he generally had the very best fencers for his antagonists. Speaking of him as an *amateur d'arms*, I may say that he was violent and *bien opiniâtre*, though by no means *ferailleur* ; whatever he executed was correct and scientific.

The first time I saw him dressed as a woman my father took me to him. He then lived where he had resided a number of years, at Monsieur Lautems, a wine-merchant in Brewer-street, Golden-square, very near to Hickford room. On my entrance, to my surprise, I beheld a lusty dame, dressed in black silk, the head-dress, a rosed *toupet* and laced cap. He had not the least beard, a diamond necklace, long stays, and an old fashioned stomacher. My father, leading me to the assumed lady, I received, *à la Francaise*, a kiss on each cheek. Ever afterwards when he dined at our house, though dressed as a woman, when the ladies

retired he remained to enjoy the glass and conversation. When I last saw him he then lived a few doors beyond Astley's Theatre. He always dressed in black silk, and looked like a woman worn out with age and care. To judge of the style of his habitation, his circumstances must have been much changed. D'Eon, once the hero in the field, now the matron *déguisée*, I may well say "*tempora mutantur.*" He afterwards resided near the Foundling Hospital. There I regret to say I never called on him previous to his decease, which was May 21, 1810. I had often heard him complain to my father how ill Lord F——— had behaved by not paying a sum of money which he had lent him. Turner, that excellent mezzotinto artist, was present. Several of the faculty decided the sex of the deceased, and made a drawing of him, which he afterwards engraved. I should mention, that, many years previously, a print was published from a painting, executed by a Frenchman named Robinot, where D'Eon is represented in petticoats, fencing with Monsieur St. George before the Prince of Wales. I was one of the exhibitors on that day ; my father's portrait is in the back-ground.

DOCTOR GRAHAM'S EARTH BATH.—When that rage and curiosity which encouraged Doctor Graham, of humbug memory, about the year 1783, at his temple of health, Pall Mall, began

to subside, he imposed on the credulous part of the public with his Earth Bath exhibition in Panton-street, Haymarket. I was present at one of his evening lectures upon the benefits arising from earth bathing, (as he called it), and in addition to a crowded audience of men, many ladies were there to listen to his *delicate* lectures. In the center of the room was a pile of earth, in the middle of which was a pit, where a stool was placed: we waited some time, when much impatience was manifested, and after repeated calls, "Doctor, Doctor!" he actually made his appearance *en chemise*. After making his bow he seated himself on the stool; when two men with shovels began to place the mould in the cavity; as it approached to the pit of his stomach he kept lifting up his shirt, and at last he took it entirely off, the earth being up to his chin, and the doctor being left *in puris naturalibus*. He then began his lecture, expatiating on the excellent qualities of the Earth Bath, how invigorating, &c. quite enough to call up the chaste blushes of the *modest* ladies. Whether it was that the men felt for the chastity of the female audience, or they had had quite enough of his imposing information, which lasted above an hour, either the hearers got tired, or some wags wished to make themselves merry at the doctor's expense, and there was a cry of "Doctor, a song, a song!" The doc-

tor nodded assent, and after a few preparatory hemms, he sang, or rather repeated,

“ Ye fair married Dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more,”

Mrs. Abingdon’s song in “ The Way to Keep Him.” The doctor was a tall handsome man, about forty, his manners pleasing, and much information was derived from his lectures, *in their way*. It will perhaps hardly be believed that such an exhibition would have been permitted, in what is called an enlightened country, but it was not only tolerated, but received great encouragement from persons who possessed great influence in the fashionable world.

HONOURS.—However many may boast of their ancestry, which nobody can tell but *themselves*, whether descended from a Lord Mayor, or my Lord knows who, my claim to honours have those pretensions few families can be proud of. The godfathers of mine are, his present Majesty, the late Dukes of Cumberland, York, and Kent, also the Duke of Gloucester.

UNLICKED CUBS.—At the time my father resided in Carlisle-street, young men of fashion boarded there, where riding, fencing, and dancing, were included in the terms, one hundred guineas per annum ; an adequate sum then, (fifty years ago). In addition to these necessary accomplishments to give the exterior of the gentleman, he was ever attentive to their

manners. Numerous advantages they must have derived, being in company often with some of the first characters of the day, whom his table was always open to. Those boarders who at first were, "*les ours mal léché*," unlicked cubs, returned home, both in *manière* and deportment far different to the present race of dandyism, where bows, &c. &c., are exploded, their *address* keeping pace with their *dress*. I, cannot conclude, without referring to what was said in the paper, subsequent to my father's decease, confident that there are many now who, when speaking of Angelo, extol him as the finished gentleman of last century. At the time when Captain Donellan was master of the ceremonies at the Pantheon, previous to that unfortunate event which caused his end, the situation became vacant. Through a general invitation from the nobility of that superior resort, which was patronized by his present Majesty, the late Duchess of Devonshire, &c. &c., and was in all its splendour of fashion, my father was appointed master of the ceremonies there, though no Beau Nash, yet not a little flattering to him, a professional man. As I am speaking in such flattering terms of my deceased parent, the following paragraph may justify me in saying so much.

" July 1st, 1802.—On Sunday last, at Eton, Mr. Angelo, who retained his bodily powers so

well at the advanced age of eighty-six, that he gave a lesson in fencing a few days before his death. He was a very respectable character ; his manners were elegant and courtly ; he was well acquainted with life, and familiarly known to the most distinguished characters in Europe for the last century ; he had long resided in this country, respected by persons of the highest rank, and particularly countenanced by the Royal family. In the arts of riding and fencing, he was long at the head of his profession, and, by his skill in both, brought them into general adoption, as necessary branches of education ; he understood all the continental tongues, and was altogether an amiable, accomplished, and estimable man."

SCRATCHED FACE.—When Garrick lay in state at the Adelphi, January 1779, our family having tickets to be admitted, I attended my sisters there, when with much difficulty we got near the house, the concourse of people being very numerous, and all impatient. Fearful within of a sudden rush, the door was kept shut, and during the space of an hour we were all waiting outside, when being near one of the mutes who was placed before the door, some person having pushed violently against him, on his turning round I received a blow on the eye, which at the moment was enough to blind me ; on recovering, to my surprise I beheld a ring,

the crowd calling out “a ring!—a ring!” My party not appearing, and a man squaring before me, situated as I was, I had no alternative but to fall to—a few blows had passed when I got my sable gentleman’s head in chancery (as they call it); whilst keeping my fist employed, a lusty woman bounded upon me, and with her nails scratched one side of my face, when the mute disengaging his head from under my arm, fell on receiving a *coup-de-grâce* on his *bread-basket*—the crowd then closing, thus ended the fight. I saw no more of my antagonist, who left me the *champ de bataille*, with a black eye, and four streaks down one side of my face, as if I had been seared with a hot gridiron; probably inflicted by his wife, who had taken her husband’s part. I soon found my sisters, who were taken into a house during my pugnastics. At my return home, old Sheridan, who resided then at my father’s, was very much displeased with me, saying, “For shame, Sir! When you had the care of your sisters, you disgraced yourself by leaving them, to fight in the street.”

“What could I do, Sir? A ring was made, and a man before me to knock me down.”

“Young gentleman, you should have called out ‘here’s five shillings to take that fellow away.’” Not quite *à-la-mode de John Bull*.

CHERRY TOO RIPE.—Lee Lewes related to me that when at Litchfield, with a strolling com-

pany, he happened to meet with a very ugly old woman, who, having been told he was to play Archer that evening, accosted him, at the same time telling him she was the original Cherry, the landlord's daughter at Warrington, from whom Farquhar took his character in the *Beaux Stratagems*.

MUNDEN'S TRAP-DOOR.—Munden had his cassino at Kentish-Town. Bannister and myself one Sunday taking our walk that way, called on him ; and giving us a hearty welcome, he kept us to dine. After dinner, though we had drunk quite enough, he insisted on our having more wine, when a few *grave* speeches ensued. In the same room, under the table, was a trap-door, underneath which was his cellar for his choice nectar, *only* for his particular friends. After removing it, down Joe descended, when Bannister jumped in after him. Then followed the grave scene in *Hamlet*, collaring each other and laughing ; I did not “pluck them asunder.” When they ascended, we called our host Leontes, whose strolling stories were an additional zest to our second bout, *Hamlet* keeping pace, saying, “Nay, an thou’lt mouth, I’ll rant as well as thou.” Seated between these two *drôles de corps*, the glass passing round, *I* praising his *supernaculum nunc est bibendum*, said, “I’ll drink with you upon this theme until my eyelids will no longer wag.”

ANTHONY PASQUIN.—Of this eccentric character, poet, newspaper critic, &c., whose name was Williams, and who was the author of *Thespis*, and other effusions of a pen ever dipped in gall, I have already spoken. Though a poet who was dreaded by many, especially novices from the country, on account of his critiques in the papers, yet he contrived to keep friends with all, hinting, that pay might keep his pen silent. Not so at Lord Barrymore's theatricals, who gave a welcome which made no distinction either with baronet, poet, or player. His taste for various amusements never put him out of his way, provided the entertainment was to gratify himself and to amuse others. Our stage poet (I do not know who introduced him), in the true sense of the word, was indeed a poor poet, for he had not been with us three days, when he borrowed a shirt from one, and a pair of stockings from another, and during the time he remained at Wargrave, the house supplied his wardrobe. His countenance—an index of his mind—at all times had an awful and designing grin; however, he had found a good birth, and every one was pleased with the conversation of a man whose talents, had they been better employed, must have made him acceptable in all companies.

I am now speaking of a character who was well known previous to what took place respect-

ing his behaviour to me, and I believe all the performers of the present day, who knew him, cannot but agree with me, that through the facility of his venomous pen, either in praise or abuse, he was a scarecrow to the whole fraternity ; and those with whom he had ingratiated himself, so as to be a continual guest at their table, and to whom he was indebted for frequent loans, were the first to be abused, especially the stars from the provincial theatres, on their procuring engagements in the metropolis. Whether he imagined that my attempts, as an amateur actor, needed his newspaper panegyrics, I know not, but the first time we met in London, he had the assurance to say, “ *Harry*, if you’ll have a boiled leg of pork—but mind ! let the pease-pudding be put on at an early hour—*perhaps* I may dine with you, but it must not be later than three.” Arrogance ! Had I then been making my theatrical *début*, I might have followed the example of the many whose dinners and money were thrown away on a viper in the grass. The only assent he got from me to his insulting *self*-invitation, promptly quitting him, was “ poh !”

They say, “ *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis*,” and though the truth is not to be spoken at all times, yet, with respect to such a vile character, as an example to those living who prostitute their pens to crush others, the truth cannot now be too much adhered to.

The second summer following my acquaintance with Pasquin, to oblige the manager of the Richmond Theatre, August 25, 1792, I performed the part of Bagatelle, in the “Poor Soldier.” Captain Wathen, who, as an amateur, had been successful in playing the most favourite of Edwin’s characters, particularly Lingo, was the Darby that night. From what I had heard, Pasquin had been very obtrusive behind the scenes, especially to the captain, who, *sans cérémonie*, had him turned out. The consequence was, that in the next paper he was grossly abused, and although one of the first amateurs at that time, and an excellent representative of Edwin, his acting was described as so very bad that he deserved hissing. Very different, however, was the reception conferred on him by the audience, who repeatedly shewed their applause. These newspaper aspersions continued for some time, when the captain (for Pasquin took care always to avoid him) got hold of him one night at Colman’s theatre. I was present at the time. Pasquin, taken by surprise, was ready to make an apology, which was refused, unless offered in some other place. At last, with difficulty, first waiting to let him procure his friend to accompany us, they got him into a hackney-coach. As Barrymore, the performer of Drury-lane Theatre, was with us at the time, each one had his second. I proceeded

on foot to meet them at William's Coffee-house, Bow-street. As two friends with the captain, was not fair to Pasquin, who had but one, I declined, if not particularly wanted, to be of the party ; I therefore left the *champ de bataille* to Barrymore's mediation.

On their arrival, the four went up stairs, where they had a room to themselves. I remained below waiting the result. Soon after, I heard a noise as if all the chairs were moving. Directly I hastened to the room, when I found our Irish favourite, John Johnstone, of Covent-garden, with several others, standing before the door, saying, “Don't go in, leave them to themselves.” On a sudden, from within, the door flew open ; there we beheld Master Pasquin, on his knees, begging pardon. When the party had left the room, except the planet-struck suppliant, the waiter, with a candle, searched with him all over the floor for a tooth, which his conduct had caused him either to swallow or drop. What had taken place was now explained by the parties who were present at the previous interview. Pasquin having refused to make any apology as expected, and finding the captain determined, pulled out his pocket-penknife, holding it up in defiance. Here Barrymore called out, “This is too bad,” seizing it from him, “don't spare him.” The person insulted, having first given him a good thrashing, which

in my way to the upper boxes, having seen him go thither, Boaden and Incledon followed me and by their advice I remained waiting to watch his return. I think he suspected that I was looking for him ; for we kept our station till the farce was over, and when every person had descended, he came creeping down. I directly made up to him.

“ How dare you, you scoundrel, mention my name in the manner you have done ? ” said I, lifting up my arm ; when he called out, “ Don’t strike me, you know I have got a lame arm ! ” It was the first time then—a mere cowardly subterfuge. I directly spit in his face—the first performance of this kind—and said, “ then leave the house this instant,” which he did ; and by the exposure he had met with, pleased those who were present, as he had well merited the treatment he had experienced. If indignation at the expressions he had bestowed on me, had not at the moment urged me to treat him in the scurvy manner I did, situated as I was to avoid him, I never could, had I reflected, have treated his abuse but with contempt. However, circumstanced as I was, considering the sum I was bailed for, the accusation he might make that *I* assaulted him, and the consequences which I was told would result, if he swore the peace against me, I began to have my fears that I had got myself into a scrape. Advised to be before-

hand, I went the next day to Bow-street, and procured a warrant against him, for an assault against *me*. Had his memory kept pace with the situation he had placed me in, I might have been involved in a very awkward embarrassment, for there were plenty of witnesses that *I* had assaulted *him*. Luckily, for “conscience makes cowards of us all,” during the space of a week he was not to be found; at last we both appeared at Bow-street. Bond was then the presiding justice there, after Addington, my old acquaintance. The former I had known when his time was otherwise engaged,—not in judging thieves, but in taking them. Here Pasquin, to my surprise, who might have adopted a very different course, as the matter was in his favour, was now chop-fallen and very submissive. “He had always regarded,” he said, “Mr. Angelo’s respectability, and was sorry if he had given any offence; at many houses a knife and fork were always laid for him, he was so caressed by all his friends; and after the wine, which had been pressed upon him, he had not the least recollection of anything he had said to give offence.” Mr. Bond, after hearing this servile submission, said,

“ Well, Mr. Angelo, Mr. Williams has made an apology—shake hands, and be friends.” This I firmly refused, with such a character as Anthony Pasquin; and having succeeded in

my stratagem, I thought myself very well off. However I made him promise never to abuse me again. So much for my *affaire d'honneur* with a man who for years had been my enemy, and whom I had always avoided. A few days after, my friend, John Bannister, received the following letter, which he sent to me :—

“ DEAR SIR,—I am informed that Mr. Henry Angelo charges me with having used some improper expressions towards him on the 19th instant, in the lobby of the Haymarket Theatre. If I did, I am concerned for my weakness and folly, but not conscious of it, as I was then intoxicated. You will oblige me exceedingly if you will persuade him to drop the subject for ever, and not think upon old sores, which can neither be beneficial eventually to him or me.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Your friend and servant,

“ ANTHONY PASQUIN.”

“ *Thursday Evening,*

“ *Sept. 23rd, 1804.*”

Of course I took no notice of the letter as to “old sores.” His making use of this expression, and being capable of the abuse he bestowed on me twelve years after, proves what I have related of him. His ill-behaviour, too, shews, that with all his excuses of intoxication (“ not

conscious") he had a slanderous tongue, and a malignant heart. Enough of Williams of Pasquinade memory, and our squabble. The following may be given as a specimen of his poetry at Wargrave, where he wrote the dialogue and songs of "Bluebeard," which was performed there. What a pity that a man with his abilities should so far debase himself, and disgrace his pen.

BLUEBEARD.

"My Zelica! now your black eyes may behold,
My coffers, my jewels, my plate and my gold;
With wonders on wonders, this key will unfold,
And all shall be thine when we are married.

"This key opens the casket where emeralds lie,
And this where my costly array meets the eye;
With silks far more bright than the Tyrian dye,
And all shall be thine when we are married.

"But I charge you by all that is sacred and great,
Not to open that door and embitter your fate;
If you do you'll be cursed by the furies' fell hate,
And you and I'll never be married."

My old acquaintance Carter, who was in embarrassed circumstances when he did not put his pen to music, was the composer of this song, and *maestra di capella* to the Wargrave Theatre. He was one of the professional characters who did credit to Lord Barrymore's

motley selection. His “Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,” will immortalize his name. George Colman since introduced the air in his “Surrender of Calais,” sung by Mrs. Bland, “When my soldier appears, &c. we’ll be married.”

SECTION III.

THE first year that I made my *début* at Lord Barrymore's, we were in want of a Mrs. Amlet, in the "Confederacy." To remove all difficulties I recommended young Edwin. Accordingly I wrote to say what I had done, and told him that my introducing him to his Lordship might, at a future day, be of infinite service to him. Would it had been so! However, he came down directly, and undertook the part. Lord Barrymore played Brass; I was Dick. Our noble host finding him quite the *soumis*, obedient on all occasions, and ready to receive his orders, Edwin was ever at his elbow, and continued a fixture at Wargrave till the winter following. Thus he became a spoiled child, entirely forgetting his previous situation, in a scene so far different to what he had been accustomed to. After such notice taken of him, he soon forgot he was Edwin the player's son;

for whether Lord Falkland, or Tom Hooper the bruiser, Harry Blackstone (the Judge's son), or his friend who introduced him there, he quarrelled with every one. "Set a beggar on horseback," &c., and what with rioting and drinking, such a sudden change of scene was his ruin. Lord Barrymore made him a present of a race-horse, which he sold; and at length he seemed to have lost all recollection of what he once was. Sorry I am to reflect, though unconscious at the time of what I was doing, that my introduction, which I thought would promote his interest as an actor, should so soon after have paved the way to his ruin. When engaged in Ireland, I have been told that his habits and excesses there were such, that, though then young, he died a martyr to drinking. It would seem that abilities and discretion are at variance more with those who excel, than with moderate capacities.

I had long mixed in the festivities at Wargrave, and was one of the giddy circle there. In London, though not so well acquainted with his Lordship's pursuits as at his cottage, I was ever welcome to his table. At some of those parties I remained till a very late hour: one in particular kept us till nine the next morning. His Lordship having made a bet with the late Duke of Bedford, of five thousand pounds, depending on the election at Bedford, we all waited to

know the result, a messenger being expected every moment, when he arrived at that hour to acquaint him that he had won his wager.

Lord Barrymore, when at Eton school, in the holidays at Easter, went to the Spring meeting at Newmarket, where he betted on Rockingham, winning a thousand pounds. On receiving that sum, he demanded fifty more. Though a schoolboy at the time, he was too knowing to be put off with pounds, instead of guineas, all gambling debts being considered as the latter.

The Wargrave amusements were not confined to Lord Barrymore's caprices and eccentricities only, but often extended to the guests who were on a visit there. Every morning at breakfast some new frolic kept us on the *qui vive*, and the one who proposed the most preposterous, was considered the hero of the day. I got credit for being the first who recommended the dinners *al fresco* in the woods; *nem. con.* was the general cry, all looking forward to good eating and drinking. Though not the Robin Hood of the day, placed at the table next to him, I might have fancied myself his Little John. No Jacques among us, nor "under the shades of melancholy boughs," but "merry men all." At the time the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia were here, I professionally attended the Duke of Devonshire. That summer was particularly hot. Having one day mentioned

to his Grace the *al fresco* dinners at Wargrave, he was so pleased with the novelty of the idea, that I was told he had the very same day a large party to dine with him in his garden, at Piccadilly.

Lord Barrymore's phaeton was a very high one; and after our midnight revels in town, I have often travelled in it with him to Wargrave. One very dark night, going through Colnbrook, the long street (paved) called Featherbed-lane, he kept whipping right and left, breaking the windows, delighted with the noise as he heard them crack—this he called, *fanning the day-lights*.

Lord Barrymore's fondness for eccentricities ever engaged his mind. Whether in London or at Wargrave, 'twas all the same, always in high spirits, thinking of what fun he should have during the day. I shall begin with London. Seated after dinner, at eleven o'clock, on one of the hottest evenings in July, he proposed that the whole party should go to Vauxhall. The carriage being ordered, it was directly filled inside, and the others outside, with more wine than wit, made no little noise through the streets. We had not been long at Vauxhall, when Lord Barrymore called out to a young clergyman, some little distance from us, who, when he approached and was asked, “Have you had any supper?” to our surprise

he answered, “ Vy, as how, my Lord, I have not as yet had none.” A waiter passing by at the time, Lord Barrymore said, “ You know me; let that gentleman have whatever he calls for;” when he told the parson to fall to, and call for as much arrack punch as he pleased. “ Thank ye, my Lord,” said he, “ for I begins to be hungry, and I don’t care how soon I pecks a bit.”

Lord Barrymore had that morning, unknown to us, contrived to dress Tom Hooper, the tin-man (one of the first pugilists at that time), as a clergyman, to be in waiting at Vauxhall, in case we should get into any dispute. This fistic knight now filled the place of a lacquey, and was constantly behind the carriage, a sworn votary of black eyes and disfigured faces. His black clothes, formal hat, hair powdered and curled round, so far disguised him, that he was unknown to us all at first, though Hooper’s queer dialect must soon have discovered him to the waiters. This was a *ruse de guerre* of Lord Barrymore’s. About three o’clock, whilst at supper, Lord Falkland, Henry Barry, Sir Francis Molineux, &c. were of our party; there was at this time a continual noise and rioting, and the arrack punch was beginning to operate.

On a sudden all were seen running towards the orchestra, the whole garden seemed to be in confusion, and our party, all impatience, sal-

lied out, those at the further end of the box walking over the table, kicking down the dishes. It seems that the effects of the punch had not only got into Hooper's head, but had exerted an influence over his fists, for he was for fighting with every body. A large ring was made, and advancing in a boxing attitude, he threatened to fight any one; but all retired before him. Felix M'Carthy, a tall, handsome Irishman, well known by every body at that time, soon forced his way through the crowd and collared him, at the same time saying,

“ You rascal, you are Hooper the boxer: if you do not leave the garden this instant, I'll kick you out.” The affrighted crowd, who before retreated as he approached them, now came forward, when Hooper finding himself surrounded, and hearing a general cry “ kick him out,” made his retreat as fast as possible, thus avoiding the fury of those who would not have spared him out of the gardens, if he had been caught. We found him at five in the morning behind Lord Barrymore's carriage, with the coachman's great coat on, congratulating himself upon having avoided the vengeance of those to whom, a short time previously, he had been an object of fear.

At Wargrave Lord Barrymore's caprices and humours had no bounds; being grand monarch there, and in a village, his frolics far exceeded his

London vagaries. In inventing and planning eccentricities none could keep pace with him. The day being very hot, whilst sitting in the garden, under a tree, without our coats, he proposed that all should strip, and, when *en chemise*, that we should walk up and down the village. I could mention many other singular freaks. At the time of Johnson's battle with Perrins, Lord Barrymore having laid a considerable sum on the former, and being at the time confined to his bed, deputed me and another of the visitors to be present at the fight, and on the issue, to return directly. At night, we posted with four horses from his house, and got to Oxford about five in the morning. At the Star inn every room was crowded, and many persons besides ourselves went into the kitchen, and were forced to scramble for their breakfasts. Finding it impossible to procure the least conveyance, not even a donkey, which I should not have hesitated to mount, we both set out on foot, anxious as we were at the time to execute our commission, and hasten back with good news. The fight was to commence at one o'clock, and it was then only six, and the distance from Banbury, the seat of action, was seventeen miles.

After walking ten miles, we met with a return post-chaise, the driver of which turned his horses back, *l'argent fait tout*, and set us down there,

much to our relief, as we had travelled all night, long before the time the fight was to take place. The spot appointed was in an inclosure, half a guinea admission each person. I was six deep (as they call it) from the stage, which was between five and six feet from the ground; and as those who stood before me were taller than myself, my view was very much impeded. A countryman next to the stage, however, gave me up his place for a crown, and I then saw the fight to advantage. Here my chin rested on the floor, and I could see every blow. Perrins was a whitesmith, at Birmingham, much above six feet, and from his appearance when stripped, a most powerful antagonist. I have been told since, that his strength so far exceeded all the other workmen, that he used a hammer double the weight of that of any other person, so that one stroke counted for two. Johnson, I should think, was not five feet eleven. The day was bright, the sun occasionally shining; Johnson kept manœuvring, by going round, to place his antagonist facing it, seldom venturing to attempt to make a home blow, and whenever Perrins made one at him, he first drawing his arm back at the time, discovered his intention, when Johnson, whose quick eye was waiting for it, at the moment the blow was preparing, cautiously took care to fall down. Perrins, with his exertion, missing his antagonist, often fell

upon him. This continued for near an hour, much to the discomfiture of the Birmingham people, who had ventured considerable sums on their townsman, and saw that Perrins had now nearly exhausted his strength. Up to this time I do not recollect that Johnson had ventured to give him one decided blow, though successful in his stratagem to reduce Perrin's prowess. To use a pugilistic term, Johnson soon became an awkward *customer*, and furiously attacked his antagonist, right and left. I was close to Perrins when he had his last fall; his head lay on the boards just as the sun was shining very bright, and the blood running from the nostrils, added to his bulky figure, rendered him a terrific object before he gave in. During the fight, Johnson, by his continual tumbling and shifting, never received more than half a blow (a home one might have killed him); one had grazed his forehead; and while seated on the knee of Ward, his second, he put his hand up to it to see if there was any blood. A general hooting and hissing ensued—his curiosity, which seemed indicative of cowardice, diminished the previous good opinion every one had of his bravery in opposing such a powerful man. Many persons called out “*white feather*,” “want of pluck,” &c. Colonel Tarlton was very conspicuous there on the stage, and so was Colonel Hanger. The Birmingham people

must have lost considerable sums, and had there been no tumbling without a blow, the battle would have been settled in a few minutes, Perrins' strength being so very superior. When the result was known, I hastened back to his lordship, who was so pleased with the intelligence, that it seemed actually to have made him quite well.

HONOURABLE POSTILLIONS.—On one of my invitations to Wargrave, I left town in a post-chaise and four, with Lord Barrymore and his brother Henry Barry (Cripplegate). It was then about nine o'clock, and a very dark night. When we got to the inn at Hounslow, (Prince Walker's) horses were ordered directly. Out jumped the two brothers, and I was desired to sit still; they shut the door after them, and said they would soon return. Left alone, off went the chaise—I was terrified at the moment, and was afraid that the horses (the two brothers being absent) had run away; I therefore began to call out most lustily, when, to my utter surprise, my head being out of the window, I was answered, “Hold your jaw, you dog, sit still.” The two brothers had supplied the place of the drivers, who were sitting behind. The honourable post boys, pleased at the joke, and to frighten me the more, galloped off full speed all the way, sixteen miles within the hour. I was obliged to be patient, every minute, however,

expecting it would be my last. When we got to Wargrave, the Adelphi, opening the chaise-door, presented themselves on each side, dressed like two post boys, and burst into a fit of laughter at my distress.

INCLEDON AND MUNDEN.—At Mat. Williams's Coffee House, Bow-street, once a week, there was a public dinner, on the Saturday, when some of the performers usually took the chair. This was not *un jeu de théâtre*, but *un jeu de cabaret*, a trap for country gentlemen to see actors off the stage. Incledon, who happened to be president that day, found great fault with the wine, and though by his order it was often changed for better, he was always dissatisfied, at the same time boasting what very fine wine *he* had in his cellar, “bin No. 2,” brandishing in his hand his nectar key, as he called it. My friend Munden, who sat next to him, when he put it into his coat pocket, whilst he was singing, adroitly took it out, and leaving the room, forwarded it to Mrs. Incledon, by a person whom he could trust, with a message to deliver to the bearer six bottles of the old Port wine, bin No. 2. When the man returned, Mat. Williams, who was in the secret, brought up one of the bottles himself, and said he hoped the company would find it better, he had only six bottles of *that* wine in the house. Incledon still persisted that it was worse than any of the

others. This joke continued till the last bottle made its appearance, when a bumper was drunk to the president, as donor of the last six bottles, not a little to his astonishment, as may be imagined.

At a fête given in Carlton Gardens, some years ago, by his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, Delpini, whose comic abilities were well known at the time, had the direction of that part considered the carnival exhibition. Lord Barrymore related an anecdote of that buffo, which proves what gracious condescension his royal highness bestowed on him. The winter following Delpini was to have a benefit at Drury Lane, when, being in the Prince's presence, *sans cérémonie*, he said, “ Mistare Prance, you no come to my benifice, by Gar, me go to your papa's banche.”

GRAND FETE.—Count O'Rourke, a tall elegant man, was well known about the year 1778 ; having formerly been in the Irish brigade, he had returned to this country ; his circumstances were not affluent, yet I must mention the reception I experienced at a treat he gave his friends, at his lodgings, a second floor in Wardour-street, Soho. Having been present, my description of the amusements of that charming evening, may give you an idea of the fête of that period—*au gremier*. If there was not much elegance or splendour, there was much hospi-

tality ; like his kind-hearted countrymen, *de bon cœur*, ever gallant to the ladies, and friendly to his visitors. Our first reception was with tea, plenty of bread and butter—service, not even Dresden, approaching nearer to the genuine *crockery* ; concert, the Count Flauto, accompanied by one fiddle ; vocal, the favourite air, “Caun Deelish,” by the Count, affettuoso ; “Langolee” con spirito ; cards, a merry round-about game, Pope Joan ; Irish whiskey at intervals ; organ and magic lantern ; fireworks in the street (catherine wheels and flower pots) exhibited before the windows, previous to the *grand soupé*, with abundance of ham and beef ; finale, a large bowl of whiskey-punch. There was mutual cordiality and cheerfulness, and the different amusements kept us the whole time on the *qui vive* ; my lady *at home*, never received her company *en masse* with more welcome. The title of Count it is said was given to our noble host by *Louis Quinze*. That monarch having asked who he was, when told it was Captain O’Rourke, said, “Such a handsome man ought to be a Count.”

THE IRISH APOLLO.—When I had my fencing room in Bolton-street, about the year 1792, Lord Barrymore and a select party supped with me there. Besides those whom he brought with him, his two brothers, and Mr. Bellamy, well known for his vocal abilities, there were

Lord Pomfret, Lord Falkland, Sir Thomas Apreece, Mr. Crampton, &c. &c. After the conviviality of the night (we kept it up till six in the morning), when the party were going away, the latter requested Lord Pomfret to put his cocked hat on, a large one, and at the same time to stand still, which his lordship did with a deal of good nature. Mr. Crampton, after walking a few paces, sprang forward and vaulted over his head, without touching his hat. This gentleman was remarkable for his activity, and was called for his elegant person, the Irish Apollo.

GARRICK.—My father once received a commission from the King of Sardinia, to send him sixty horses, hunters, and in the summer vacation at Eton School, he came with my mother, and then followed them to Turin. He presented the horses himself to the king, who was so pleased that he amply remunerated him for his long journey—at the same time he received a sealed order to be given to Mr. Sayde, a jeweller, at Paris, and when he delivered it to him, he received a gold snuff box, valued sixty guineas, filled with louis d'or. At one of the king's hunts, when my father and mother were present, the Princess of Carignan took a fancy to my mother's English side saddle, which she had brought with her; it was the first ever seen there, and my mother requested her acceptance

of it, and received a valuable diamond ring in return. As my father was about to leave England for Paris, on his way to Turin, he received the following letter from Garrick :—

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I am not yet recovered from the accident that happened to Sir Francis Delaval’s horse. In the first place I beg leave to wish you and Mrs. Angelo a pleasant expedition to Turin, and a safe and speedy return to London. I will take this opportunity of thanking you for your politeness and favour to me and mine. Cautherly presents his respects to you, and will accept your invitation to Soho, when you come back. I must desire you to speak with my friend Monnet, and let me know what we are to expect from Guidet—if he has comic execution he will succeed with us, but if he is worn out and feeble, we shall be disappointed. Pray tell Monnet that I have not answered his letter because I want matter; but I shall be obliged to him if he will give the enclosed pattern to Weillard, the *joaillier*, he knows where he lives, and let him make it immediately. When the things are finished, desire Monsieur Monnet to pay for them, and send them by the first good opportunity; he must pay two louis d’or and a half for the George, and thirty-six livres for the button and loop, as it is marked. Desire him to

let me have them as soon as he can find a convenient carriage for them ; any English gentleman will bring them to me—they are very small. I must likewise desire you to send the enclosed to Mr. Foley, the English banker, as soon as possible. Once more my best wishes attend you and your lady, wherever you go.

“ I am, my dear Sir,

“ Your most obliged servant,

“ D. GARRICK.”

“ *July, 1765.*”

GARRICK'S VILLA.—I was at Eton school, during the same summer that my father went to Turin. Garrick knowing of his absence, I passed my August holidays at his house at Hampton. Being then a little boy, I can only recollect there was an archway that went from the garden (under the road) to the front one facing the Thames, where the summer-house stands with the bust of Shakspeare. My chief amusement was to throw my hat at the swallows as they passed through. Holland and Powell, favourite actors of the day, were frequent visitors there.

Often at my father's, after dinner, Old Macklin, who always claimed the whole conversation to himself, most pleased when the company listened only to him, would sometime get up, and leaving the table, repeat lines from

Shakspeare, or his farce of “ Love-à-la-Mode,” or the “ Man of the World.” When using the water glass to wash his mouth, taking out his two rows of false teeth, his nose and chin meeting, he would repeat the speech of Macbeth, “ Is this a dagger,” twice, to shew the difference of the articulation ; first mumbling, then vociferating. John Bannister (since introduced by that excellent mimic, Mathews) used to give a ridiculous trait of Macklin’s advice to a young actor, not only imitating his voice and gesture, but his countenance ; putting his face forward, as much as to say, look at me, “ First, Sir, you should have a silver-toned voice,” (raising each word louder); “ and, secondly, Sir, a pleasing countenance” (ghastly grinning).

Macklin, at his advanced time of life, often lost his memory. At the time my friend, John Bannister, lived in Frith-street, he was invited there ; John Kemble was of the party, and Macklin was continually calling on him whenever he had any thing that suited his palate. “ Indeed, Mr. Kemble, you have an excellent cook ; your soup is rich and glutinous.” Then, again, “ Where do you buy your fish ? I like its firmness.” “ Shall we take another glass of your East-India traveller Madeira ?” This went on during dinner, little thinking of all the civilities he was receiving from the generous host. After dinner, one of the bottles of claret

was not considered good by the rest of the company, but Macklin preferring it to any other, seized it himself, at the same time placing the bottle before him. “This is supernaculum, Mr. Kemble,” said he; “you must have had it from Dublin; it has the true *haut goût*.” As to Bannister, Macklin merely said, “What! so you are here to meet me, Jack!”

THE HORSEWHIP.—The year after I played Mother Cole, at Brighton, I received an invitation from Lord Barrymore to his house, then upon the Steyne. One night, when the champagne prevented the evening finishing tranquilly, Lord Barrymore proposed, as there was a guitar in the house, that I should play on it. I was to be the musician, and he, dressed in the cook-maid’s clothes, was to sing, “*Ma chère amie.*” Accordingly, taking me to another part of the Steyne, under Mrs. Fitzherbert’s window, (it was then three o’clock,) he sang, whilst I played the accompaniment. The next day he told me (quizzing, I should think,) that the prince said, “Barrymore, you may make yourself a fool as much as you please; but if I had known it was Angelo, I would have horse-whipped him into the sea.”

One evening I was very much entertained at Astley’s Theatre, at the time he amused the public with his dialogue with Master Merryman. Having a pencil in my pocket, I could

not refrain from writing it down. He seemed so confident and pleased with every word he uttered, bawled so loud, smiling at his own wit, and the superiority which he *must* convince the audience his eloquence displayed over the clown's. He excited my curiosity to retain it in my memory. Those that have seen him, cannot forget what Astley's erudition was.

Astley.—*Alto.*—Mister Merryman, Mister Merryman, where are you, Mister Merryman ?

M. I be coming directly, master.

A. Coming directly, Mister Merryman, so is Christmas.

M. I am glad to hear that, master.

A. Why, Mister Merryman ?

M. Because I likes plum-pudding and roast beef, dearly.

A. Plum-pudding and roast beef, dearly ! that's very good stuff, Mister Merryman ; but come, Sir, get up upon the top of that there horse, and let the ladies see as how you used to ride before the Emperor of Tuscany, and the Grand Duke of Switzerland. Mister Merryman, ladies and gentlemen, has had the honour to attend me in my different excursions out of the kingdom, and has been much admired for his wit and his activity. Come, Sir, mind as how you sit upright on that there hoīse, Sir. What are you about ?

M. Why, master, I am only combing his wig.

A. Combing his wig, Sir ; did you ever hear of a horse wearing a wig ?

M. Yes, master ; and an ass, too.

A. Vastly well, indeed, Mister Merryman. Ladies and gentlemen, Mister Merryman has a great deal of wit.

M. Yes, master ; I should like to be poet-laureate.

A. Poet-laureate, Mister Merryman ? what ! I suppose, as how you would write manuscript on horseback, like the Roman Arabs in the time of Pontius *Pirate*—you would never want a bridle or saddle.

M. No, master ; I would write a book about the French war.

A. About the French war, Mister Merryman ? why you know nothing about it. You must leave it to Mr. Parnassus, and people of high breeding and learning ; but come, Sir, let us see you off.

M. I go, Sir.

A. I go, Sir ! but you have got your face the wrong way.

M. Never mind, master ; it will be right if I go to fight the French.

A. How so, Mister Merryman ?

M. Why, master, if my horse was to take

fright and run away, I should not like to have it said I turned my back on Mounseer.

A. Vastly well, indeed, Mister Merryman; but as our brave countrymen will prevent the French from coming to eat up all our roast beef and pudding, you had better turn about; so off you go.

At one time Sheridan and Henderson were constant visitors at my father's table, when, through some hints of my mother (the Lent season then approaching, 1785), the subject turned upon their readings. Pleased with the idea, they jointly engaged Freemasons'-hall, Queen-street, which was afterwards full every night. Old Sheridan had a pompous emphasis; his elocution was of the old school; but as he was occasionally spitting or taking snuff, it did not altogether so well please. His day had passed by, *le rideau tombé*. Henderson had a deal of comic humour, and used to recite the tale of John Gilpin, in excellent style. The hall was always crowded, and whenever it was his turn to read, there was a general buzz of approbation. Being a constant attendant there, I could not but feel for poor Sheridan, whom I had known from a child, and whose esteem I had long experienced. His reception on going to the rostrum was far different; indeed, with difficulty could he proceed to it. The crowd was so great, many would not make room for

him to pass along. What must, then, have been his feelings at the time ! Alas ! that John Gilpin should put John Dryden's nose out of joint ; that " Alexander's Feast" should cause coughing, blowing of noses, and scraping of the feet ! But so it was. Even " None but the Brave deserves the Fair," where he most certainly excelled, did not excite attention. One would imagine that Johnny's excursion to Edmonton had vitiated their discernment, and that *he* alone was the only best *feast*. However, it succeeded as a pecuniary speculation.

I am sorry to say my old friend's disappointment at his readings did not finish here. Considering himself the principal, and having taken the receipts, which were considerable, when the performance closed, he presented his colleague with a bank-note (I never heard the sum), as a present for his assistance, which he refused. As the readings were undertaken mutually, half was expected. This produced a quarrel ; and my mother, who set them going, with much difficulty at last brought them back to a reciprocal accommodation. When she first mentioned Henderson's dissatisfaction, Sheridan assumed a tragic attitude, raising his arms, and exclaiming " My God, Madam !" his favourite expression, " what ! Dryden's Ode to be put in competition with Gilpin's trash ! impossible !" She, however, succeeded in making

them friends again ; but no cordiality appeared to exist between them, when I saw them afterwards at my father's. Sheridan, who was ever fond of argument with my mother, whenever he talked on any subject, at first always persisted that he was right ; but afterwards would give way, *par politesse*, when I have heard him say, “ My God, Madam, you are too much for me.” Port wine, conversation, his snuff-box, after a rubber at whist (keeping his place the whole evening) were always acceptable to him.

HENDERSON'S BALLOON.—It must have been about the time of Lunardi's ascent, that Henderson dined at my father's. He was not only an epicure, but a gross feeder. Indeed, his portly appearance told it. At table, after partaking of a variety of dishes, my mother told him that a hare was coming, when he directly left the room. Being absent some time, I was sent to look for him, and found him pacing backwards and forwards in the hall. I told him of my errand. At his return my mother asked him if he had been ill. “ No, Madam, it was only a preparatory rehearsal, previous to my performance on the hare.” He had been taking exercise, he said, to empty his balloon, as he was very fond of hare, particularly the belly part, the stuffing well soaked in melted butter.

SECTION IV.

OPERA HOUSE.—FOR some years I had a fencing-room at the Opera-house, Haymarket, over the entrance of the pit door. On the evening of June 17, 1789, about eight o'clock, when in Berkeley-square, I saw a black smoke ascending; and soon hearing that there was a fire in the Haymarket, I directly hastened there, when, to my surprise, I beheld the Opera-house in flames. Having the key of my room in my pocket, and the crowd making way for me, I soon got there, at the time the back part was burning. I first secured the portrait of Monsieur Saint George (the famous fencer), which hung over the chimney-piece, and removed it to St. Alban's-street, where I then resided. At my return, though I was not absent six minutes, the mob had rushed in, and plundered the room of every thing. As to the foils, jackets, &c. they were of little value to me, compared to what I had in my closet:

a portfolio of beautiful drawings, particularly several valuable ones of Cipriani, also of Mortimer, Rowlandson, &c., the loss of which I very much regretted ; but consoled myself by saving Saint George's picture, which he sat purposely for, and offered me after our fencing together, the second day of his arrival in this country. It was painted by Brown, an American artist, much encouraged here at the time. The last day of his sitting he dined at my father's, when my mother inquiring of him if it was a good likeness, he smiled, and replied (he was a Creole), " Oh, Madame, c'est si ressemblant c'est affreux." My room, which was in front, was the only one saved from the flames in the whole house ; and, fortunately, the engines being placed in it, prevented the fire from communicating to Market-lane.

MADAME CORNEILLY.—Her masquerades in Soho-square, where she displayed the most beautiful decorations, were well known last century, and were well frequented. At that time I lived opposite to her, and was frequently excited by the bustle and noise of coaches. On one occasion my attention was much attracted, about three in the morning, when many who had previously supped had left the tables to join the masks. Some, however, remained to take their glass ; others were enjoying their *tête-à-tête* with their *chère amie*.

A gentleman well known and respected, and whom I have often seen placed under Lord Mansfield, the late Mr. Lowten, was seated, talking to a lady. A party of bucks, of the higher order, well primed with champagne, the late Duke of Ancaster, the Princes St. Leger, Charles Wyndham, Col. Lenox, and the present Lord Coventry, passing by Mr. Lowten, who was a tall robust man (not a youth) and the lady very diminutive and young, the contrast so amused them, that placing themselves opposite, they all kept laughing, to disturb their conversation, much to the annoyance of a couple who preferred being alone. Mr. Lowten, who was a powerful man, would have been a match for any two of the party, then not over firm on their legs. Though they had given him full provocation to be offended, he contemptuously retorted their laughter with great forbearance, and sat very quiet, knowing at the time, full well the consequence of resenting (engaged as he was) when opposed to four. Disappointed in their quizzing, and finding they could not provoke him, they departed; but passing by afterwards, and hearing who he was, they continually saluted him with, “ Twig the lawyer.”

INEXPRESSIBLE GIRLS.—The following description of a play may appear strange to many, but having been myself a spectator, as far as

my recollection serves me, I shall relate it. About thirty years ago, at a boarding-school very near Chelsea church, previous to the Christmas vacation, a play was performed. The characters were acted by full-grown damsels, between fifteen and eighteen years of age. The play was the "Earl of Essex." Having procured two tickets, I took an old friend with me, who can better tell this extraordinary display than I can. We were there previous to the beginning, when we found the school-room crowded with a numerous audience, at least a hundred; the papas and mamas seated on the front places near the stage, which was on a level with the spectators, with a row of candles on the floor. As we were at first situated at too great a distance to see any thing, we placed ourselves in the passage, next to the door that went behind the scenes. There, when it was open, we had a full view of the stage, from our station, which was next to the staircase on the first floor, which led to the young ladies' rooms. As they were continually passing us to go there, we soon became acquainted. The Governess was in the other grand room. All restraint was laid aside, occasionally my friend and I giving chaste salutes. Of the lady performers, Lord Essex was remarkably handsome, well-made, about eighteen, and very like our late-lamented Duke of

York. She who played Queen Elizabeth was about the same age, a buxom, florid wench, and so very lusty, that she had the appearance of a *soubrette*, and her rich clothes did not prevent her from giving you more the idea of a wet-nurse than a queen. The farce was “High Life below Stairs.” To fix on such an after-piece, where there were so many men characters, seems rather curious. All the young ladies, in their new clothes, for beauty and shape, might have vied with the Graces. So moral as we are in this century, by whatever means the change has taken place, recollecting the mandates of the bishops, their objection to the costume *grossette* of the figurantes at the Opera-house, the restraints of the police on the Sundays to the alehouses, shops, &c., this female boarding-school exhibition must have been quite terrible—a scarecrow—and must have prevented parents sending their children there. What must have been the feelings of such parents, who could suffer their daughters, approaching to womanhood, to take part in such an exhibition? *Infâme qui fait honte.* With regard to the consequences attending such scenes in a seminary for young ladies, I must leave my readers to make their own reflections, saying, like Charles in the “School for Scandal,” “I must borrow a little of your morality, Joseph.”

As I was walking one night with Theodore Hook from the play, passing along Coventry-street, a sewer was being repaired at the time. Several men with lighted candles were below, at a considerable depth, and were busily employed at work. At the top was a railing over the cavity where they descended, and a crowd standing round. Theodore Hook, not preferring to make any inquiries of them, had placed his head over the rails, calling out, “What are you about? What are you looking for?” when those at the bottom, much engaged, and not willing to answer his repeated calls, replied, “We are looking for a seven-shilling-piece, which perhaps you want more than we do,” to the no small amusement of the bystanders.

BLACK AND WHITE.—Being fond of the arts, and particularly of caricatures, I had by me a great number of Rowlandson’s, to one of which I was puzzled to give a name. The subject was an old man at breakfast, seated near the fire, his gouty leg on a stool, and the kettle boiling over; the water is falling on his leg, and he is ringing the bell. The room door is open behind him, and a black servant is kissing the maid, who is bringing in the toast. I requested Theodore Hook to write a title to it, and he put “*chacun à son goût.*”

DOCTOR KITCHINER.—His plum puddings were remarkably good and light, and at the

same time very rich. At a family with whom I was often in the habit of dining, the lady of the house was always boasting that her puddings were superior to all others. By way of a little fun, I was determined to place one before her as good. Accordingly, putting on a serious countenance, as if I had something unpleasant on my mind, I waited on the doctor, and after a long preamble, told him that I had a great favour to ask of him. Whether he thought I came to borrow money of him, I know not, but he very good-naturedly replied, that, “Anything he could do to serve me would give him great pleasure.” When, after apologizing for the great liberty I was going to take, and keeping him all the time in suspense, at last I said, “Doctor, pray give me a plum pudding.” “With all my heart,” answered he. The day was fixed, and at five o’clock, in a hackney-coach, I called for it, when a large plum-pudding, boiled in a punch bowl, smoking hot, and covered over with a napkin, was in readiness for me, which to the astonishment of the lady made its appearance on her table. When I told her what I had done, the joke added to the pleasant taste of the pudding, and the company laughed at the contrivance.

The last time I was at Eton College, I visited Mrs. Raganeau, who kept one of the first boarding-houses in the place; she informed me

that the Duke of Wellington, when he took Lord Douro and his brother there, having boarded himself in the same house, and when looking over his bedroom, after making a number of inquiries, was very desirous to go into the kitchen, and there, to the astonishment of every one, pointed out to them where he had cut his name on the door. Such a valuable memento in a kitchen, (if remaining still there) must be gratifying to the lady of the house, and I should think would far better become a frame in the parlour.

ZOFFANY the artist, and my father, both Italians, had long been acquainted. Often have I seen him in Carlisle-street. He was a very ugly man, tall, and very much marked with the small pox. Though advanced in years, he went to India, where he met with my cousin, Captain Angelo, who was in the body guard, and who at that time was particularly patronised by Governor Hastings. My cousin and Zoffany were on the most intimate terms: so much so, that on his death, at their return to England, he was his executor. In relating a story, told me at the time he resided on the Strand, Kew, the occurrence will perhaps not only appear strange, but the contrivance droll. Zoffany had invited a large party one day to dine with him, some of whom were not very agreeable to his wife, who impatient to absent

herself as soon as possible after dinner, had recourse to a cunning expedient. Ordering the nurse to remain over the room they were to dine in, she was desired as soon as dinner was over to let something heavy fall on the floor. No sooner was every thing removed, than a noise overhead was heard, when Mrs. Zoffany, at the moment, as if affrighted for her child, screamed out, “My God! the dear has fallen out of the nurse’s arms,” and as if frantic, ran out of the room, but took care not to return.

GRACE, TURKEY, AND PUNCH.—Captain Bailey, well known as an amateur of the arts, and old Hone, the portrait painter, were almost inseparable. At all his parties (Hone’s), our family being intimate I seldom missed his friend at his house. Hone at that time lived in the court at the farther end of St. James’s Place, facing the Green Park door. Captain Grose, whose stories were at all times humorous, in his bulky shape and chubby countenance was quite the reverse of Bailey. Hone, with his Irish pleasantry, (there was no Catholic question at that time) by way of a contrast, painted them (three-quarters) two friars at a table. Previous to the dinner, Grose, the jolly fat friar, both hands raised in the act of saying grace, yet careful at the time that they should not be idle, is squeezing a lemon over a roasted turkey under him. The other, with a lank

countenance and figure resembling the Lay Brother in Sheridan's "Duenna," as his assistant, is employed in stirring a bowl of punch with a *cross*. This picture, which was very much admired, was sent to the exhibition, then in Pall Mall. The subject being objected to, was refused by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which caused a quarrel, and gave rise to the satirical picture of the Conjuror, painted by Hone, who adopted the face from Sir Joshua Reynolds's Ugolino. Some time after, Hone himself scraped a mezzotinto of his Two Friars. It afterwards got into the possession of Mr. Plott, a collector of choice prints, nor had I seen it for a number of years, when, calling on Mr. Grieve, solicitor, Portugal-street, I saw it in his parlour. Having known the parties, it was a great treat to me: what has become of the picture I never knew. For caricature and keen satire it was *unique* and interesting.

The first time I saw Sir R. Ker Porter was at the Royal Academy dinner on the King's Birthday at Somerset House, Mr. West, P.R.A. in the chair. My friend, James Heath, that eminent engraver, who took me there, pointed him out to me, at the same time mentioning the number of yards of painting intended to be employed in his Siege of Seringapatam. From his appearance and youth at the time, he gave me more the idea of a *petit maître* than an artist

fit to undertake such a work. But what was my surprise and gratification when I saw his panorama! Not long after, we met at the house of our friend Nixon, (Secretary to the Beef Steak Club) whose good-humour and hospitable reception of his friends and men of science, were such, that his table was ever acceptable to them. There we became acquainted. After what I had seen of his pencil, the introduction was very acceptable to me, ever pleased to be in the company of those who excel, or to be known to them. The last time we met was a few days previous to his diplomatic voyage to South America. He then complimented me on my taste for drawings formerly, when I told him that all my drawings, which at one time filled my room, were then secluded in my portfolio, except the one he made me a present of. However, I shall always retain it in a frame, not only for its superior merit, but as a memento of the friendly manner in which he gave it to me. Smiling at the preference I had given, we shook hands and bid adieu. To give a reason why I retain one drawing *only* in a frame, I must say that I had not the heart to remove my friend's gift, a gift voluntarily proffered to me but a very short time after we became acquainted. When he offered to make me a drawing, he said, "Angelo, as I dine with you to-day, get a sheet of cartridge paper and some

bistre ; before dinner I'll make you a drawing." With pleasure I accepted his friendly offer. When asked what the subject should be, I replied, any thing very horrid (this was at the time of the Irish rebellion). He soon designed an Irishman in the act of pikeing an English officer, who is on the ground, in the agonies of a dying man. At breakfast every morning I now see the *souvenir* of my far distant friend, and his writing on the margin of the picture, " R. K. Porter, 1803, to his friend Angelo."

PATIENCE PER FORCE. When D'Eon assumed the petticoat, and lived in Brewer-street, where he occasionally received his friends, at one of his dinner parties where I was present, we began with oysters and champagne, in the French style ; though a pleasant *début* to some, not so to all. Of the party, were Bach, Cramer, and Abel : the two latter, like myself, had to wait half an hour as lookers on. Cramer and I were patiently eating bread, and Abel swearing in bad English, was half mad, whilst the oyster *gourmands* were too much engaged to take notice of our forbearance. Afterwards an excellent dinner followed. It is hardly necessary to say, that in France a dinner is scarcely ever thought to be complete without oysters ; a Frenchman with a real gusto takes at least six dozen, and eats about as much as would satisfy two Englishmen. The oysters always precede

the soup, and it is usual to take *chablis*, if not champagne, or some other white wine with them. Lemons are arranged round the dishes in a tasty style, (melons the same), and certainly the oysters do not make a bad commencement, as they promote the appetite, ("a consummation devoutly to be wished," when a man is going to a city feast for instance), and it is said, they are highly digestive. I do not mean to assert positively that they are so, but I know that I have seen a Frenchman eat a goodly quantity, which has in no wise influenced his operations upon the *gibier*, the *volaille*, the *cotelettes à la Maintenon*, the *pigeon à la crapaudine*, &c., and so far from any thing like a tendency to indigestion, he has afterwards been as gay and lightsome as a newly fledged linnet.

THE WIG.—Some years ago, when debating societies were the rage, I was occasionally in the habit of attending them, and remember being present at a very riotous one, when a mischievous wag, snatching off the president's wig, ran off into the street, threw it away, and cried "stop thief!" The company followed, the watchman rattled, and the president, wandering in search of his property, was taken up for stealing *his own wig*, and passed the rest of the night in the watch-house.

THE SCULL.—Many years ago, when I attended at the Rev. Doctor Hooker's, at Greenford, several of the present nobility were there for their education: the Marquis of Queensberry, Lords Talbot, Grantham, Foley, &c. At this time, Count Molini, an Italian nobleman, who resided in the village, was a day boarder there, to perfect himself in the English tongue. The Count was a great favourite with all the inmates; and as I occasionally dined there, I always found him seated at the top of the table, and addressed as his lordship. He must have been about five and twenty; his manners affable and engaging. Although he spoke English very well (*grammatically*), yet his pronunciation often produced risibility, and as they all took pains to improve him, though he excited their laughter, he was thankful for their instructions. He could with difficulty pronounce the letter S, and in the course of conversation he asked Lord Grantham, “My Lord, can you *wim*?” when it was a considerable time before his meaning was understood. He meant *swim*, and his instructors by making him *hiss* first, succeeded in making him pronounce the s properly afterwards. As I professionally attended him at the time, one day speaking of Mrs. Siddons, whom he had seen but once, I was curious to know what character she performed (which he could not recollect), inquiring

whether it was Euphrasia, in the “ Grecian Daughter,” at the same time describing the prison scene with her father.

“ No ! dere vas no old man.”

“ Then perhaps Isabella, where she is dressed in mourning with a little boy ?”

“ No ! dere was no letel boy, bote dere vas a *cole* upon de table,” (scull).

“ Then it was the ‘ Fair Penitent ?’ ”

“ Yes, it was.”

Satisfied with my inquiries, and seeing him with an awful dignity and serious countenance exclaim *cole*, with difficulty at the time restraining from laughter, I took my leave.

COCK MACAWS.—The late Lord Guildford (who ever honoured me with his notice, having been old school-fellows together when at Eton), not only retained the wit of his father, but his good humour and eccentricity often amused his friends. He was in company with a celebrated author of the present day, whose life is forthcoming, which every body must be anxious to read. This latter gentleman was fond of a frolic, and proposed to his friend, as they were walking in Pall Mall, to attract curiosity, occasionally to stop at a post and imitate the sound of a trumpet, and when a number had assembled, he would utter aloud, “ Cock Macaws lay eggs,” and as soon as proclaimed, keep walking on. This *joke* continued for

some time exciting the astonishment of the crowds that surrounded them, curious to listen to the information ; but finding they had been made fools, they began hustling the two quiz-zers, who when they got in the Strand, with difficulty avoided being saluted with mud, luckily making their escape into Burgess's oil-shop.

No SHIRT.—At the Opera-house fencing room, some of my friends who were amateurs of the exercise, and my scholars, did me the honour to have a sort of a private meeting, and to take their pic nic there with me afterwards. Mr. John Trotter, and the present Sir Coutts Trotter, (to both of whom I am under infinite obligations for their patronage, at the time, in promoting the science, and who were themselves very skilful,) brought their friend, a fencer, nephew of the late Admiral Paisley. Whether the fatigue attending the exercise accelerated the consequence of the glass which followed after, or the effect arose from some other cause, I know not, but he was in such a “questionable state” that his friends were obliged to convey him safe home to Soho-square, where he resided. The next day I called on him to make polite inquiries, when the footman said, “ My master is far from being well, and is not yet up. I fear, Sir, he has been in very bad company, for when he came home, he had been *robbed* both of his shirt and his watch.” When we sat down to

dinner, some of the party having stripped for the exercise, at dinner merely retained their jackets, and put on their coats. The visitor was in such a state that he was not able to dress himself, and both his watch and shirt were left behind, as they were to be sent to him the next day.

PHILIP RUNDELL, I may mention as a character that has attracted the attention of the public lately, and as having for years been acquainted with him. The following is an anecdote that occurred, when last we met in Cockspur-street. After our usual salutations, he mentioned to me how very much he had for some time been, afflicted with the gravel. The late Mrs. Glass, the wife of the Rev. Doctor Glass, (at whose school for years I attended at Greenford,) was in the habit every year of making blackberry jam, which she told me had cured many of her neighbours of that cruel disorder, and, following her advice, always to have some by me to relieve my friends, it had given me an opportunity of obliging many who had felt the good effects of it. Recommending to Mr. Rundell the remedy, I told him I had a jar left, and also a bottle of blackberry gin. As he was pleased to accept my offer, the next day I sent him the above to Ludgate Hill. In the evening, relating to a friend what I had done that morning, he laughingly replied, "Who knows whether,

if you cure him, he will not leave you a legacy?" "*N'imporé!* I had no such idea at the time, beyond "the will for the deed." A few days after I received the following letter :

"MY DEAR SIR.—As the medicine you was so very kind to send me, is not thought proper for my complaint, and forbid by my medical friend, I beg leave to return it with my best thanks, in order that you may have the satisfaction of bestowing it with proper effect, where it is suitable to the complaint, which I understand is the gravel. I shall have the pleasure to hand you half a dozen bottles of claret, which Mr. Bannister speaks of with so much praise, and beg your acceptance of it.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"PHILIP RUNDELL."

"Brompton, April 2d, 1819.

"To HENRY ANGELO, Esq."

To this I replied directly, to save the trouble of sending *six* bottles such a distance from Ludgate Hill to May Fair, refusing his kind offer, *poliment*, that an invitation to meet my friend Bannister, and drink it at his house, would give me great pleasure. Whether the refusal displeased him, I know not: I never heard from him, or saw him since. I should rather think my refusal hurt his pride

CHACUN A SON TOUR.—In 1808, having subscribed ten guineas, and became a governor towards the fund to relieve distressed school-masters and their families, I usually attended their annual dinner at the Crown and Anchor, which was always held in December. Though the meeting might have been expected to exhibit a spice of pedantry, it was quite the reverse, and the greatest harmony and conviviality prevailed, enlivening the more that approach to the holidays, so acceptable to the instructors, and the more impatient young fry. These meetings I had often attended, when the Bishop of Carlisle, Doctor Goodenough, Doctor Vincent, Doctor Burney, &c. &c., were in the chair. The last time I was there, my feelings were very different to those I had experienced before in that erudite society, though they afterwards proved very flattering and gratifying to me. H. R. H. the late lamented Duke of Kent, presided that day for his brother the Duke of Cambridge, who is patron of the society of schoolmasters.

At dinner, on each side of me, sat two gentlemen of the birch. Whether they considered me merely as some poor dependant usher, or extra teacher, to one of their employers, sitting in their presence, I know not ; but I found myself altogether unpleasantly situated; neither of them deigning during the dinner to speak to me. One or the other thought proper to intrude his nose conti-

nually across my face, that he might talk with less restraint, and at the same time they seemed to wish to prevent me from joining in their conversation. I was sitting at some distance from his Royal Highness, whom I suddenly perceived, standing up with his glass in his hand, beckoning me to take wine with him. After such an unexpected honour, my two silent schoolmasters deigned to take notice of me, and seemed to vie with each other in paying me attentions. “*Chacun a son tour:*” occupied too much with my toothpick at the time, I did not trouble them with a reply. After dinner, I left these two wigsbys, puffed up with pride and self-confidence, and placed myself near the prince, to whom I was known above forty years ago, when my father attended on him at Kew. Often, when he had finished his lesson of fencing, he has kept me, after my father was gone, to practise with him, and, since that period, has shewn me many favours. At the last audience he honoured me with, he made use of these words, “Angelo! I have no interest now at head quarters; but, if I can do any thing to serve you, you have only to tell me.”

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—Fitzgerald, well known in the Vauxhall affray with Parson Bate (late Sir Dudley), had the reputation of not only being a good shot, but a capital fencer though, in fact, he knew very little of the

art, and was only desperate when opposed to the button of a foil, rushing on when there was no danger to apprehend. I can speak to this fact, as I have often been his antagonist; and know, that if the point of a sword had been opposed to him, it would have very much altered his ardour. At that time Monsieur Redas, a famous fencing-master, taught at the Opera-house, previous to my teaching there, and had an assistant, who was the *plastron de salle* (a mark for every one to push at). Among the many he had to contend with, Fitzgerald preferred him to all the other fencers, making him subservient to his pretended skill. The fact was, that the Frenchman (Monsieur Charriot) who was the *prevôt*, now and then got some little *douceur* from him, and was too *politique* to hit his lucrative adversary too often. It was far different with all the others who fenced with Fitzgerald: not suffering themselves to be beat, they took care never to spare him.

One day I was present when Charriot was not pleased with the number of hits he had quietly and voluntarily received; and Fitzgerald having boasted that he had been beating him, so roused Monsieur's pride, that the next time, forgetting the presents his forbearance had procured him, he retaliated on his vaunting antagonist, determined no longer to be his tool. Charriot

made the first attack, and so enraged Fitzgerald, that he stretched out his arm, and poked his eye out. With the loss of one eye, and a ten-pound note from his enraged opponent, for the accident (which was an intentional one), this catastrophe proved *tout pour le mieux*; for Charriot's salary was but small, his dependance being more on the occasional presents from the scholars. Baron Wensell, who was the famous oculist at that time, making immense sums of money here by his performance of the cataract operation, was present when the calamity happened; and on Charriot's recovery took him home to his house; where, no longer assistant fencing-master, through the Baron's instruction he became an oculist. The year following, the Baron having made an ample fortune, returned to his own country; his *en seconde*, in the course of four years, did the same; this, therefore, proved a lucky *hit* for him, having kept his carriage here, previous to leaving John Bull, loaded with guineas, on his return to France, to purchase a *bien*. This fencing-master, after all, with his misfortune, had an *eye* to business! Strange fatality!

How CAME you so?—Madame Clementina Burton, a lusty devotee to the Muses, who styled herself a poetess, having written and printed, at her own expence, a fulsome panegyric on Lord Barrymore's numerous virtues

and liberality, dunned his Lordship a long time without being admitted, and also with many letters to no purpose. Madame, knowing that I was one of the chosen guests at his parties, paid me a visit, at the same time tendering her poetic effusions, and saying how she would praise my professional abilities, and my convivial qualities, if I would speak to his Lordship ; however, she did not succeed there with her flattering offers. As she assured me that she had been at a considerable expence, I promised I would interest myself for her, giving her some hopes, that at least she would clear the expence of the letter-press. As I was to be at his Lordship's the day following, at one o'clock, I advised her to call at that hour. She was punctual to the time. I was then fencing with Lord Barrymore, and, interceding, I prevailed upon him to see her. When she was admitted, and seated on the sofa, seeing us fencing, she feigned ecstacy, and cried out, “Bravo, my sweet Lord ! what beautiful attitudes !” “An Apollo ! charming !” “Our son shall win.” “Bravissimo !” “The palm of the conquest's thine,” when, unfortunately for her, while the Muse inspired her rhapsodies, just at the moment his Lordship was disarmed ; the foil flew out of his hand, and brushed by the poetess's left eye, when she screamed out, “Oh, my eye ; I have lost my eye.” (Twas all

indeed *sham Abraham*.) “I'm blind. O, my dear Lord, what is to become of me ?” when a tumbler of cold water was instantly brought for her to bathe it; but I (aside to Lord Barrymore) recommended some brandy to be added to it. Having mixed it *myself*, putting above half of the latter to the water, and applying the intended eye lotion to her mouth first, she swallowed the whole, leaving none for the *pretended* injured eye. I proposed a second tumbler, which followed the way of the first; when, wonderful to relate, her eyesight was so much improved, that she now could see double. His Lordship, giving her a ten pound note, and a hackney-coach being in readiness for her, our Sappho retired reeling, and delighted with her morning's reception. Polite inquirers asked, “How came you so ?”

LORD BYRON'S WAGER.—About the year 1803, Lord Byron was one of my scholars at Harrow school, and a contemporary of the Marquis of Hartington (the present Duke of Devonshire), who was also my pupil. From his Lordship's affability and pleasant manners, I knew more of him than of many I attended there at the time. He boarded at Henry Drury's, nephew of the Rev. Mark Drury, then second master. Though he did not follow up the exercise of fencing at Cambridge, yet I was always welcome to his rooms at Trinity College, and I had so far in-

gratiated him, that when he left college, previous to his going abroad, he honoured me with his attentions. On his quitting Cambridge, the first time I presented myself to him was at his lodgings in St. James's-street, within a door or two of Lock's, the hatter. This must have been about the time of the shocking murder of Marr. In the course of my visits, he one day mentioned to me that he had laid a wager, that, when at school, he had perused a book, in the *first* edition of which he had seen above a page which he had never met with in any other copies; and he said that he had tried all the booksellers in Town to find it, but in vain; and it would be of considerable consequence to him, should he be so fortunate as to succeed. Being acquainted with some who boasted of their books, and first editions, styling themselves black lettered men, I made my first application to these *soi-disants*. One, in particular, told me that there was some chance of my being able to procure the book so much wanted. This elated me very much; but, however, my first endeavour failed, so that I had very little encouragement to persevere.

Having heard that one of my acquaintance, Mr. Thomas Hill, *un homme de recherche*, who resided in the city, was a great collector of manuscripts, and first editions, I waited on him, confident at the time I should succeed. He assured

me that he had what I wanted, but was too much engaged then to look for it ; that I should hear from him. Keeping me in expectation for some days, after aquatic and hackney-coach jaunts, I at last was told that the book I wanted must be in an old box with many others, and I was to wait till he could find the key. Disappointed, but not disheartened, though now at fault, I still pursued the game ; and hearing that Jemmy Whittle, of social memory at the Eccentrics, was in possession of what I wanted, I called on him, and procured the first edition ; and I had every reason to expect at the time, as the date was 1746, that I had succeeded.Flushed with the hopes of obliging his lordship, away I posted. On my entering his room, delighted at my long perseverance, and making my bow, I said, “ I have got it, my lord ; here it is. I have done more than all the thief-takers put together, including *Mister Townshend*, who have not yet found out the murderer of Marr.” Pleased, and complimenting me, “ Then you are,” answered his lordship, “ *a book-taker.*” He directly looked for the particular passage, when, to my surprise, with a different countenance, he returned the book to me, saying, “ This is not it ; though probably this is the second edition.” I did not despair, and again followed up my exertions, but previously asked him to acquaint me with the particular passage

he was so anxiously in search of. Having received sufficient information, I thought I could not again be deceived.

Hearing that my old friend, James Perry, proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, had a copy of the first edition, and knowing that he would be happy on any occasion to serve me, sure of success, I hastened to his house, and on entering the room, I was delighted to find him in his library. I told him my errand, and how it was in his power to render me a service by the loan of a book he had in his possession ; when, sanguine as I was, I met with another disappointment, for he replied, “I have lost so many odd volumes, I never will lend another book ; but you may read here all day if you like, and dine with me after.” I told him that it was a particular passage in a first edition, that a wager depended on it, and that the book being produced would settle it. “I have got it ; here’s a pen and ink, sit down and write away ; we shall not dine these two hours, and you will meet my brother-in-law, Professor Porson.” When I sat down, I found the date of the edition was the same as the last, and that the particular part I was looking for was not in the book.

Having received information which might be a clue to my unwearied endeavours, and finding that this book had been bought at an old

shop in St. Giles's, of a man named Denley, facing "The good woman without a head," and that at the time Denley had two sets, which Perry assured me were of the first edition, and that he had taken the best, my curiosity to see the remaining one made me call there the next day. Turning over the pages to come to that part which, after a great deal of trouble and perseverance, had employed me for months, and driven me to a forlorn hope, at last I found seventy-two lines that were not in my friend's book, he having preferred the cleaner of the two. So far lucky for me. Having now not a doubt but I had succeeded in my literary inquiries, I instantly bought the volumes. At this time Lord Byron was at Newstead, when I wrote, telling him what I had done, and also of the decayed state of the book. Thanking me, and pleased that I had exceeded his expectation, he told me to send it to Hering (a famous bookbinder, in Little St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields, a German), the leaves to be inlaid, and to be bound in his best manner. The very friendly notice his lordship bestowed on me ever since, I shall have reason gratefully to remember.

A year had elapsed since my first book pursuits, when his lordship took up his residence in Albany, Piccadilly; and had not long been there, when he wanted me to attend him every

day, to have (as he called) *une bonne sueur* at the broadsword. As my professional attendance in the country engaged much of my time, it was arranged, that any day at twelve o'clock he should be glad to see me, *baguette à la main*, not foil. This was an exercise he preferred to fencing, as the defect in his foot did not prevent it from being an amusement to him, and at the same time it would be the means of reducing his size, for he was fearful of growing too lusty. Perfectly satisfied he could beat me, independent of the exercise for his health, it was a diversion to him. Now having a *daily* scholar, far more lucrative than any of the others, I took care to make the assaults the more satisfactory to him; keeping always on the defensive, retreating on his attacks; now and then receiving a stroke: not like the clowns for a gold-lace hat, or broken head, mine was a gold half-guinea each lesson.

These bloodless combats furnish me with an anecdote, which I should think Mr. Cam Hobhouse, to whom I had the honour of being known, cannot but recollect. On his visit to the Albany one day, whilst Lord Byron was taking his exercise, on his entering the room, his lordship did not desist from advancing on me, but seemed more determined to shew his friend how well he could beat his broadsword master. Though I had always before been

very politic, yet here my pride was a little at stake, as we were no longer alone. Finding his attacks were getting desperate, I avoided his blows, and kept him at bay, till he was too fatigued to continue. After he had taken breath, and was again “ impatient for the fray,” I called out,

“ My lord, shall I *tip* you one of my stage pretty speeches first?”

“ If not a long one, let’s have it.”

“ But, my lord, may I hope you will not be displeased with my presumption?”

“ Oh, no,” said his lordship; “ leave thy damnable faces, and begin.”

“ Then here goes,” said I. “ ‘ ‘ Know then, proud lord, that a *man* opposed to a *man* is *but* a *man*.’ ’ ”

“ Bravo, Dumont! now take care of your numscull.”

Now came “ the tug of war.” At it we went; and he, indulging in his favourite pursuit of driving me to a corner, not following the example of Dumont (there being no Joan of Arc to fight for), Hudibrastic like, I ran away to *come* another day, to give a *lesson*—not venturing to suit the *action* to the words I had spoken.

His preparation for his exercise was rather singular, first stripping himself, then putting on a thick flannel jacket, and over it a pelisse lined with fur, tied round with a Turkish shawl.

When he had taken a sufficient gymnastic sudorific, if he did not go directly and increase it between the blankets, he had his valet to rub him down. Sometimes he desired me to remain, if I was not particularly engaged; and often I have continued above an hour with him, when he has been denied to many, *sans cérémonie*, talking on a variety of subjects. As he was pleased to confide in me, these conversations were highly gratifying, and rather tended to increase my professional vanity.

When I first attended him at Albany, it was on the approach of spring; and often have I sat on the sofa next to a beautiful miniature of a lady, whose figure, I have heard him say, would serve as a model for Canova. At times this portrait seemed much to attract his attention. Encouraging my feeble attempts at a pun, if a smile was drawn from him at their *besoin de plaisirterie*, I have not hesitated to say, “ My lord, mine are like some puns—the more *worserer* the more *betterer*; and if they promote the *jeu de mot*, why then I am not only witty in myself, but cause that wit in others.”

I very much regret now that when he gave me an order on Mr. Murray; Albemarle-street, (whom I had first the pleasure of knowing near forty years since, when at the Rev. Dr. Thompson's, Kensington,) for several of his books, Childe Harold, &c., also a set of etchings of his

Corsair, I did not at the time request his signature on the title-page.

Harlow, that excellent artist, who was cut off in the prime of his life when in Italy, and whom I had known from a boy, made two drawings (through my recommendation), one of his lordship, another of his sister. The former is not at all a favourable likeness, having by far too much of a proud, downcast look: not in the least a trait of the original. The only part where any resemblance was discernible, was his forehead and hair.

Having taken a fancy (fond as I was then of anything that appertained to prints) to a screen which he had one day seen at my house, where he was occasionally in the habit of honouring me with a visit, and which I had parted with but the day before to the Marquis of Huntley, he desired me to make another for him of the same description. On one side were pugilists, from the time of Broughton, 1750, to the year 1814, with a biographical description of their characters and various battles; and on the other side, of the actors, commencing with the old school, Betterton, &c., to the same period. Accordingly, I was punctual in procuring the different characters—gentlemen of the *lamp* and the fistic *cove*. When his effects were sold by auction, previous to his leaving this country, this screen was bought by Mr. Murray, and I believe is

now in his possession. I could have wished to have had one of his Turkish sabres, for he had several by him ; but Mr. Kean (the actor) was more lucky than myself, for he told me he had given to him one of his best.

I cannot conclude without mentioning how very anxious and persevering he was for me with several noblemen at Cambridge, when I made my *début* there, not only to promote my professional attendance, but to obtain the Town Hall for my instructions. Of this, though I had not succeeded in my applications to the mayor, the following letter will furnish a proof, and convince the reader how anxious he was to serve me.

“ *Trinity College, Cambridge,*
May 16, 1806.

“ DEAR ANGELO,

“ You cannot be more indignant at the insolent and unmerited conduct of the mayor than those who authorized you to request his permission ; however, we do not despair of your gaining the point, and every effort shall be made to remove the obstacles which at present prevent the execution of our projects. I yesterday waited on the Master of this College, who having a personal dispute with the mayor, declined interfering ; but recommended an application to the Vice-Chancellor, whose authority is para-

mount in the University. I shall communicate this to Lord Altamount, and we will endeavour to bend the obstinacy of the upstart magistrate, who seems equally deficient in justice and common civility. On my arrival in town, which will take place in a few days, you will see me at Albany-buildings, when we will discuss the subject further; and believe me, we will yet humble this impertinent bourgeois.

“ I remain,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ BYRON.”

This letter I gave to Doctor Sigmond, M.D., Dover-street, who has a superior collection of autographs.

THE TAILOR DONE OVER.—One of the plays performed at Brandenburgh House, was “The Provoked Wife.” Sir Walter James, Sir John Brute; the Margravine, Lady Brute; my part, the Tailor: this being so trifling compared with the usual cast of characters I had always been accustomed to there, her highness, as I had so little to say, permitted me, after the play, to sing a song alluding to that character, “The Tailor done over,” with a prelude written purposely for me by my friend John Bannister. Its novelty and whimsicality may give some idea of the writer. Dressed *en costume*, with a desponding countenance, I pro-

ceeded with a soliloquy, in the cockney dialect. “ Oh dear ! oh dear ! there never sure *was* so unfortunate a poor fellow as poor Tommy *Twist*. Oh Susan ! Susan ! since the unlucky day I first *seed* you, every thing has gone against the *grain*. I have lost all my customers ; the devil a stitch of *work* can I do ; ever since I have been in love, my life has been a *hell* upon earth. That cruel Susan has made a *slit* in my heart as long as a *side-pocket*, which can never be *botched* up, or *fine-drawn*. Fretting has made me as thin as a *thread paper*. I shall be soon *vorn* out, no man is *everlasting*. If I had courage enough to take a desperate *mesure*, I should cut the *thread* of life ; my poor *narves* and stomach are so *weak*, that I *verily* believe even the sight of a *cucumber* would throw me into *convulsions*. Of all the bad *habits*, love sure is the *vorst* : I *vish* I could change it for a *wooden surtout* (coffin). I never shall be at rest till I am as stiff as *buckram*. Oh dear ! *vat* a horrid dream I had last night. I thought that Sue on a donkey came to my bed side, and told me, if a *habit* I *voud* make her, she’d be my *wife* as soon as it was on. *Vif* joy I undertook the job, *ven* suddenly she disappeared, and in her place a monstrous *cabbage* grew : a bubbling noise *was* heard, as if it *was* boiling. Oh dear ! the shop-board shook, up bounced the *goose*, red hot, and burnt it to the heart ; *ven* lo, behold

a Cupid, dressed in mourning, stood and shot red-hot *needles* in my trembling guts ; *vif* pain I started up and *voke*, and found it *vas* all a dream. Take *worning* and of love *beware*, for I, that once *vas* a *pattern* to *gemmen* of the *thimble*, a *superfine* tailor, am now quite dished and done over ;

“ A Tailor I vonce *vas* as blithe as e’er need be,
Until love, alas ! has a devil sure made me.”

The song, which probably had never been heard before by such an elegant audience, the language of the prelude, with the droll costume and appearance of the love-sick knight of the thimble, and his cockney dialect, were received (making use of a newspaper puff) with unbounded applause.

SUPPER AND SNUFFERS.—At a supper given by John Bannister to Lord Barrymore and a large party, where all was pleasant and convivial, his songs and drollery keeping them in high spirits till a late hour, I was among the chosen guests. To my great surprise, two days after, I read the following paragraph in a newspaper : “ At an entertainment given in Frith Street, Soho, to which Lord Barrymore and his brother were invited, Young Cripplegate, in a frolic, took a large pair of snuffers, and walking to the back of Mr. A*****’s chair, fastened them on that gentleman’s nose with

such violence, as to cause the blood, after they were taken off, to pour out at the nostrils. Mr. A. as soon as it was stopped, seized the young imp of wickedness, and laying him across his knee, chastised him with a small cane on that part where no bones can be broke, in a severe manner, to the satisfaction and high diversion of a very large company." This fabricated paragraph, I had every reason to suspect, was written by an intimate friend of mine, who felt himself hurt, not having been invited to the supper party, although particularly acquainted with the host, who, as well as myself, had previously experienced an ill-natured attempt at humour in the *same* paper; so that the suspicions of both fell upon the same person. This newspaper dabbler (I know not what name to give him) had once the esteem of all his acquaintance, ever most in his element when seated with them at the head of his table. For years, many whom he professed a friendship for (myself included), had partaken of his hospitable receptions, particularly Peter Pindar (Dr. Walcot), who was generally at his parties, but most inevitably when there was a haunch of venison. Fond of the arts, and cultivating the society of those who excelled, the press at last attracted his pen, and he indulged himself in calumniating his friends. Being discovered, however, and finding that they would no longer

associate with him, he became so conscious of his misconduct, that an illness ensued. In the prime of life, broken hearted, he lingered but for a short time, few regretting his death, though many had enjoyed the luxuries of his table.

THE VOCAL MUSIC MASTER.—As two songs were favourites with the public for a long time, till their melody and novelty lost their effect, (by being heard continually in the street on the organ, like many others, which, when most attractive, follow the same example), I may venture to say they were first introduced through me. Dining one day at La Sablonieres', in Leicester Fields, where a large party of us had met, Mr. Chandler, a portrait painter, who then resided in Golden-square, was pleased with the words of one of my songs, and I promised to give it him. At the same time I requested of him one he had sang, both the melody and the subject having delighted me very much, which he did not refuse, inviting me the next day to his house. There, he acquainted me that the same week he was going to Scotland; that of the song that so much pleased me, the composition and words were his own, and that I was the only one he had ever given them to. Soon after I heard of his death in Scotland. The subject he had chosen for the song he had given me, shews what

his feelings must have been at the time, then a young man and rising artist. Regretting his loss, though I had known him but two days, I pitied the feelings of those who had long been his acquaintance. As my friend Stretton, for pathos and expression, excelled in songs of this description, though they depended on his ear, for he did not know a note of music, inviting him to dine with me, I promised to give him a manuscript song that I was sure would please him, and, after dinner, I would strum the tune to him on the guitar, and show how much the words were adapted to his affectuoso. Pleased with the melody and the pathetic subject, for a year after in all parties, this song was the favourite of all others wherever he went: he was an amateur-singer that delighted every one; and on one occasion at his own house, when I was present, whether feigned or not I cannot say, after supper at table, a young lady was so overcome with his singing the song, the words, and his expression, (perhaps his person, for at the time he was a handsome young man, and rich bachelor,) she burst into a flood of tears and fainted away. This air, so well known, was “Over the Mountain and over the Moor.”

With regard to the other song, being on a visit to my social friend Samuel Maynard, a star among the harmonists, and previous to dinner

having met with a guitar in the room, and looking under the piano-forte, I got hold of an old magazine, and there found an Italian air, which, for melody, pleased me so very much, that I requested him to let me take it home. These two, for the space of a year, became Stretton's select songs ; and for the space of a year, I believe, were only sung by him ; so that I may claim to myself the credit of having been his Maestra de Capella, and of his bringing them into notice. The latter song, in the magazine, “The Maid of Lodi,” was melodized by Shield.

PAINTING AND RIDING.—Monsieur Morier, a French artist, *en ami*, painted for my father (they are in the family now) two large pictures ; Lord Pembroke on a horse called Monarch, the same one as is represented in Mr. West's picture of the Battle of the Boyne, for which my father sat several times to him in his riding-house ; the other, representing him on a favourite Spanish horse called Noble. The portraits were by Brompton (who was one of the first that was sent abroad by the Royal Academy), and were considered very like. Brompton, I well recollect, was much of the gentleman ; his conversation with my father was always in French or Italian. He succeeded in procuring him permission to paint his present Majesty and his brother in old English dresses. There is a mezzotinto (full length,

Zoffani's size) entitled, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburgh. At that time, they must have been about twelve years old. Morier particularly excelled in the back ground in painting cavalry reviews. In that in the picture of Lord Pembroke, his regiment is well represented manœuvring. In my father's, a distant view of the stables at Wilton, and a groom leading from it a favourite dun mare, which Governor Sumner afterwards offered my father a hundred guineas for.

There are two other portraits on horseback, still remaining, that have been much admired—the late Sir Sidney Meadows, and a Monsieur St. Pol. The former was considered the first amateur of equitation in the last century, at whose riding-house, facing Half-moon-street, I had long been honoured with his instruction. Lord Pembroke and Sir Sidney Meadows were the first, by their patronage, who introduced St. Pol to the public, on his arrival in this country. The method of Sir Sidney was peculiar to himself; I was, at that time, under my father's tuition, yet an offer to be received in his riding-house, was too great an honour not to be accepted. Sir Sidney's method of managing a horse was entirely his own, and I believe only adopted by himself; both hands the whole time raised above his ears (always making use of a snaffle), and stooping very much. My father, on

the contrary, carried his figure upright, which gave him a graceful air, his hands placed over the pummel of the saddle (*demie pique*) ; and his manège horses were so well dressed, the least turning of the wrist, or pressure of the calf of the leg, according to the way the croup was to turn, answered the effect without deviating from his posture, using the spur, or the exertion of raising the arms above the shoulder, to manage the reins.

At the time I received lessons from Sir Sidney, he must have been approaching to eighty ; a strong-built man, about five feet seven ; his eyes small, his nose *retroussé* ; a remarkably stout calf to his leg, and always striped worsted stockings over his knees. Usually he was visited by plenty of the nobility at his riding-house, where he constantly, every morning, took his exercise ; nor, whilst riding, did it prevent his affability and lively conversation, which was much listened to, and as much admired as the command and management he had over his horses : if not an elegant rider, his knowledge may have been superior to others. His house was at the corner of Bolton-street, Piccadilly.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER.—My harmonic friend, Samuel Maynard, had qualities which made him ever an acceptable guest. Through his introduction I became a favourite where conviviality and good eating were the order of the day, par-

ticularly at Ironmongers'-hall. There, I not only had a general invitation, but permission to bring a friend with me, an indulgence which has been very satisfactory, when I have taken a country gentleman to shew him the luxuries of a city-feast. In addition to these civic companies, having been appointed, by the late Col. Herries, *maitre d'armes* to the Light Horse Volunteers, a favour conferred on me by the first respectability in the city, and having received a general invitation to their mess and their parties, I may almost say, like Shift, in Foote's "Minor," "there is not a buck or turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin."

Whenever Garrick was to dine at my father's, though an epicure, he showed himself a moderate eater. My mother, knowing his taste for foreign dishes, always took care to have macaroni. I have heard him say, I should suppose, in compliment, my father being an Italian, "Angelo! your table is the first for macareni, with the real *gusto*;" and I recollect there were once three foreign additions to the latter; Italian, Turkish, and French—pulpetti, pilaw, and pigeons à la crapaudine.

A GOOD-NATURED FRIEND.—Those who seek notoriety, they say, would rather be abused, than not noticed. Though I did not aspire to the former, I was not without some *good*

natured friend, whilst playing at Lord Barrymore's, to favour me with his attention. Had he known how the different characters were announced in the Wargrave play-bills, or the performance that night, he must have had recourse to some other name for his attempt to be witty, as the first character I made my *début* in there, was Dick, in the “Confederacy,” not *Brass*, which was Lord Barrymore's. The following anonymous letter I received, will prove his (I should rather think *her*) mistake :

“HARRY,

“If you have not sent any puffs of your acting at Wargrave, begin my boy; do as you did at Brighton; make the papers ring with your own praise. Write to Bates, desire him to work away, my lad; tell the public of your unrivalled abilities, &c. &c. Oh, Harry! Harry! how good you are not to break the commandments by your acting, for it certainly resembles nothing ‘in Heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth.’ Don’t heed that; send to the papers how great you was in *Brass* (here’s a strange mistake). By God, you must have *brass* enough to attempt it. Get away, for fear they should commit you to Reading gaol, for your cruel murder of him.

“Yours,

“PLAIN-TRUTH.”

NO SUPPER.—The first year I had left school, Sir Henry Gott, who, from his long intimacy with our family, had known me from a child, having a horse to run at Newmarket, took me there along with him. On our way to Cambridge, as we approached the race-ground, I saw two horses start, and only four men standing by, when he said to me, “How do you like Newmarket races? you’ll not see the horses again.” “Not at all; is this what you call sport?” I answered. It seemed that they were to run only one heat, a mile, and we happened to be passing by at the time of their starting. Soon after we got in the crowd, which then made up for the start, and saw the races afterwards. On our return to town, the first night we got to Ware, when, what with the fatigue of the two days, being the greater part on horseback, and having drank too much wine after dinner, on our way back, whilst supper was getting ready, I fell fast asleep; nor did my friend Sir Henry awaken me until he had eaten the whole chicken *himself*, when he placed the bones on my plate, and calling out, “Will you eat any cheese?” I replied, with surprise,

“Why, I have not had my supper yet.”

“Not!” he exclaimed; “look at your plate; you may know a workman by his chips.” Whatever were my doubts, I took care to make it up with cheese. All at home soon heard of the

joke he had played upon me, and it was some time before I was let into the secret, and not till after I had often been asked, “How did you like your supper at Ware?”

BEEF-STEAKS AND PORTER.—Mrs. Webb, who performed in “Who wants a Husband?” at Covent-Garden Theatre, was very tall and bulky. She particularly excelled in the character of Mrs. Cheshire, in O’Keefe’s piece of the “Agreeable Surprise,” and also in Hunca Munca, in “Tom Thumb;” her very robust, tall figure contrasting so well with young Edwin, then a little boy. Her husband, though not quite so lusty, in some parts, from his true John Bull appearance, at once exhibited the character before he had spoken, especially in a pantomime, which I have seen at the little theatre in the Haymarket,—the “Genius of Nonsense.” The characters in a masquerade scene, all *vice versa*—two Quakers, without their coats, boxing; a lawyer refuses a fee, calling out clean hands; a butcher playing on the guitar; and Webb, on a sofa, fast asleep, in the character of an *agreeable* companion in a post-chaise. If the snoring part was all the audience had to hear, no actor could have been more perfect, if he had had ever so many rehearsals, than Mr. Webb. This lovely couple, I have been told, were so fond of indulging their appetites, that always in winter, in their bed-room, they had

a good fire, and beef-steaks and porter in readiness, should they be inclined, in the middle of the night, for a second supper.

RIOTS, 1780.—As I write of what I have personally known and seen myself, and had much curiosity to see the riots in 1780, my testimony can only corroborate what must have been witnessed by thousands, and has long been in print. Perhaps some of my anecdotes may be new. On Friday the 2d of June, having heard that above five thousand of the rabble had gone over London Bridge, on their way to the House of Commons, I hastened towards Parliament-street, but the crowd so filled the way, that with difficulty I could get as far as the Horse Guards. After remaining there for some time, I perceived a great throng rushing towards me, shouting and calling out, “No Popery,” and a carriage driving furiously, which proved to be Lord North’s. However, he escaped their vengeance, but not without losing his hat; for it appeared, that at one time he was so surrounded as to prevent him going on, when the carriage door was opened, and a fellow seized his hat. Fortunately the life guards appearing, they dispersed, and the hat being cut in pieces, I, among the rest, got a bit for a shilling, as a memento of the day.

The same evening I was in Queen-street,

Long Acre, at Mr. Lacey's, late patentee of Drury Lane Theatre. There, from the window, I saw and counted ten fires blazing in the middle of the street, to burn those whom the mob called *papishes*. Hearing that what was going on in Queen-street, had first began at the Catholic Chapel, Duke-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, I went there, and found that the furniture of the altar had been burnt; and I may say the greater part of the rabble were boys, not above the age of fifteen, throwing the hassocks, dead cats, and other missiles at each other. The Monday following, our family dined with Albany Wallis, in Norfolk-street. The party there, were the Linley family, R. B. Sheridan, Parson Bate, and Tickle. After dinner I tried to make my way to Parliament-street, curious to know what was going on. When I got facing the Admiralty, many people were approaching towards me; "What's the matter?" I called out. "They are going to burn Newgate," was the general buzz. I ran directly back to tell what I had heard, when they all laughed, and no one would believe me. However, away I ran to Newgate, and was there some minutes before the mob arrived. Having placed myself at the corner of the narrow lane facing the debtor's-door, I had a full view of what was going on. Fortunately, whilst I was standing facing a door, an offer was made me,

that upon paying sixpence I might place myself at the garret-window, which I readily accepted. Very soon after, I saw the first attack of the mob, with pick-axes and sledge hammers ; the debtor's-door was broken open ; and not many minutes after, the smoke was seen issuing in different places. Here I was safely housed, and saw a new species of gaol delivery. The captives marched out with all the honours of war, accompanied by a musical band of rattling fetters.

Leaving my place of safety, I got out of the lane with difficulty, as it was crowded with felons, and in many of the houses I heard them knocking off their fetters. Whilst listening to the noise of the hammers at one house, I narrowly escaped being knocked down for my curiosity ; and had any one called out, “ there's a Papist,” it might have been worse. However, I got to Fleet-market, and when in Fleet-street, then half-an-hour after the attack on Newgate, I beheld the light horse walking their horses towards the spot, as if returning gently from a review. I ran up an alley directly, impatient to recount to the party I had left what I had seen ; but again I was received with incredulous ridicule.

On the evening following, I should think, in my way to Charing-cross, after dinner, I heard that the Park, facing the Horse-Guards, was

full of soldiers, and that the gate of Spring Gardens was shut; when meeting with one of the officers of the guards, Captain Boswell, he took me with him inside. The Hertfordshire militia, just arrived from Coventry, was there under arms, standing quietly at ease; and also the foot guards. This must have been about six o'clock. I had not remained there long, when a black smoke made its appearance, passing towards us over the Horse-Guards, the wind blowing from the eastward. The news soon spread that the King's-Bench was on fire; and though all seemed to credit it, not a soldier stirred, waiting for orders, whilst the officers were all the time busy in conversation. The King's-Bench on fire, and *I* not there! This was too much, at such a time, to be kept stationary. I soon hurried away, and arrived near the Obelisk, in St. George's Fields, the space then before the Bench being quite open, with no houses. On seeing the flames and smoke from the windows, along the high wall, it appeared to me like the huge hulk of a man-of-war, dismasted, on fire. Here, with amazement, I stood for some time gazing on the spot; when, looking behind me, I beheld a number of horse and foot soldiers approaching with a quick step. Off I went in an instant, in a contrary direction; nor did I look back till I was on Blackfriar's Bridge. That night, if my recollection

be correct, must have been the period when the dreadful conflagrations in different parts of the metropolis took place. I recollect it was said, that six and thirty fires might be seen blazing, on London Bridge. When it was assailed by the mob, they were repulsed by Alderman Wilkes and his party, and many were thrown over into the Thames. This last ramble, “*Sauve qui peut*,” sent me home to bed.

At that time I lived near Bedford-square. In the night I congratulated myself on being safe at home, with a roof over my head, as at times I heard, at a distance, the shouts of the rioters, and the next moment the terrible report of soldiers' muskets. I was most alarmed when I heard the noise close to my dwelling ; and, looking out of the window, I saw the street crowded with people, all in uproar and confusion. I soon learnt that Lord Mansfield's house, in Bloomsbury-square, was on fire. My curiosity, as before, not content with having seen so much, urged me the next morning to continue my rambles ; but I was careful, at the same time, not to approach any place where there were any soldiers. My first visit was to Bloomsbury-square, where I only saw the walls of his Lordship's house ; the inside was totally bare. Close by the house facing the square, in a line with Great Russell-street, in many places were seen holes where the bullets had

struck ; this must have taken place when I heard the report of guns so near my dwelling. From thence I proceeded to Holborn, where one shocking sight followed another. The first appearance of the ravages of the preceding night, was at Langdale's distillery, in Holborn ; the inside of the house was consumed, and several dead bodies were lying near; the greater part those who had made themselves drunk in his premises. As I walked on towards Snow-hill, I saw several bodies on each side of the street, whether dead, or drunk, I did not stop to inquire, the crowd behind pushing all before them.

Cornhill was the other place where the rioters had suffered most from the soldiery. When I got near the Mansion House, I looked at the pastry-cook's, which is just before you come to it, on the same side of the way, and found that the previous night the shop had received a number of bullets. Here I thought fit to end my inquisitive campaign ; I returned, however, with one trophy—a shilling's worth of Lord North's hat.

By the Thursday following all was quiet, many of the ringleaders who were engaged having been secured. I cannot finish without mentioning a story connected with the different scenes I have been relating, which came under my *own* knowledge, though perhaps I may have

been in print. The father of Grimaldi (for many years the favourite clown), was my dancing-master when I was a boy, and encouraged my harlequin and monkey tricks ; he related the anecdote to me himself, and I am therefore justified in repeating it. At the time, he resided in a front room on the second floor, in Holborn, on the same side of the way, near Red Lion-square, when the mob passing by the house, and Grimaldi being a foreigner, they thought he must be a papist ; on hearing that he lived there, they all stopped, and there was a general shouting. A cry of “ No Popery” was raised, and they were just going to assail the house, when Grimaldi, who had been listening all the time, and knew their motives, put his head out of the window, from the second floor ; making comical grimaces, he called out, “ Genteelmen, in dis hose dere be no religion at all.” Laughing at their mistake, they proceeded on, first giving him three huzzas, though his house, unlike all the others, had not written on the door “ No Popery.” Of this character I may as well relate (I believe not generally known) another good joke, for I should think he was not much in the habit of telling it himself.

Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who was ever ready to catch at any thing that was novel, or of pantomimic tendency, listened

with rapture to Grimaldi, who proposed an extraordinary new dance: such a singular dance that would astonish and fill the house every night, but it could not be got up without some previous expense, as it was an invention entirely of his own contrivance. There must be no rehearsal, all must be secret before the grand display in, and the exhibition on, the first night. Rich directly advanced a sum to Grimaldi, and waited the result with impatience. The *maître de ballet* took care to keep up his expectations, so far letting him into the secret that it was to be a dance on horse shoes, that it would surpass any thing before seen, and was much superior to all the dancing that ever was seen in pumps. The newspapers were all puffed for a wonderful performance that was to take place on a certain evening. The house was crowded, all noise and impatience—no Grimaldi—no excuse: at last an apology was made. The grand promoter of this wonderful, unprecedented dance, had been absent above six hours, having danced away on four horse-shoes to Dover, and taken French leave.

SECTION V.

TOM TIGHT v. HOOPER.—Lord Falkland, who was a constant visitor at Lord Barrymore's, matched Tom Tight, the Reading bargeman, against Hooper, Lord Barrymore taking the latter, who was then his footman and pugilist. The day being fixed, notice was sent to Mr. Jackson to bring down a party with him; those of the first science accordingly came there, a whole coach full, Big Ben, Ryan, &c. Next day the battle took place in a field near the house, where a stage was purposely erected. Tom Tight, when stripped, was a muscular man, approaching to six feet; Hooper, a little compact man, not five feet five. The set-to did not last ten minutes, before Hooper getting him into a corner of the stage, *à la slang*, glutted himself, proving a *good customer* to the *bread basket*, and soon beat him. The next evening he was backed against

Big Ben. Here Hooper had not the least chance, being not only opposed to superior height and strength, but science that had beaten so many. It was late in the evening before the fight began, Tom not venturing to come near him, and at the approach of a blow, tumbling down, till at last it was getting dark, so much so, that the battle, if you can call it one, ceased and became a drawn one. Tommy, though a shy cock here, was well known not to want pluck. Having played his game, he said, “My lord, ven you bets on I, if you don’t vin, I’ll take care as how you sha’n’t lose.” Often after, to please Lord Barrymore, the company used to suffer him, as he walked round the table, to strike near their faces, and to feel the wind of his fist as he whisked within an inch of their nose.

Stretton, my old associate, of singing memory, before he was married (his sister then living with him) was in the habit of giving dances to young ladies of her acquaintance ; on those occasions bachelors only were admitted, except papas and mammas. Once when I was regretting to him that I was to be excluded, because I was a Benedict, he answered, “None of you old codgers shall be in the way to spoil the dancing, for all your steps are of the old school ; they always put me in mind of Sir Roger de Coverley and Buttered Peas, (two old

dances), but if you learn three new steps, I will venture to invite you." So far good—"I have his invitation, never mind the steps," thought I. This was in the month of June, and a terrible hot month it was. On a sultry evening, previous to the dance, after dinner, sauntering along Golden-square, I passed by the door of little Wells, the dancing master, who was just going out at the time. He invited me in; here I found myself with the dancing-master who instructed Stretton, when he was a boy at school. I mentioned to him how I was situated with his old scholar, and the conditions he had made; and having asked if he would receive me as one of the "gay fantastic toe," Wills good naturedly replied, "I'll soon teach you three steps." This I then refused, not much inclined after dinner to be kicking my legs about.

"Come, sit down."

"No: I would rather call another time."

"But I must shew you the steps now."

"What!—sitting?"

"That's my concern, not yours." Accordingly I obeyed. When seated, I was desired to put my right foot forward, then to bring my left toe to the heel, &c. &c. This continued for about a quarter of an hour. Seated comfortably in his arm chair, I fancied myself quite *au fait*—a second Vestris—confident I was perfect. But now comes the rub—when standing up for the

grand rehearsal, I entirely lost my balance, but with some difficulty contrived to get over two of the steps ; the third, which was an Irish one, I *blundered* at so much that I was obliged to give it up. It was called “ cover the buckle.” “No matter,” thought I, “the other two are enough for my entrée.” Perfectly satisfied with the great improvement I had made in the school of Terpsichore, after returning him many thanks for the trouble I had given, and pleased with my immense progress, which had put me in mind of my boyish days, I confidently anticipated that I should astonish my friend Stretton when the night arrived. Equipped with new pumps and white kid gloves, perfectly *soi même* with myself, I entered the ball room with an air *dégagé*, fancying myself in the dance as youthful as the rest, a privileged *début* to lemonade and cakes. All went on well in the first dance, two new steps included. Quite secure now, and tired of the new steps, I returned to the old style, having so far kept my word, nor did I give myself any further trouble to treat the company longer with my new *tour des jambes*. Delighted with my partner, and shuffling the hornpipe steps, who should I see behind me but our *maître de cérémonies* Stretton.

“ Come, come, this won’t do ; where are the three steps ? I’ve seen but two yet, and bad

enough they were ; you are wanted at the card table."

" No, you mean supper," said I.

The joke had now passed by : I kept my place, and when morning appeared, I found myself a Benedict again. Having so far succeeded, *stepping* in to be admitted, I may say,

" For he that has but impudence,
To all things pass a fair pretence."

HUDIBRAS.

Many years ago, at Richmond Theatre, I was very much amused. An amateur performer, to oblige, as he expected, not only the audience, but one of the actors, who was to have a benefit there, and whom he had previously patronised at Exeter, where he had resided, purposely travelled that distance to perform Romeo, (his favourite character) on the same night. Confident of his stage abilities, this Exeter star mouthed on as far as the fifth act, the audience occasionally stifling their laughter as it was a benefit, and considering his motives were to oblige, with patience they continued to listen to the Adonis, a ghastly shadow of a consumptive lover, who had the appearance of an invalid who had lived in Devonshire to recruit his health. But unfortunately for him, in the fifth act, where he says to the apothecary, " Buy food, and get thyself in flesh," like

many of the country actors, who often speak “more than is set down for them,” the fellow replied, “Aye! that I will, I’ll go and buy a mutton chop.” This was too much: the audience no longer able to bear it, a general laugh followed all over the house—the love-sick hero, quite dismayed, was no more to be seen, for as soon as he had divested his stage dress, he was off, leaving the character for another to finish. To say truly, however, this was no disappointment to the audience.

My friend Samuel Maynard, of Doctors’ Commons, the pleasant amateur vocalist, had often taken me with him to those convivial parties that commence with good eating and finish with the toast and the song. The treats at the Trinity House were far superior to all the others. When I went with him there, we had not only all the luxuries and dainties the season could afford, but the finest foreign wines. On one of these days there was a meeting far more select than any I was ever at before beyond Temple Bar. The attendants were the servants of the company *only*. Their president on that day was Lord Chatham. After dinner my companion was to take me with him to Goldsmith’s, at Roehampton, where a grand gala was to be given—concert—Storace, Braham, &c. &c. were engaged: all to conclude with a supper. Though such a delightful evening had

its inducements, and a post-chaise was in readiness to take us there, yet after the fatigues I had undergone in *bonne chere* I was not inclined to have recourse to any other finale than home.

For some years I attended professionally every other week at Cambridge, and often travelled there by the Lynn coach, which left town about six, and arrived at Cambridge the same night about one. As I was a constant visitor by that hour at the Rose Inn, a supper and bed were always in readiness for me. The passengers at that time stopping half an hour, they usually had their supper at the White Horse, where we descended. The master of the inn *un grélee*, was an ill-looking fellow, very much scarified with the small-pox. He was too civil by half, and at first was very officious in helping passengers out of the coach. As he had prepared for my reception, he was much disappointed that I did not sup at his house, and muttered his displeasure when I said I was going to the Rose Inn. However, when I got there, (a cold, damp, foggy night, the second week in December) after ringing at the gate repeatedly, and finding no answer, I went to the Hoop, and then to the Bear. Whether the people were asleep, or the late hour prevented me from being admitted, I know not; but at all events I was disappointed of my usual night's lodging; I therefore returned to the first inn.

Here “Mine Host of the Garter,” finding I was merely making a convenience of his house, and the passengers having supped and left, it being two o’clock, and his family going to bed, refused me either supper or lodging, impudently telling me to be off, and make myself scarce. Seeing a fire in the kitchen I requested to remain there, but, by his order, I was shewn to the door. The consequence was I was shut out. I wandered all night in the streets, and in no place could I find shelter, the rain occasionally falling. About six o’clock the mail from town arrived at the Eagle and Child, when following the coach, at last a door was opened into the inn yard. Shivering with cold, I was glad to blow the kitchen fire whilst the chambermaid prepared a bed for me. After three hours’ sleep I hastened to Dighton’s, the college bookseller, and procured Burn’s Justice, which mentions that no innkeeper can refuse a night’s lodging to a traveller. I then made my complaint to the mayor, Mr. Mortlake, but all I could get from him was that I might go to the assizes. So much for my night’s adventure. As I was that day invited by Lord Altamont, (now Marquis of Sligo) to dine with him at Jesus College, though harassed and fatigued, I could not refuse the honour.

Afterwards several of my old scholars (Harrowians) called on me, and told me, as their

annual meeting was that day at the Hoop, they expected me to dinner. I told them I had previously accepted another invitation, but promised to join them in the evening. At his lordship's there were several noblemen (I think Lord Lowther was one). Marquis Spineto, interpreter at the late Queen's trial, who seemed to be a general favourite, was also there.

Having mentioned to Lord Altamont the Harrow meeting, and my promise to join them, he very good-naturedly permitted me to leave the table soon after dinner. When I arrived at the Hoop, dinner had been over some time, and the glass had pretty freely gone round. All was good humour, heightened by the cheerful song, while the friendly feelings which animated us brought to recollection our schoolboy days. Edward Blackburn (now counsellor) was President: Lord Byron, Vice. Having previously at Jesus told my night's adventure, and the fatigue I had endured, they were no more astonished that my spirits and strength were too much weakened to enjoy the glass, and I was excused from following the examples before me: I therefore found myself the better prepared for my *entrée* here. Placed next to the president and the Duke of Devonshire, who, when Lord Hartington, was my scholar at Harrow, I was called on for my song. His deafness did not prevent him encouraging my

attempts at humour by his laughing, which was the more satisfactory to me; and often when a toast was given, some of the company, taking advantage of his inquiries, caused him to drink a bumper every time, sufficient to make any one *etourdi*, though when I left them all in high glee, at eleven o'clock, the additional glass had not altered his affability and cordiality with his *camarade d'école*. I returned to my former party, and finished the evening pleasantly at a late hour.

MULBERRY TREE CLUB, was a meeting consisting of some of the first performers at the theatres, the greater part vocalists. The dinner was precisely at three, held at Matt Williams's coffee-house, Bow-street: Matt Williams, who was a general favourite with his brother actors, being engaged himself at the time at Drury Lane Theatre. Their dinners were a sort of *catch* club to attract the country natives, the johnny raws, to see the players off the stage. Far from being select, any one upon paying might have a ticket. Being acquainted with the greater part of the performers, I seldom (as it was no novelty to me) made my appearance there. My last visit I cannot forget. Incledon, to serve Matt, was to be in the chair, as announced in the paper for Saturday, the usual day.

This, like all others, was the decoy duck, and

made such an impression on two of my country friends, that, to please them, I was resolved to gratify their curiosity by accompanying them there. Their idea of seeing actors off the stage, and the novelty of hearing Incledon in a room, was too great a treat to be missed, as they intended to pass only a short time in town. Those whose presence at the theatre compelled them to leave at an early hour, were always the first to be called upon after dinner to sing; this caused a pause, whilst my two rustics were waiting with impatience to hear our vocal president, whose abilities as a singer were looked forward to as the expected treat, the *bonne bouche* of the evening. They were both most anxious to hear him sing “Cease, rude Boreas.”—“I have often heard in the country (said one) that is his best song.”—“I should like his ‘Sally in our Alley’” replied the other. Incledon having suddenly pulled out his watch (this was after his benefit) saying, “Damme! she’s been waiting this half hour for me in her carriage,” rose up suddenly, and striding among the decanters and glasses, jumped down, and left us, to the great dismay of the disappointed countrymen.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, so highly distinguished as an amateur artist, particularly excelled, when a boy, at Eton school. At that time we learnt to draw of Cozens, the father of the late artist, whom Paine Knight patronized, and

took with him to Switzerland to make drawings. His two best scholars were the late Lord Maynard for horses, Sir George for landscapes. Though I was then a little boy, he took notice of me, ever placing me by his side at the drawing table; and many an evening have I neglected those lessons from which I might have benefited, in order to amuse ourselves in pelting bread at each other, instead of using it for our designs. Sir George, when that amusement prevailed, took me under his protection, the little ones generally receiving the brunt of the action, boy-like taking advantage of their master, who was a little man, remarkably good natured, and mild in his manners. The drawing room, which was at Cole's, the college barber, was a famous winter inducement to learn to draw, where noise and fun too often supplied the place of the pencil.

Breslaw and Comus, who were in England about the year 1770, were famous for exhibiting their conjuring tricks. The first excelled in sleight of hand: the other with his apparatus and mechanical and physical experiments, chiefly by means of the load-stone. Comus had exhibited his performance once at my father's, when Monsieur Maisoneuf, a Frenchman, who spoke very bad English, and who was there at the time and saw them both, said, "Breslaw was all slice of ham, de oder all feseeck."

Dining one day in the Strand, at my old acquaintance James Perry's (of the *Morning Chronicle*), after dinner, whilst the bottle was passing, and we were toasting the actresses of the two theatres, Doctor Burney and Professor Porson were busily engaged in a corner plodding over a Greek book. The order of the day was, that each toast, a suitable quotation from Shakspeare, should allude to the lady given. Having been the *first* who introduced Mrs. Powell (then Mrs. Farmer), to the elder Colman, when she appeared for the first time on the stage, in the character of Alicia, in *Jane Shore*, when it came to my turn, I gave her name, and—

“ *Drink to me only with thine eyes.*”

DOCTOR KITCHINER, whom I have been acquainted with for some years, and who always received me as a welcome guest at his house, had his dinner *bien recherché*, but his Tuesday evening conversazione (where I was on the list of the select) afforded great amusement. It was frequented by all the choice spirits of the day; at the latter, I often met with men of talent, whose arguments have afforded me both amusement and instruction, and many a time have I regretted the mandate on the chimney piece; “ *Come at seven, go at eleven,*” not very acceptable when the guests after supper became enlivened, and were displaying their different

opinions. This was by no means a pleasant monitor. Had the alteration been adhered to, which was made by a wag (the younger Colman, it is said), whilst the Doctor was absent, “Come at seven, *go it* at eleven,” many an argument would have given an additional zest to his jorums. Here the evening was varied with conversation and music. The Doctor sometimes accompanied himself on the piano-forte, imitating the songsters of the two theatres, particularly Incledon and Fawcett. He had a happy knack of imitating the guttural tones of the latter. If the night proved favourable, we all went into his observatory at the top of the house, where telescopes were fixed for us to view the planets. These *agrémens* made our limited time appear the shorter. My last Tuesday evening’s visit was an unusual *soirée*, as ladies were present, and music and singing engaged the greater part of the evening. Mr. Pine, of Drury Lane Theatre, and his daughter, very much contributed, by their eminent talents, to the pleasure of the evening. The execution and taste of the young lady on the piano-forte, gave evident proofs of her rising excellence, assisted by her father, who occasionally joined with his voice, which for many years had pleased the public.

The *conversazione* which usually took place in the back parlour, was removed on this occasion

to the drawing-room. There was no warning upon the chimney-piece, nor at eleven was there the least appearance of the usual *finale*. At that hour, the Doctor being seated at the piano, sang some sacred music of his own composition with such true feeling and devotion, that a species of general awe seemed to pervade the whole room, and every one appeared to be impressed with Divine inspiration. The words were the Lord's Prayer. Having invited me to dine with him on the Sunday following, living in the country, and never having seen the Regent's Park, he fixed on one o'clock for me to be with him that day, as he was to take me in his carriage. His dinner hour was five o'clock. On the next Saturday I received the following note from him :—

“ Doctor Kitchiner presents his compliments to Mr. Angelo, and regrets being obliged to postpone the pleasure of his company *till Tuesday* next, as he is very ill.”

“ 43, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square,
Feb. 23d, 1827.”

As the Doctor at all times was very particular about appointments, I answered his note, requesting to know whether I was to be with him at two o'clock or five ; and as I was to dine in Clipstone-street on the Monday following,

which was so near his house, I told him that he would much oblige me by sending his answer there. Expecting to hear from him, I waited, and it reached me about nine. It was this :—

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here to-morrow : I have been very ill since we last met.

“ Yours, sincerely,

“ W. K.”

“ *Monday, Feb. 26, 1827.*”

This note, the last written by Doctor Kitchiner, was left by him in Clipstone-street, he then being in his carriage on his way home. He had been dining with Mr. Braham, and this was the last call he made, having breathed his last at midnight, the 26th of February. It would be vain for me to attempt a description of my feelings upon being informed that this amiable man, this worthy but eccentric gentleman, was numbered among the dead. No more would his blazing hearth welcome the visitors who bore grateful testimony to his weekly, nay, his daily hospitality. This was now and for ever to cease ! It was a sudden and overwhelming shock, which for a time de-

prived me of all feelings or recollections unconnected with him.

On the following day, though less agitated, I was still suffering acute agony at the constant contemplation of the loss of so active and zealous a friend, and one who had just then taken so deep an interest in some domestic affairs which disturbed me. I fondly and confidently looked to him for steady and important assistance. Now it was all over, within a week from the time in which I beheld him in all the honourable pride of British goodness, surrounded by an earnestly attentive circle of friends, elevating his honest voice with the pure aspirations of christianity, to the power and the glory of the Divine Founder of our religion. Such was the peace of mind which he enjoyed ere death terminated his sublunary career; and well it will be for us, if we can leave behind us as fair a character for manly virtues, sincere friendship, and unfeigned piety.

TOM SHERIDAN, when a little boy, was a great favourite of my mother. At that time my father had his riding-house, and Sheridan was very fond of being in the place where the ladies sat to see the manœuvres of the manege. We have often had him for days with us. He could not then have been more than eight years old, yet his manners were so insinuating, that every-

body was pleased with him. Upon one occasion he frightened us all very much, as he had swallowed a halfpenny. Luckily, however, my mother saw a sudden change in his countenance, and as he confessed what he had done, a remedy was instantly applied, and to the relief of us all he was sent home safe. After his mother's death we seldom saw him; but when arrived at manhood we often met at convivial parties, and the recollection of our family, the notice I formerly took of him, the visits we used to pay to the pastry-cooks, always procured me a welcome with a cordial shake of the hand. Meeting him one morning, he said,

“ Angelo, will you dine with me to-day?” and I readily accepted the invitation. He told me that Mr. Bailey, my neighbour in Chesterfield-street, was to give the dinner, and that we should have plenty of Champagne and Burgundy; and added, “ I am to invite the party. That queer genius Mathews, Jack Johnstone of Covent Garden, and several jolly fellows, will be there. You must make one of them; we have often had fun together.”

Flattered as I considered myself, yet, as it has ever been a maxim with me, never to intrude myself unless *invited* to dinner, or to a tavern, without paying my share (wager dinners excepted), I thanked him for the kind invitation, but told him, that unless it came from

Mr. Bailey *himself*, it would not be pleasant to my feelings. When leaving me, he said, at the same time laughing, “ How foolish you must be to stand on such ceremony.”

He had not left me long, when I hastened to Mr. Bailey, to pay him a morning visit; and he invited me almost immediately to dinner, telling me that he had some pleasant men, and that Tom Sheridan would be of the party. I then could not refrain mentioning to him that we had just parted, telling him my previous refusal. I confessed at the same time that my visit was not merely one of respect, but that in truth I had refused my friend’s invitation, as I hoped to have the honour of it from Mr. Bailey himself. So far I succeeded without putting my ceremonious feelings to the test. Seven was the appointed time, and Mathews and myself were the two first. We soon commenced our acquaintance, which, with his cordiality and friendly notice, has continued to this day. The others came soon afterwards. When Tom Sheridan saw me, he said,

“ What? I am glad to find you knew better.”

“ Yes,” I replied, “ but Mr. Bailey invited me.” I then told him what I had done. About eight we were greeted by the master of the house, and it was nine when we sat down to dinner.

On entering the room we paid our respects to Lady Sarah Bailey ; and when she retired, we passed the time in the most convivial manner. Mathews gave his imitations and songs, including Tom Sheridan's choice ones, Johnstone's, &c., every one contributing as the glass passed round. All was hilarity ; our inviter, *en seconde*, with his pleasing, social manners, setting the example. I had often heard of Mathews's imitations, especially from my old crony, Bannister, who said they would astonish me ; they were inimitable. However, they were beyond my expectation, and far superior to what I recollect years before, when a famous French ventriloquist was here. Three parts of my life have I been accustomed to mix in societies enlivened by singing, and every possible amusement, in the company of the most eminent actors. Speaking of these, I cannot refrain from copying an extract which I have by me, which aptly applies to the profession.

“ The most flattering feature of a player, which is peculiar to the art, is, that we not only admire the talents of those who adorn it, but we contract a personal intimacy with them. There is no class whom so many persons regard with affection as actors : we greet them on the stage, we like to meet them in the streets ; they always recal to us pleasant associations,

and we feel our gratitude excited without the uneasiness of a sense of obligation. The very gaiety and popularity, however, which surround the life of a favourite performer, make the retiring from it a very serious business; it awakens the mortifying reflection on the shortness of human life, and the vanity of human pleasures—something reminds us, that “All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players.”

The observations struck me very much at the time, and I mention them because they occurred to me amidst the pleasure we all derived that evening from Mathews. Speaking of imitations, I have heard Bannister, also, represent many characters that could not possibly be mistaken, by merely crying, “Past twelve o’clock.” Mathews, with a deal of whimsicality, personated two actors discoursing together, one complaining that the other had the very faults he was most subject to himself; and he mimicked the late John Kemble, who, when speaking to Mr. Pope, said, “My dear Sir, how can you make your pauses so very long, causing the play to extend half-an-hour beyond the usual time,” &c. without recourse to any theatrical speeches attached to particular performers.

The very conversation, interlarded with his humour, was inimitable. After singing many

of his droll songs, he finished with a specimen of ventriloquism ; having placed himself behind a large folding screen, from the different voices you hear, you would fancy that he was in company with several. The conversation between the husband and wife, the children quarrelling on getting up in the morning, blowing the fire, cracking of the wood, noise of the furniture moving, you would imagine, from the general bustle, that there were a number of persons all employed. Whatever my pride may have been in preventing me accepting the first invitation, I little suspected, at the time, I was refusing the pleasure of such an amusing evening.

Poor Tom Sheridan ! beloved by all who knew him, is now no more ! When I met him some time after this agreeable evening, his appearance was very much altered. He told me that he was going abroad for his health, and, with a sickly countenance, said, smiling, “ Angelo,” taking me by the hand, “ good bye, my old acquaintance, I shall have twenty months longer to live.” This sad presentiment was unhappily fulfilled. Peace to his ashes ! there is not on earth a spot which shrouds a more generous-hearted man, a better friend, or a brighter genius.

One evening I was much entertained behind the scenes, whilst waiting for John Bannister,

who had promised to sup with me A tall, slender figure, with green spectacles, gazing round with curiosity, was stalking about, muttering, and looking up at the machinery, then at the trap-doors, occasionally exclaiming, “ Strange ! surprising ! how beautiful ! ” &c. Several persons followed him, saying, “ Who can this queer fellow be ? ” Bannister having come down from his dressing-room, we crossed the stage and came close to the stranger ; for it seems he was such to them all. I was as anxious as the rest, when my friend having given me a jog, said, “ Hush, this is Mathews ; we shall have some fun.” Standing at some distance, we saw the joke continue for some time, and many persons went away, ignorant of who he was, and filled with amazement. When the stage droll took off his green spectacles, to the astonishment of many, particularly those he had performed with that evening, they were ashamed of their want of foresight. Seeing us together, he asked us to supper, calling it his sprat-feast, and we accompanied him home. He then lived in King-street, Covent-garden, where we passed a very pleasant evening, laughing at those who, under the same roof, had been assuming different characters, and been themselves so soon deceived. Of all the imitations I ever saw, that which he exhibited after supper was the most whimsical and entertaining. Though Ban-

nister's strange idea of taking off a duck quacking and waddling about the room, was so laughable, Mathews's was still more surprising—the idea of imitating fireworks. After tucking up his coat, he began gently turning round, whizzing and hissing ; and as the changes took place, he made a pop with his hands, sometimes extending his arms, at others placing them a-kimbo, wheeling round on one leg, whilst kicking out the other, with different imitations of sound. Seeing such a *tour de semblance*, his turning round till he was almost exhausted (pretty exercise after supper), was *le plus drôle des drôles*. However, it gave you an idea of a firework ; and if your eyes had been shut, you might have fancied one near you. My comical friend, whenever we met, always used to say, “ Ah ! Monsieur Angelo, how do you do, *Sare* ? ” Whether he took me for a Frenchman, I do not know ; but he has since found I am more of a John Bull, fond of roast *biff*. At all times he has kindly given me my *entrée* to find him *At Home* at the Adelphi ; and when I was in town two years ago, I found him sitting in his dressing-room, with his Madeira on the table, ever ready to welcome his visitors. Knowing he had a famous collection of portraits of the players of the last and present century, I mentioned that I had an original of Peg Woffington, painted by Hogarth, which he

bought of me, to add to those of his *unique* collection at his cassino in Kentish Town. I am ashamed to say, that though he has given me invitations there, I have as yet neglected to wait on him ; but comfort myself with the pleasure to come.

As I consider I am not merely writing my own memoirs, I can speak of no one with more pleasure than my friend, Samuel Maynard. Those who have been in his company, cannot but be pleased to see his name here.—Nor have his powers as a vocal amateur alone delighted us, but his hospitality and convivial company. Dining at his villa, near the Margravine's, at Hammersmith, I was for the second time in company with Mathews. At dinner, sitting by the side of a very pleasant lady, whom I had never seen before, fancying myself the *agréable*, I very communicatively told her, “ That gentleman facing us is Mr. Mathews ; he will astonish you—you will be delighted—he is a most extraordinary mimic !” when, afterwards, to my surprise, on the lady's leaving the room, she said, “ Your information has not *astonished* me, certainly, for that is my husband.”

KELLY THE ACTOR.—No FIGHT.—When the opera of the Cherokee first came out at Drury-lane, one evening after having been professionally engaged in the city the whole day, in my way home I placed myself in the pit, next to the orchestra. As soon as

Kelly commenced singing, one man in the pit began to hiss. As he persisted, I called out "Silence!" and others followed my example, so that we succeeded in quieting him for the moment. When Kelly, however, began his next song, the same goose was at it again. Here I turned round (the pit was little more than half full), and, standing up and looking at him, cried out, "For shame!" He still continued. I then called, "Turn him out, turn him out!" which silenced him directly.

After the act was over, he stood up on the bench, and pointing to me, doubled his fist, threatening what he would do when the opera was over. I took a full view of him, and comparing his size with my own, considered myself a sufficient match for him; so I felt no doubt that if he was inclined for a turn-up, he would find a customer. However, he sat quietly afterwards. When the opera was over, there was a general buzz all round me, expecting some fun; but the menacing hero was then very composed, and did not seem inclined to quit his place, which intimidated me the more, *chacun a son tour*. That morning, having left home at an early hour, I had little time to dress, or even to shave myself. At my return in the evening, as it was my intention to go to the pit, I had round my neck a Belcher hand-kerchief; altogether I had rather the appear-

ance of one of the *gemmen* of the fist, and I had taken lessons of Humphries, after the first master of the science, my old acquaintance, Jackson, and had for years seen him at my room instruct some of the first nobility, many of whom came there, not to use their *daddles* scientifically, but, hand to fist with their old favourite, it was, “ How is it, Jack?” Fancying if I placed myself in a boxing attitude, and accompanied it with a little polite *slang*, as a *commencement*, that it would be half the battle in my favour, and encouraged the more by those who sat near me, I called on him to come out. At first he was immoveable; but annoyed at the laugh of those around him, and ashamed of the threats he had made, he suffered himself to be hustled to the pit door. When the enemy approached, without sound of trumpet, not much inclined for the “ tug of war,” I recollected Bannister playing Young Philpot, in “ The Citizen,” in the scene where Maria (Miss Farren) says to him, “ By Goles, my brother Bob shall fight you.”—“ Your brother Bob, Miss, what care I for your brother Bob?” First spitting on the palms of his hands, then rubbing them on the floor, he puts himself in a boxing attitude. So, imitating Young Philpot, finding my *menaceur* a shy cock, and with much of the white feather about him, blustering out a little *slang*, said, “ Vat are you for? You

shan't want a customer." Though my imitations often may have failed, here I succeeded *à merveille*. My bullying attitude was too much for his weak nerves; and my hero did not feel at all inclined to come to the *scratch*; in a moment he was at the end of the passage, whilst a general hissing and hooting attended his flight. I should mention that this was the first or second year of the new theatre. There was a long passage then, that went from the pit, and led to Catherine-street, where the portico now stands, in the theatre built since.

Our desperate *rencontre* finished, I returned to my place in the pit; no black eye or *cork drawn*. Soon my appearance became conspicuous. I stood up shewing myself, as much as to say, "Turk Gregory never did such deeds," though doing nothing at all. A few days after, Kelly having heard of my *prowess*, in being his champion, came to thank me, at the same time laughing and wishing me joy, that I did not get a good thrashing. I thanked him for his congratulations, observing, however clever he was at *beating time*, how lucky I was that my time was not come for a *sound* beating.

THISTLEWOOD.—Having dined in the city, on my way home about ten o'clock, passing by St. Sepulchre's, I beheld a great crowd, and a number of lights facing Newgate; at the same time I heard the noise of knocking. This was the

night previous to the execution of Thistlewood and his three accomplices. Seeing a man standing before the door facing the scaffold they were erecting, I asked him a few questions as to what was going forward. He informed me that places within were to let at the window, each person one guinea. “What! to see four men have their heads cut off? I’ll give you half-a-crown a head.” After a little bargaining, he consented to let me have a place on the second floor at that price. Though many years had elapsed since such sights excited my curiosity, (I had seen La Motte the spy lose his head, at the time of Admiral Hughes’ engagement with Suffrein, at Port Praya,) still a curious hankering remained. So paying the sum demanded, I was marched to the garret, which I found to be very well adapted for seeing the multitude, as well as the culprits. Here were several determined to have plenty of time for their money.

Having paid my *entrée*, I intended to be there at six o’clock, but was told that if I exceeded that hour, I should not be able to approach the house, the crowd would be so great. Living above two miles off, near Hyde Park, I had no alternative but to stop where I was, and after remaining there above an hour, I had still near eight hours to wait for the melancholy ceremony. I now began to repent my approaching

I found I had won nineteen shillings. After deducting the expense of my place at the window, breakfast, and hackney coach home, by my night's adventure, and curiosity, I had gained a crown. At seven o'clock we all took our places. This was not tea and turn out, but, tea and walk up stairs. I need not describe the execution itself, as the particulars were so minutely given at the time, but it was certainly a most sanguinary and appalling sight.

EO TABLES.—In the year 1781, there were swarms of Eo tables in different parts of the town, where any poor man with a shilling *only* might try his luck. They were open to every body, till at last the Bow-street police began to interfere. Herbert Phillips (his father was known in the House of Commons then, a Welsh member) and myself, I believe, were the two first *malheureux* who had the misfortune to receive their visit. One night coming from the play, we went to one of these tables, kept a few doors under the Piazzas, near the theatre. It was on the first floor, at a hatter's, named Pond, and when we saw it, we could not refrain from entering. Up-stairs we marched. We had not been long in expectation of returning home rich, when suddenly in came Justice Addington, and Wright, accompanied with Bond, &c. We were all of course very much frightened, and hastened to the fire-place, leaving sundry silver coins on

the table. We were innocent as lambs, for each persisted that he had not been playing, only looking on, nor even when called upon would he confess that he had left any money on the table. Not so, however, with my friend Herbert, who was a rum genius. *Sans cérémonie* he marched forward, and said, “Six of the half crowns are mine.” “Take them up, young man,” said Addington, “but never let me see you at a gaming house again. The rest of the money (no one having courage to come forward) shall go to the poor.” After taking down our names, and telling us what we were to expect if ever seen again at a gaming table, we were suffered to depart home. The proprietor of the table, a little hump-backed man, was sent to prison, where I heard he died of grief. This was the commencement of the alarm that afterwards was spread among the other Eo table keepers.

PORTSMOUTH.—In 1780, when Herbert Phillips was my companion, we made an excursion to Portsmouth. It was in the very heat of summer. At night we took our seats on the top of the coach from Charing-cross. For hours the heat continued, when about three o’clock, A. M. came on a cold damp mist; the fields around appeared like a sheet of milk; at six, a broiling sun, which scorched us till ten, when we arrived at our journey’s end. Though much fatigued, before breakfast, both of us plunged, indiscreetly, into

the sea, heated as we were. After a good doze and a hearty dinner, we went to Portsea Common ; the 14th regiment of Foot were on the parade, and it was there I first heard Carter's " Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me," and seeing twelve men of war pass by at the time, on a secret expedition, the melody producēd an additional impression upon my mind, so that the recollection since remains of the delight I felt at the time. The next day we saw the *Flora*, Captain Peere Williams, bring in a prize, the *Nymph*, a French frigate. On going aboard, the havock which had been made, and the sight of the wounded, gave us a dreadful idea of a sea action. We now began to feel the imprudent effects of our sea-bathing, for not only did the skin peel off our noses, but we were attacked with a slow fever, which kept us some time from pursuing our intended ramble to the Isle of Wight. It was very fortunate, that our indiscretion did not produce any worse consequence.

JACK EDWIN.—I have taken notice already of that dissipated character, Jack Edwin, and I now have to add an anecdote which occurred at Bath, and was related to me by a friend who was present at the time. It will furnish a trait of him while he was engaged at that theatre, which was then in Orchard-street, under the management of Messrs, Palmer, Diamond, and Reusbury. He

then was sergeant of a Volunteer Rifle Corps, commanded by Captain Alexander Grant. Upon the appointment of a second officer, a Mr. Messiter, the latter gave a dinner to the corps, at the Argyle Coffee-house, when Edwin made so free with the bottle, and stayed so long, that he had but just time to run to the theatre, and go on the stage immediately, in his regimentals, which happened to be appropriate to his part (*Skirmish*, in the “*Deserter*”). When he was going with the water to the prison, the wine, co-operating with the haste he had made, so acted on his head, as to overbalance his heels, and he fell on his face, full length, breaking the jug, the water running into the orchestra, and particularly over the keys of the piano-forte, played by Wilkins. Edwin gathered up the pieces of the jug, and was assailed with mingled laughter and hisses, the latter very predominant, when a person in the gallery called him a drunken blackguard, which so roused him, that he immediately quitted the stage, and appeared in the gallery, challenging all present to own who called him this opprobrious name, and offering to fight any, or all present.

When he appeared on a future evening, he was received with continual hisses from all parts, to which he submitted with humility, and coming forward, addressed the audience in the

following short speech:—"Ladies and gentlemen, it was my head, not my heart," making suitable gestures, and finishing with a low bow. There was a simultaneous burst of applause from every part of the house, and he afterwards continued a distinguished favourite. "A Cure for the Heart-ache" happened to be played on the evening in question, which made the expression rather an appropriate one.

BLISSET.—The same person who mentioned the anecdote of Edwin, favoured me with the following:—Blisset, when a member of the dramatic corps of Bath, the proprietor of which theatre also rented one at Bristol, was playing there one evening, and was encored in a comic song, which he did not choose to repeat. Mr. C. Taylor, who belonged to the company, was sent to apologize, but nothing would do with the Bristolians, but the song. Blisset swore he would not sing again, and told Taylor to say so. Mr. Taylor made every excuse he could invent, and being driven to the last extremity, said, "In fact, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Blisset says"—"That he will be damned if he does," popping out his head, adorned with an immense wig, at the prompter's door, in whose chair he had seated himself, to urge Taylor to comply. A great uproar ensued, which was not easily quelled, nor could Blisset appear in Bristol for near two years.

HEWARDINE.—As I have been acquainted with a variety of characters, I cannot leave out my friend, Hewardine, a second Captain Morris, for his *chansons de table*. After the following letter I received from him, we became intimately acquainted, and many a jovial evening have we passed together. When we last met, he promised to give me the choice of three songs, not in print, which he said he had written to keep *select*, for my own private picking. Poor fellow! a short time after this act of kindness, he was numbered with the dead :—

“ SIR,—I had the honour some few days ago, of having some conversation with you relative to the terms on which you instruct persons in the science of fencing; intimating, at the same time, that I was devoted to a theatrical life. Although I am *particularly desirous* of receiving your instructions in preference to those of any professor; yet, at present, some temporary embarrassment disables me from complying with your terms. In the course of three or four months my difficulties will be removed, and I shall be able to satisfy your demands; but as you are an entire stranger to my character, you may for the moment hesitate, therefore if you think it necessary, I will refer you to some persons of distinction, who will

vouch for the honour and integrity in this transaction of

“ Your obedient Servant,

“ W. HEWARDINE.”

LA VENDEE.—Among those noblemen who had the misfortune to be exiled from their home and families, in consequence of the horrors of La Vendée, were two brothers, the Counts de Serrent. At one time they both boarded at my father's. They were the sons of the Duke de Serrent, who was in the suite of Louis XVIII., and were greatly esteemed and beloved by that monarch. Immediately on the expedition to La Vendée, under Lord Moira, being suggested, the two brothers were among the first of the emigrants who volunteered their services, and they behaved with the greatest gallantry. They distinguished themselves on several occasions, particularly at the unfortunate attack, and in the actions near Fort Penthièvre, when one of them was killed, and the other being desperately wounded, was, by some of his comrades, placed for concealment in a ditch, and covered with branches. He was, however, discovered by the enemy, and was taken, with upwards of fifty others, and inhumanly shot in the market-place. When Georges, one of the Vendean chiefs about that time, was put upon his trial, having been

accused of wearing the portraits of Louis XVI. and his Queen, upon his breast, and being asked by the judge, where he had concealed their miniatures, he replied, “ *Scelerat! où sont les originales?* ”

ARTHUR MURPHY.—My father had not been long in England before he met with his friend Arthur Murphy, with whom he had been intimate when in Dublin. At that time there was a coffee-house in Charles-street, Drury-lane, a few doors from Bow-street (it is now a bookseller's shop), called Willis's. This coffee-house was frequented by men of letters, authors, and noted characters of the day. My father was there one night when his friend Murphy, having come from a party where the claret had passed rather too freely, got into a quarrel with a brother scribe: they both drew their swords, and attacked each other in a most violent manner. My father rushing in and endeavouring to part them, received Murphy's point in his wrist. When they met at our table, the old story of the *rencontre* (my father exhibiting his wrist), was constantly repeated.

SECTION VI.

Select Manuscripts given to me by my friend Bannister, from his Budget, written by Colman, &c. &c.

ECCENTRICITIES.—There are some existing characters which, when described by the poet, or the painter, are, by the million, considered as unnatural representations ; still they are to be found in life. The shades also of the chaste and the *outré* are frequently so capable of harmony, that they will easily soften into each other. I have gaped at the window of a print-shop, and seen a baboon, in a bush wig, present a striking resemblance of a learned judge. A grim and barbarous knocker on a street-door, has sometimes brought to my remembrance the features of a kindly old friend, who never had the heart to turn distress from his portal. In short, wherever an observing artist exhibits

a caricature, Nature originally furnishes him with the hint ; for Nature herself, chaste as she is, will occasionally become sportive, and turn caricaturist.

Among her caricatures (and many lament that this harmless work of the goddess is no longer extant) was Mr. Cuzzans, a gentleman well known in London, of small but independent fortune. He volunteered sundry ludicrous hardships ; he encountered many farcical pains to gratify his dry humour with an internal smile : for while his own muscles were immoveable, he extorted bursts of laughter by his eccentricity.

Among the absolute facts recorded of him, it is notorious that he slept every night throughout a whole week, in the month of May, on Primrose Hill, to enjoy the open air ; and was afterwards, from whim, without necessity, a most conscientious waterman to the hackney-coach horses, and then a faithful waiter to a publican. He was six months in a silent mood, during which time he was never known to exchange a syllable with his most intimate friends ; but carried a slate before him, to write answers to any questions that might be put to him. This mode of conversation, if more generally known, might perhaps be adopted by some deep oratorical politicians, who might find it convenient, now and then, for the sake of consistency, to

rub out *one* assertion before they contrived to broach another.

Sometimes he would stalk about with an enormous cocked hat, large paper ruffles, a jack chain round his neck, a sword by his side, and his head shaved; while thus accoutred, he observed a notice over a shopkeeper's window, signifying that he "bored ladies' ears;" he stalked into the shop, the man was frightened, and jumped over the counter. Mr. Cuzzans jumped after him, the shopkeeper squatted down, tumbling on a low stool, and he sat frowning on a high chair beside him. He took two oyster-shells from his pocket, which contained a quantity of salt.

"Friend," says he, "take a pinch of snuff directly; let it be a large one." The terrified shopkeeper obeyed, and crammed his nostrils with a handful of bay salt, instead of powdered tobacco. Says Cuzzans, "If you sneeze, God bless you; but if ever I hear of your boring ladies' ears again, damme if I do not make you take a pound of this every morning." He marched majestically out of the shop, and as the man instantly took down his board, he never repeated his visit.

"I want a new dress," says Cuzzans to a tailor.

"Yes, your honour," says Snip, "measure you directly."

“Put up your measure,” says Cuzzans, “and pull out your sheers; cut the skirts of my coat into stripes, and sew them on my waistcoat, breeches, and stockings.” When the tailor had finished his job, and the customer was equipped, he proceeded to Charing-Cross, and was shaved, before a crowd of admirers, under King Charles on horseback. During a severe frost, he went into a coffee-room at Bath, dressed in a complete suit of nankeen, ordered a decanter of cold water, which he poured over his head, over his clothes, and into his shoes. He then called for a cup of coffee, eggs, and spinage, the Philadelphia Mercury, two pipes, half a lemon, and a Welch rabbit. The frequenters of the house, grave and worthy citizens of Bath, were astonished. “Bring me,” says he to the landlord, for he would suffer no one but the landlord to wait upon him, “bring me the boot-jack, for I want to pull off my shoes; and I’ll thank you, Sir, for the Bible, a pint of vinegar, a paper of pins, and some barley sugar.” The landlord grinned, and stood still. “Gentlemen,” says Cuzzans, addressing the company with great emphasis, “I ask this man very civilly for the boot-jack, a pint of vinegar, a paper of pins, and some barley sugar, and the booby laughs at me; but I may be hasty; the things I demand, though common in Wiltshire, may not have penetrated into this

country. Let him bring me," (and he sat down very *coolly*) "let him bring me, after I am in bed, a dish of fried mile-stones, with a warming-pan, cold without sugar, and I shall be satisfied." He then opened his portmanteau, which he had brought under his arm, put on six shirts over his suit of nankeen, bowed with great dignity to the company, ordered his bed to be sprinkled with saw-dust, and took his leave for the night.

Thus much for a character which has actually existed; and how many of the fastidious (none of whom I trust are to be found among my readers) lose some amusement by revolting against anecdotes classed among the improbable.

If it be necessary for the preservation of health, that the mind and body should be kept in continual exercise, no profession is more wholesome than an actor's; and I believe no beings under the sun are happier than those who, as Shakspeare says, "Have no revenue, but their good spirits, to feed and clothe them." They abound in anecdote while living, and tradition furnishes them with many whimsical stories and eccentricities.

THE ABSENT MANAGER.—An Irish manager, who was a great snuff-taker, and remarkably absent, played the character of King Henry, in "Richard III." at his own theatre, in one

of the provincial towns in Ireland. In the tent scene, act the fifth, the ghost of King Henry takes precedence of the other ghosts, in his address to King Richard, (while Richard is agonized, and sleeping on the couch.) My Irish friend, who was certainly the plump-est ghost that ever waddled on the stage, was with great difficulty forced half-way up the trap, and appeared as the fat shadow of King Henry, whom he had murdered *in the first act.* The first ghost thus began :

“ Oh thou, whose unrelenting thoughts . . .
Not all the hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake,
Whose conscience with thy body ever sleeps—sleep on !
Now shall thy own devouring conscience gnaw thy heart,”
 &c.

After this solemn appeal, the ghost remains some time without speaking. Seized with one of his absent fits, the ghost manager, interested in the receipts of the house, took this opportunity of counting the persons who composed the audience. Picture to yourself a fat ghost taking his snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket, totally forgetting the part he was to represent, and, absorbed in snuff and arithmetic, saying, with inward satisfaction, “ Sixteen pounds two in the boxes ; three pounds ten in the pit ; gallery, seventeen terteens ! ” The prompter, at this moment perceiving the spirit had quitted

the flesh, bellowed out to the Irish Roscius the words of the author, “The morning’s dawn,” Sir—(the ghost put up his snuff-box)—“the morning’s dawn has summoned me away; Richard, awake, to guilty minds a terrible example.” The prompter pulled his bell, and the fat ghost sunk through the trap much quicker than the carpenters could wind him up. Thus ended this foul, as in the *best* it is, but this most foul feat and unnatural.

MONSTROUS!—The following is an original MS. given to Mr. Bannister by his friend Monk Lewis, the author:—

Hark! more than human footsteps strike the ground!
See! each pale hearer shudders at the sound!
He comes! The spectre comes! The steed’s lank side
By spurs of monstrous length in gore was dy’d—
If spurs they were! Far gleamed the polished steel,
Which seemed a dagger fixed on either heel:
The knight’s whole face deep-red as blood appeared,
Uncurled his hair, and long unmowed his beard.
His upper vest, blue as the welkin seemed,
His nether garment like a mirror gleamed.
Before him, on his steed, in full display,
Without its lid, an unglazed coffin lay:
Within whose blood-stained depth the cruel knight
Bore a fair mangled limb—most piteous sight!
Deeper and deeper did the foul churl hide
His spurs gigantic in his courser’s side.
Near and more near he came! He reached my gate!
To me, to me, he comes, the messenger of fate!

Drawn by the fiend's strong arm, the pealing bell
Gave sound most piteous; and, most strange to tell,
The cook-maid, entering with a look of joy,
Cried, "Here's a leg of pork, and here's the butcher's
boy!"

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S PUDDING.—Last summer I made another excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable-looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton-chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whisky-punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen :

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search

of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. ‘Now,’ says he, ‘make the best of all puddings.’ Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

“ ‘My dear Sir,’ said Boswell, out of breath with joy, ‘good news! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal.’ Johnson look pleased—‘And I hope,’ said he, ‘you have bespoke a pudding.’

“ ‘Sir, you will have your favourite pudding,’ replied the other.

“ Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for this delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance

of his head ; when he shifted the basting ladle from one *hand*, the *other hand* was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat ; upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, ‘ My dear doctor, here comes the mutton ; what a picture ! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown ! ’ The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said—

“ ‘ I suppose, Sir, I am to carve, as usual ; what part shall I help you to ? ’ The doctor replied—

“ ‘ My dear Bozzy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.’

“ ‘ Oh dear ! this is a great disappointment,’ said Bozzy.

“ ‘ Say no more ; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.’ Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. ‘ How the gravy runs ; what fine-flavoured fat—so nice and brown, too. Oh, Sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.’

“ The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly *finished all the pudding*. The table was cleared, and Boswell said --

“ ‘ Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh ; pray, tell me, what tickled your fancy ? ’

“ The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried ; the doctor laughed.

“ ‘ You little, filthy, snivelling hound,’ said Boswell, ‘ when you *basted the meat*, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning ? ’

“ ‘ I couldn’t, Sir,’ said the boy.

“ ‘ No ! why couldn’t you ? ’ said Boswell.

“ ‘ Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in ! ’

“ The doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared, or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the *right way*. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest), and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor—

“ ‘ Mr. Boswell, Sir, leave off laughing ; and

under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living, while you breathe.' "And so, Sir," said mine host, you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."

CHARTER HOUSE.—Having attended the Charter House for a number of years, by the invitation of the scholars, on the Founder's Day, the 12th of December, I was always invited to their dinner. The company was so select that no person was invited but that master who attended there. This did not continue long; for, several years after, I was the only one that had the honour of being present, and, from the very friendly reception they gave me, flatter myself that they considered me a welcome visitor. At table there seemed to be a mutual cordiality and affability, so that we soon became acquainted. I could have fancied myself, from their manly deportment, not merely a school-boy, but that we had been educated together, and that in the vacation we had met.

On that day an oration is spoken by the head scholar. After a dinner (which is attended by the old Carthusians, Lords Ellenborough—a constant visitor, and, as I was told, a good *twist*—Liverpool, &c.) has been served up to the big-wigs, an elegant one is placed in the Refectory, about six. In the second course comes

venison, and every sort of game, sent, I should suppose, *express* from the parents, for that day. The orator here presides ; the cloth being removed, the first toast is, “ *Domum Carthusianum.* ” Afterwards a certain fixed number follow, in order, during the conviviality and song, which the greater part join in, and many with excellent voices, far exceeding what you could possibly suppose at their age.

Speaking of their affability and general behaviour (far different from what I have experienced in the course of upwards of forty years, during which I have attended above thirty different seminaries), they were more like young men than school boys. The following letter, and I do not believe the writer was more than fifteen, shews an early trait of genius and humour hardly to be expected at that age :—

“ *Charter House, December 14, 1801.* ”

“ DEAR SIR,

“ The unparalleled insolence of the request I am about to make, would, if I was otherwise than I am, fill me with confusion ; but, by good fortune, being an impudent puppy, I am enabled to send you this note with the most perfect tranquillity and assurance. To the point. The excellent Lord Mayor’s song has enraptured me so much, that the greatest favour you can do me will be to write it out as soon as you

conveniently can (for we go home on Tuesday). Your direction is E. T—, Charter House School. If you can recollect that ugly faced rascal, that abominable coxcomb, whom you were so kind to applaud last Saturday night, on his song of ‘ My Daddy was a Tinker’s Son,’ you will at the same time recollect the author of this impudent scrawl.

“ I have the honour to remain,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Yours, &c.

“ E. T.”

“ *To H. Angelo, Esq.*”

Delighted with my young acquaintance, and his pleasant letter, I not only well recollect his humorous song, but his manly and agreeable sociableness, which seemed to attract the attention of all his companions near him, and he appeared to be a favourite with every one. By return of post I sent him the song he required. Some time after, when he was at Pembroke College, Oxford, in the first year of my attendance there, though I was known to many of the young nobility who had previously been my scholars, “ that ugly faced rascal,” (his own christening) with his good heart, was so pleased to see me again, that, through his introductions, he was my good Sir Clement Cotterel to take me by the hand, and him I am

to thank for my first *début*, that acquired me numerous pleasant invitations to their wine-parties, first including his own ; where his guests profited by the jovial example derived from the chair. His parties were particularly select, and conviviality, wit, and song promoted the mirth of the evening—a pleasant transition from the Hall (Pembroke), where he has taken me with him to dine, and afterwards, to this festive board, where there were no ~~peas~~ wigbys to preach “musty rules,” or check the fire of youth.

In addition to the society I acquired, which originated from my Lord Mayor’s Show; one of the other introductions, particularly gratifying to me, was his friend Shetkey, not only a very pleasant companion, but an excellent artist ; at his evening *conversazione* I formed many pleasant acquaintance. However my professional fatigues of the day might have unfitted my spirits for society, his apartments were our general rendezvous ; here, the remainder of the evening, delighted with our intelligent artist, (having been in Italy, and when I say he is related to the Reinagle family, who, like the Lindleys and Kembles, are all accomplished and persevering, he cannot but be a chip of the old block), we usually assembled, where conversation, music, singing, and quaffing nectar made the hours pass away very rapidly. I am pleased

to say that I have three beautiful coloured drawings, executed by him, in his best manner; two are marine ones—one, the Port of Leghorn, the other, the Palace of Frescati, where the Duke of Bedford and his family once resided; it discovers a picturesque and extensive view of the country, and that part of the Pontine Marshes, where in summer the sirocco winds are so very obnoxious and unhealthy, with a distant sight of Saint Peter's, beyond the Mediterranean, shewing the entrance of the Tiber, resembling much our Nore and the Thames.

My friend, the artist, having submitted his specimens of his talents to the Lords of the Admiralty, procured his present situation of drawing-master to the Naval Academy at Portsmouth, due to his honour and merit, much preferable to that interest which too often supersedes true desert left to moulder on the shelf. It is now many years since we met, and whenever I think of our pleasant carousals, he has my best wishes for his welfare. The latter part of the time I attended Oxford, I had to regret the absence of my Carthusian friend, he having taken his degree, and residing in Cornwall, where he has a rich living in the church. He has since been in town, and honoured me with his company; he retained the same pleasantry, ripened with experience. As I had kept by me his juvenile letter, it is now a pleasure for me to

prove (above eleven years after) what I had previously anticipated from his manly and agreeable manners when a boy. The distance of time will shew the promising young scion's eccentricity and humour. The following specimen will give you an idea of him at the time he wrote it:—

“ September 19, 1812.

“ **MY FRIEND,**

“ I am your obedient and obliged ; and, should occasion serve, ‘ I will swear thou’rt a tall fellow of thy hands, and will not be drunk ; though I know thou art not a tall fellow of thy hands, and thou wilt be drunk. Go to then.’ At all events, the hope was not drunk, in which ‘ I dressed myself’ when I despatched my late impertinent application, and I can assure thee, my kind Angelo, that the hearty and liberal manner in which you have answered it, has covered me with obligation—blushes, I would have said, but you would not have believed me, nor indeed have I been much used to an experimental understanding of the word. I do pronounce thee a good fellow, and a jolly ; the very prince of pinkers!—‘ Hector of Greece, my boy !’ And when again the glad metropolis receives me, shall I not come ‘ to see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse thy distance, thy montant ?

“ Nothing could be more applicable than the drawing you have sent me, from the prolific, humorous pencil of Rowlandson, as an illustration of the song, for which, with the music, I have real cause to thank you. The history of George Barnwell, &c. shall also be heartily welcomed, and so would also the woodcocks from the moon, if they vouchsafed to visit Devonshire, in numbers worth regarding ; they are fonder of countries still farther to the westward. You must pardon my scrawling brevity, for now

“ ‘ The wakeful bird
Sings darkling ; and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.’ ”

In humble prose, 'tis midnight ; and, moreover, the heat of the weather, even at this hour, envelops me with langour. My couch invites me. I attend its call. My thoughts shall be of thee when I recline on pillow,

“ ‘ To dream the sweating hours away.’ ”

“ Adieu ! Adieu !

“ E. T.”

This letter, received so many years after, puts me in mind of some lines I recollect, when at school, written at the time by one of the Etonians :

“ In youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,
Strong stamp'd, the outline of the future man.”

Previous to one of my annual visits to the Charter House, I was particularly requested by the scholars to make their compliments to my friend, John Bannister, whose son was at the Charter House at the time, and to say how happy they should be to see him to dinner there. As they did not send him a written invitation, he declined going; and before I had seen them, to hint his objection, I received the following from Doctor Raine:

“Charter House, December 12, 1796.

“ SIR,

“ I am accidentally informed, that my boys have unguardedly given an invitation to Mr. John Bannister, to partake of the anniversary dinner. I say unguardedly, because I have reason to think that they were not at the time aware of an order of our Governor, which expressly forbids them inviting any stranger whatever to their entertainment. As the penalty is extremely severe which attends an infraction of this order, and as I am sure that you would readily interfere to prevent any ill consequence which might arise from the hasty inclination of the young people to promote the festivity of their meeting, I trouble you with these few lines, to request your good offices to represent to Mr. Bannister, that it would be doing me a kindness if he would decline this invitation. I

need not hint to you that this may be easily done, without any supposition that I have undertaken to put a stop to the intended civility; and that it will be particularly agreeable to me, if you could contrive that my name should not appear.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ MATTHEW RAINÉ.

“ P. S. In the description of ‘strangers’ are not meant to be included any of those who are concerned in the business of instruction.”

The same day I received another letter from the scholars:

“ *December 12, 1796.*

“ The gentlemen of the Charter House present their best compliments to Mr. H. Angelo, and hope he will excuse the liberty they have taken, in saying that there is a statute in the rules of the Charter House, which particularly forbids any stranger being invited. They are necessitated, much against their will, to decline the pleasure of Mr. Bannister’s company.

“ J. H. HUNT, Steward.”

As I was professionally engaged at about forty schools, during the space of fifty years, I

was not known merely to my numerous pupils, but to this day I am occasionally addressed by strangers, who remembered me in their boyish days, on mentioning particular occurrences at the time I attended at their schools. The following is the copy of a letter which I received, some years ago, from an Etonian, and which, from its very polite style, and the compliments paid to me, I could not but be proud of :

“ *Eton, October 27, 1802.* ”

“ SIR,

“ I am afraid you will think me very presuming to make a second application to your civility, when I have experienced it in so high a degree ; but I am convinced that if I have taken too great a license, your good-nature will overlook this totally unintentional error. I have long been making a diligent inquiry, in order to obtain the farce called “ *Of Age To-morrow,* ” but without effect. Knowing your intimacy with Mr. Bannister, I thought that, perhaps, if this could be done with propriety, and without the *slightest trouble to yourself*, you would have the goodness to request the favour of a copy from him ; as, perhaps, though there are none distributed to the public, there may be some printed for the use of the stage. This application I should have done myself the honour to make in person, had I known your

early departure from this place. Give me leave again to assure you of the high sense I entertain of your extreme civility towards me, and forgive my again thus presuming upon it.

“ I remain, your obliged servant,
“ H. GALLEY.”

At the time I received this letter, I had lent the writer the identical beard Baddely had always used, as Moses, in “ The School for Scandal,” as a play was to be performed there. The present Lord Pollington (at that time one of my scholars), I believe, was one of the *dramatis personæ*. To receive such letters from schoolboys, who were strangers to me, was flattering to my feelings. The latter was nephew to Lord St. Helen’s, who was at Eton at the time I was there in 1767; his name was then Fitzherbert, and he was in the sixth form when the Hon. Mr. Grenville (late Marquis of Buckingham) was Captain of the School.

MY FATHER AND A FRENCH OFFICER.— While my father was at Paris he knew a French officer, who always boasted of being a first-rate fencer. Motives of jealousy induced him to way-lay my father one night; and he was cowardly enough to insult, and then draw his sword upon him. My father happened to be only armed with a *couteau de*

chasse, a short, small, edged-sword, usually worn in undress; but he acted on the defensive for some time, when at last he made a home-thrust at the officer, who fell directly, groaning, and at the time there was every reason to think that he was mortally wounded. The officer was taken home. The next day my father waited on him; when, to his surprise, although it was thought that he was dangerously wounded, and that there was very little hope of his recovery, still, though he lay in bed, gasping, there was not that alteration in his countenance which might be expected. My father instantly suspected he must have had a cuirasse (*cotte de maille*), and throwing the bedclothes off, suddenly discovered the disgraceful stratagem to which he had resorted. The officer, dreading the stigma that might be fixed upon him, implored my father to forgive him, and also his secrecy. This anecdote I have heard my father mention, also,—that when fencing with Marshal Saxe, who was a scholar of Tailligori's, the Marshal, being displeased at a hit he had received, took my father (not a little man) in his arms, and walked round the room with him, as if he had been a child.

THE WATCH-HOUSE.—Between one and two o'clock on the morning of the 17th of November, 1817, proceeding along Piccadilly, on my return home to my house in Bolton-row, I passed two

watchmen, near Air-street, who were forcing a young man to the watch-house. After he had gone by, I heard the young man who was in custody say, "That he was sure that gentleman (meaning me) would be bail for him, for he knew who he was." Upon looking back, I found it was the son of a person who kept a masquerade warehouse near the Haymarket. Having often dealt with the father, and recognising his son, I voluntarily offered him my assistance, at the same time, assuring him I would go with him to the watch-house, and see that he was not ill-used.

The parties all went to that in Vine-street, and were brought before the constable of the night. Not knowing any thing of the charge to be given, or how it originated, I placed myself in a corner as a spectator. Upon the charge being called for by the constable, it proved to be a quarrel in the street, when a man of the name of Nathaniel Knight, a shoemaker, came forward, and, to the astonishment of all present, pointing to me, charged me with assaulting and striking him on the king's highway, and notwithstanding I assured him to the contrary, he still persisted in enforcing the charge, and insisted it should be made out against me. After the constable had written the charge, he exclaimed, "Now I will sign it with my own bloody hand." The watchman who had taken and secured the young man on

the actual charge of Knight, came forward, and positively assured the constable that I was not the person in their custody. The constable, however, ordered the whole party out of the watch-house except myself, contrary to all justice ; and though I expostulated, and told the constable who I was, that I had lived for thirty years in St. James's and St. George's parish, and was an old housekeeper, and though the parish beadle assured the constable he had known me above twenty years, still he took the charge, dismissed the quarrelsome parties, and refused to let me quit the watch-house, where I was detained all night.

After much persuasion, at near three o'clock I was allowed to give a man a shilling to go to my house in Bolton-row, and inform my family of my being detained in the watch-house, at the same time desiring my great coat to be sent me, as I was then suffering under a severe cold and pain in my chest. At four o'clock, in an intensely cold and damp morning, I was forced, regardless of all entreaties, into the strong room of the watch-house, where I was doubly bolted and locked in. The walls were bare and dirty ; the windows strongly barred ; no place to lie down upon except a bench, close to which was a stone cistern, used as the filthy convenience of the watch-house, from whence the stench was disgusting and intolerable.

About nine o'clock, some of my family came to me, and were refused admittance, except seeing and speaking to me through a hole about eight inches square in the door. Mr. Humby, of Jermyn-street, a medical gentleman, who attended my family, hearing of my confinement, hastened to me; he was also unable to have any access to me, though I was complaining of the cold I was suffering from the filthy unhealthiness of the place, and severity of my unjustifiable confinement. No entreaty, however, could relax this shameful treatment; and when my servant came to bring me some breakfast, which was given through the hole in the door, the porter of the watch-house remarked (because I gave him nothing to drink) to the servant, who was deplored the manner in which her master was confined, that "the place was good enough for such a fellow, and it would serve him right if he were whipped at the cart's tail from one end of Piccadilly to the other, for he had been too well treated." Previous to the constable of the night leaving the watch-house at four o'clock in the morning, he acknowledged to me that there had been some mistake, and that Knight had, after making his charge, at the advice of his friends, offered to withdraw it, which the constable refused, as Knight had signed it. No entreaty or expostulation had therefore the least effect, and after nine hours'

imprisonment, I was taken from the watch-house, at eleven o'clock, in custody, with a pickpocket, who had been confined in the black hole all night, to Marlborough-street Police Office, and brought before the sitting magistrate, Mr. Baker, who immediately discharged me, Knight never appearing to prove his charge, or any other complaint against me. After I had been wrongfully accused when serving another, whom I only knew by dealing at his father's shop, I had every reason to expect he would return to explain the mistake; but I neither saw him that night nor the next day, when I waited on his father, and explained how very ill I had been treated, and his son's ungrateful neglect, in leaving me in custody and absenting himself since. Two days after, he called on me with a shuffling excuse, that "he was obliged to go into the city," nor did he even take the least notice that he was sorry for the mistake or the ill usage I had received. As I shall not honour the *bourgeois* name in my "Reminiscences," it is quite enough to say, his shop is in Regent-street, and if the human countenance can be compared to the brute creation, I may venture to say, you may compare his face to that of a *bull-dog*.

HOT POKER.—When a boy, I used to go to Broad-street, Soho, to receive instructions in drawing from those two celebrated artists, Cipri-

ani and Bartolozzi, who had rooms there merely for their painting and engraving. There I became acquainted with the son of the latter, father of that excellent actress, Madame Vestris. Several years after, I was recommended by him to employ his tailor, a Spaniard, named Roderigo Delunes, having myself purchased some Florentine black silk for my small-clothes. When finished, they were much too tight, and so cabbaged, that no alteration could be made. However, as they fitted young Bartolozzi, Snip found a ready-money customer; but when I expected him to make me another pair, after several promises and delays, I found he had not begun them, but waited for my buying more silk, although he had already been paid for what I had bought. As I was determined not to be imposed upon, I applied to him several times, either to make me another pair, or reimburse me for the silk; but all my applications were to no purpose. Though I thought myself a match for the Spaniard, I was not so for his wife, a robust Irishwoman, who, with a red-hot poker, soon escorted me down stairs. This was my last dunning visit; yet I was determined not to be "done over" by a tailor. As he lived in Piccadilly, facing Vine-street, where the Court of Conscience was then held, I had him up there. As he pleaded poverty, he was fined two shillings a week till

the cost of the silk was discharged. This continued only a fortnight, when his death put an end to all future payments, he having paid the *last*. The quiz, among my friends, who were acquainted with the transaction, was, that I had been the *death* of a Spanish tailor, who died broken-hearted, occasioned by my severe persecution.

MRS. GLOVER.—I taught the fencing graces to many ladies of the theatre, subsequent to my first *début* with the late Mrs. Barry, afterwards Mrs. Crawford. Now no longer *maitre d'armes*, having grounded my arms, I cannot have any selfish motives to be my own trumpeter. Having instructed a favourite actress of the present day, I am proud of mentioning the following extract, and, in addition (as I was present), the general approbation of Mrs. Glover's excellence, when she performed Hamlet, for her benefit, at the Lyceum. Speaking of the fencing scene, the following was inserted:—

“Mrs. Glover's salute in the fencing scene with Laertes, in “Hamlet,” on Monday, was most justly entitled to the applause it produced, and was a rare instance of instructive power, as the lady had only received *four* lessons from Mr. Angelo, senior, previous to her performing the character.”—*Morning Post*, June 21, 1821.

ACTRESSES.—In those graces that I endeavoured to shew to theatrical ladies, the

three *Graces*, Miss Lyons (Mrs. Bishop), Mrs. Corri, and Mrs. Daponti, together, received my instruction, when, one day, my friend Bannister being present, they all four exhibited, at the same time, *carte* and *tierce*, a prelude to the assault, well known to the amateurs of the science.

AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.—At the time I attended at the Charter House, a gentleman, who had called there to see his son, remained some time in the school-room whilst I was giving a lesson, and seemed to eye me very much. When I had finished, he said to me, “It is a long time, Mr. Angelo, since we last met.” Not having the least recollection of his person, I requested the favour of his name, when he mentioned our fighting at Eton, and that, after a long battle, I had beaten him. “Then,” I replied, “you must be Dick Harding.” This must have been more than fifty years previous to the time when he mentioned the circumstance. Should Mr. Harding read this, it will remind him of meeting his old schoolfellow half a century after fighting him in the play-fields at Eton.

MASTER BETTY.—In the year 1784, at the time I had my academy in the Haymarket, Mr. Betty, the father of the young Roscius that astonished the town with his theatrical abilities, was my scholar there. Many years afterwards,

he called upon me, inviting me to Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, where he then resided, and he requested me to give his son some lessons. The next day, according to appointment, I was there at eleven o'clock, but the visitors to the young prodigy were so numerous, that I did not see him. After waiting above an hour, I took French leave ; nor did I ever give myself the trouble to repeat my visit. As I had ever made it a maxim, and was proud to instruct those whose merits were deserving, *en ami*, any civilities to such a promising youth would have been gratifying to me ; but left *alone* as I was, waiting above an hour, was a neglect and an affront to my good nature, not pleasant to my feelings.

GIN AND WATER.—Rowlandson, the artist, lodged at Mrs. Lay's printshop, a few doors from Carlton House, Pall Mall. One morning when I called upon him, we heard a loud knock at the street door, and, looking out of the window, he said, “There's Col. Thornton—knock again! He may be at this fun three months longer ; he's come for his picture, but Morland having touched fifty pounds in advance, is never at home to him now. He's in the next room, which he has for painting. You had better go and do the same with him, and drink gin and water ; he'll like your company, and make you a drawing for nothing.” This was in the middle of the day.

BURGUNDY.—Raphael Smith, who kept a print-shop in King Street, Covent Garden, and who published the greater part of Morland's works, also his own subjects, different domestic scenes in life, and portraits in crayons, in which he himself much excelled, was a famous mezzotinto scraper. At that time (previous to the French revolution) he had great commerce with the printsellers at Paris, and often in payment received a large quantity of Burgundy. In addition to that hospitality his house was ever open to his friends, who were select, the greater part poets and painters; he was never shy of introducing his French wine. A party having been made between him, Rowlandson, Westmacott (father of the present eminent artist), and Chasemore (who, in a delirium, shot himself at Bath), to go to Paris, a large party were previously invited—Peter Pindar (Doctor Wolcott), Morland, Rowlandson, myself, &c.—to finish what Burgundy was left in his house, as a *prendre congé*. This was in the month of July, a sultry hot day. As I was appointed *grand cooler* of the wine, I was there some time previous to dinner. Beginning first with a dozen bottles of Burgundy, fixing wet towels around them, and placing the wine in the sun to absorb the damp, I succeeded in making the wine so cool, the *bouquet* so fragrant, that, perhaps, like the cook that often tastes his own

dishes, I experienced its temperature too often, and this being the finale, the ill effects were such, that I have never admired Burgundy since, but always preferred old Port. Smith, in the latter part of his life, resided in the country, and travelling to different places, painted portraits *en pastel*, and was much encouraged. Though very deaf, he was fond of music, and for the *chanson polisson*, St. Giles or Hockley in the Hole (of old) could not have kept pace with him.

COLLEGE FUN.—Previous to my attending Cambridge, one of my scholars (whom I had taught at Westminster School) at Trinity College there, engaged an Irish fencing master, named Fitzpatrick, not so remarkable for his scientific knowledge, as for his native humour, and who, particularly when he had taken too much of the good *cratur* (whisky), was amusing to the collegians. Having engaged him merely to keep up the exercise, one day a quart bottle of the same was purposely placed on the chimney-piece, which proved so attractive to the fencing master, that, as his sips increased, so did the numerous hits he received, the good *cratur* being too powerful for him to be firm on his legs—so much so that, from his continual visits to the bottle, which he finished, and the heat of the weather, he not only became drunk, but had the appearance of a man devoid of life. To keep up the fun, he

was stripped, and laid out like a corpse, with a shroud on, a coffin close to him, and four candles placed on each side, ready to light, on his recovery. This *jeu de plaisanterie* might have been serious, had not timely assistance brought him to life. However, master *push carte* took care not to *push* himself again in the same place.

MRS. DICKONS, the actress, whose musical abilities have so long enchanted the town, when Miss Pool, and about the age of twelve years, was a great favourite of my mother. Often with her father at our house, she amused us with her imitations of Sestini, &c. &c. who was then the comic singer at the Opera House. Some years after, on one of my excursions to Margate in the hoy (no steam vessels then), Mr. Pool and his daughter were passengers. Miss, being provided with a cot, to oblige her father I resigned him mine, on condition of having it two hours *only*, when, applying for it, after waiting six hours, no entreaty of mine had any effect to get him to leave it. Finding that he seemed determined to remain, and that all my persuasions were in vain, I was obliged to pull him out by the *feet* to have a better *footing* on deck, to the no small amusement of the Margatized *bourgeois*, who were on their way to rid themselves (a Margate term) of the yellow-fever.

COLOURED CANDLES.—My father had not long been in England, when he was patronised by Sir Francis Delaval, who many years after was his particular friend. Invited to the family seat, Seaton Delaval, Foote, who was there, my father, and Sir Francis, were ever promoting some fun. I remember my father mentioning to me several stories of the frolics there; first, speaking of himself. York races being at the time of his visit, were quite a new sight to him. With Sir Francis and some of the party, the first day previous to their commencing, they visited a cold bath, remarkable for its beautiful marble: my father, while viewing it, held the rope which was fastened in the ceiling over the centre, at the same time making a trifling wager to swing himself to the other side. So far he succeeded; but no one assisting him, his feet only touching the edge, they let him fall back into the bath, no longer being able to hold the rope to spring forward. The consequence was, instead of going to the races, he was obliged to lie in bed whilst his clothes were drying. At his return to Seaton Delaval, some amusement continually kept them on the *qui vive*. One of the party laid a wager, that in the park he would creep on his knees a hundred yards from a particular tree to another, blindfolded. His bet was soon taken, and, as he kept moving on, they discovered, by

his continually feeling the grass with his hand, there must have been some device previous to laying the wager, when they found he had fixed pins in the earth, with green silk fastened to them, at the same time occasionally deviating from the direct way. This they soon altered to a different direction, and placing it towards a pond, where there was just water enough to give him a sousing, they let him fall head foremost in.

Another frolic was one, of which Foote was the chief promoter. A baronet who was there, and had been crossed in love, became, from disappointment, such a hypochondriac, that at times he was a damper to their mirth, and all their fun had no effect to chase his melancholy. Every day complaining of some new bodily complaint, one night they hid a tailor in a large closet in his bed-room, and whilst he was asleep, his waistcoat was considerably reduced in breadth; when, putting it on in the morning, he was so alarmed, expecting a speedy dropsy, that he lay in bed for three days afterwards; in the mean time his waistcoat was returned to its former size. On his recovery, the first night at supper, Foote had previously proposed to have the wax candles painted different colours, and to place before the disconsolate visitor a black one; at the same time the whole party, as well as the servants, were in the

secret. At supper, fixing his eyes some time on it, he observed to those that sat next to him, “The candles seem to have different colours.” “Why, what colour should they have?” was the reply. For the present he took no further notice, but, calling to the servant for some wine, when he brought it, (the black candle right before him) asked him the colour of the candle, “White, to be sure, Sir,” was his immediate reply. On the instant, he rose, exclaiming, “This is too much,” and hurried out of the room: the next morning, at an early hour, he ordered his carriage, and returned to town to consult his physician.

DETERMINED DEVILS.—About the year 1766, when old Crawford had the Opera-house, my father was the corresponding manager for foreign engagements; and, through his persuasion, procured the *soi-disant* Grand Petrot to come to this country, and leave Florence, where he received a high salary. Here, he was not only first dancer, but ballet-master. After a long and expensive preparation, every one was delighted who had been at the rehearsals of “Orphée,” which was announced, and in the scene where he visits the lower regions, a number of furies appear. Previous to the first performance, a general dissatisfaction arose among the devils, all refusing to dance in worsted flaming stockings, which were provided for them, claiming silk ones, the

others disgracing the shape of their legs. Old Crawford persisting to oppose their demands, the devils resolute, and the audience kept waiting, my father, to oblige Petrot, who, when a boy, had been his playfellow in Italy, and his dancing-master at Paris, at his (my father's) own expense, sent for a quantity, relieving the patience of the audience, who were gratified with one of the most splendid ballets this country ever produced ; at the same time appeasing the enraged furies, furious, and determined not to caper in worsted stockings.

No News.—Among my general acquaintance with the greater part of the editors of the newspapers, I occasionally received civilities from my old friend Billy Woodfall, so well known for his superior parliamentary information. Meeting him one evening in the lobby, at the little theatre, Haymarket, in the month of August, when every body was out of town, I inquired what news ? when (*looking at the shop*), with a doleful sigh, he replied, “ Not a sentence !”

ZUCARELLI, whose beautiful landscapes must ever please, among the numerous artists that frequented my father's, was always welcome. As far as I recollect of his appearance, he must then have been an elderly man ; at that time I could not have been more than twelve years old. Barto Valli, who kept the Italian ware-

house in the Haymarket, and whose house was ever open to his countrymen, was a great friend to Zucarelli, and, on many occasions, was the means of his continuing here, occasionally supplying those wants, from which poets and painters are not exempted. Zucarelli, like many other eminent artists, was always *dans l'embarras*, too frequently the lot of the pen and the pencil. Pity that poverty and abilities should be so attractive to each other ! but when a genius prevails, too often dissipation ensues. So it was with Zucarelli. But a few months ago, after an absence of fifty years, when calling in the Haymarket on my old acquaintance, the son, whom I had known when a boy, I was agreeably surprised, when ushered into the front room, to see the same unique collection—Zucarelli's best performances. When a youth, I had copied some of them under his tuition.

DUCHESS OF ANCASTER.—About the year 1776, a time when masquerades were frequented by the first people of fashion, many of the nobility received masks at their houses, *sans billets*. One night the Duchess of Ancaster's mansion, in Berkeley-square, was open for reception, when I was one of the visitors : of the numerous masks, a lady, in the character of a gipsy, accompanied by a ploughman, and another gipsy, very much raised my curiosity by her conversation. Having re-

quested her to tell my fortune, she seemed to know so much of me, I was determined, on finding that no persuasion could prevail on her to unmask, the gipsy should not escape my vigilance the remainder of the evening, and took care to keep a watchful eye till she and her party, about two o'clock, left, and no servant was to be found. Seeing them get into the carriage, I ran after it, and placed myself behind, when I felt something pull me at the moment the carriage stopped in Pall-mall. I immediately jumped down, and found I had left my coat-pocket behind me, having seated myself near the coach-wheel; however, I was pleased that I had found out the dwelling of my communicative incognita. The next day I waited on Mr. Harris, who had kindly permitted me to have a dress from his theatre, which was Doctor Caius's, in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," when explaining to him my disaster, the unforeseen accident, laughing, he said, "Never mind; you should have had your servant, Jack Rugby, with you, he would have better supplied your place behind the carriage."

AUGUSTUS BARRY.—While I was on a visit to Lord Barrymore's, at Brighton, his younger brother was at a military college on the continent. Lord Barrymore, who never would be put out of his way, was determined to have him with

him; he therefore sent Trebby, a Frenchman, who was his *valet de chambre*, to take him away by stealth. I was present at his brother's return. He appeared to be a well-behaved and good-natured young man, of an affable disposition, and pleasing manners; but soon new scenes so far initiated him, that he became quite the reverse; a spoiled boy (then sixteen), mischievous and overbearing. He had not been long at Brighton, when his youth and inexperience got him into a scrape which might have proved very unpleasant, had not his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, feeling for his youth, graciously interfered. At that time (fortunately for his brother) Lord Barrymore was one of the *élite* at the pavilion. His eccentricities and daily amusements ("damn the expense" was ever his expression) kept up the *qui vive* of the place, gratifying to the many who partook of his lordship's extravagance and good nature. To give you an idea of the quarrel, that might have ended far different, the following is an extract of a paragraph in the Morning Herald :

" The French officer, whose affair with Mr. Augustus Barry, was inserted yesterday in the Morning Herald, authorizes us to insert, that the paragraph of yesterday is entirely false, but that the truth is as follows. Having accidentally elbowed each other on the Steine,

Mr. Barry stopped behind and fell a laughing, when the French officer told him, that his behaviour was unbecoming, and highly displeased him. Mr. Barry having made some curious gestures, the French officer took him by the arm and twisted him about, when, still more incensed by his answer, the French officer offered to fight him with pistols. The Prince of Wales happening to come on the spot, he invited the two gentlemen to the Castle Inn, where they would meet Colonel St. Leger, who being informed of the transaction, observed, that Mr. Barry was only sixteen years of age ; to which the French officer (aged twenty-five) replied, that if there was a disadvantage at sixteen to fight a person aged twenty-five, he would give Mr. Barry the chance of fighting at six steps distance, and to fire first. Colonel St. Leger proposed to arrange the affair, by causing Mr. Barry to say, that if he had said any thing disagreeable to the French officer, it was inadvertently, against his inclination, and he was sorry for it. The French officer was willing to consent to it."

OLD DRURY LANE.—Before Old Drury Lane was rebuilt, the last box next to the stage, of the very upper boxes, on the prompter's side, was called the numberer's box ; it projected out from the others like a tub. There, Old Hardham, who kept the snuff shop in Fleet-street, and was

famous for his thirty-seven (snuff), previous to the half price and after, used to number the audience. When a boy, many an evening, being a favourite of the old man, I was welcome there, where I used to meet Mrs. Barry (afterward Mrs. Crawford,) Mrs. Abingdon, and Miss Young (late Mrs. Pope) with their long black veils, incog.

PETER PINDAR'S FEELINGS.—Doctor Wolcott told me, that, when a boy, he was serving his time at an apothecary's shop in Jamaica, and that when pounding in a brass mortar, it so far hurt his feelings, that before his apprenticeship expired, he ran away; for the noise it made continually put him in mind of the poor patients, it was always “ Kill'em again ! kill'em again !”

A BLIND PARENT.—Usually on a Sunday, when my father returned home after his visits, which were always reserved for that day, he was pleased to tell of the reception that dukes and lords had honoured him with. Among the others, was the old Duke of Ancaster, who was particularly partial to him. Meeting his grace one day in Pall Mall, my father, making his obeisance, in the course of conversation, the duke inquired how his son (Lord Linsey, who was then at Eton School) went on in his fencing, and was pleased to hear of his improvement and excellent disposition for the exercise, at the same

time extolling his figure, how well he was made. My father observed, that his right knee went in a little. This so displeased his grace, that turning his back without making any reply, he walked away, nor was my father ever admitted into his presence again.

SECTION IX.

LADY HAMILTON.—Returning from my professional pursuits, at the corner of New Compton-street, my feelings were powerfully excited by the figure of a young woman, meanly attired, in the attitude of dejection, leaning against the post. Pausing some time, I could not resist speaking to her, and said, “ My poor girl, you seem to be very unhappy, can I be of service to you ? ” Several times did I address her without effect, nor would she even look at me ; I was disconcerted, and with some zeal (at the moment seeing an acquaintance coming towards me,) said, “ Will you be here to-night, at eight ? ” With a deep drawn sigh, she replied, “ Yes.” I was punctual ; so was she. I then begged of her to relate to me her circumstances, and the misfortune that had brought her into that condition. She made no hesitation in declaring her forlorn situation, with an assurance that she had not tasted food that day,

the truth of which she proved by the voracious manner in which she devoured some biscuits I ordered to be placed before her.

She said her christian name was Emma, but when I urged her to inform me of the particulars of her story, she declined, and I could only obtain a promise to meet me again at the same hour and place next night. Most deeply did I regret the circumstance which prevented me from accomplishing my promise, for I felt that I had lost her. It frequently happens that the features and figure of a female will excite a powerful interest—a desire to know the past, the present, and the future. It was late in life before the book of fate was opened to me, and I there read that this disconsolate girl, this poor, interesting figure, absorbed in deep dejection, supported by a post in Compton-street, had been destined to occupy an important place in high circles.

To return to my narrative. Not many days afterwards, while I was taking my walk amongst the beaux and belles in Kensington-gardens, my disconsolate beauty appeared to me again, accompanied by two *élégantes*, who could be compared to her, only because they were dressed alike. Not now the dejected female, in mean attire, but with a countenance beaming with pleasure, she appeared in all the

grandeur of fashion. She approached me, saw my surprise, and immediately relieved me, by saying she lived at Mrs. Kelly's, Arlington-street. For some short time after, I frequently saw her in the abbess's carriage, when suddenly she disappeared, and the *on-dit* at the time was, that Sir H. F. had taken her from thence under his protection. Fortune favoured me once more with the sight of my absent fair. Two years after I saw her in Rathbone-place (not gaudily attired, as I beheld her in Kensington-gardens, but in the deepest mourning habiliments), walking with a solemn pace. She informed me that she lived in the Paddington-road, No. 14, Oxford-street; that at present she owed her ease and affluence to the F. G., and that both honour and gratitude forbade her to meet me again. We parted. Many years after, I could have appeared before her, in the presence of her *husband*, who (with Lord Pembroke and Lord Charles Spencer) was my god-father. The once disconsolate Emma became afterwards the renowned Lady Hamilton. Of what strange events is human life composed! The poor girl whom I met in wretchedness and poverty, was next the delight of the gay world at Naples, and her accomplishments made her the admiration of all that knew her.

Every source was sought for with a view to

find materials for her history, and though some biographers think they can say what they like of persons not in existence, yet as I write from my own knowledge, I trust I shall not be accused of inventing fictions. And I can vouch for what I say about Lady Hamilton, that such a character, whose acquirements at Naples became afterwards the fashion of the gay circles to talk of, at one time occupied my mind by this adventure, but as years rolled on, the recollection of our meeting was obliterated. At the period I met with my forlorn incognita, we must have been about the same age: I should think it must have taken place at the time Captain Walsingham (who had the command of the Thunderer man of war), had been cruising with the channel fleet, when the fever being on board, he was obliged to put into Portsmouth. Samuel Lindley (son of Mrs. Lindley, Mrs. Sheridan's mother) was midshipman in the same ship, and was on the sick list on its arrival there. His father hastened directly to fetch him home, and after remaining some time in a dying state, his disconsolate parents were left to deplore his loss.

Emma Hart (Lady Hamilton), who at the time was servant there, and attended him most assiduously during the time he lay ill, could not be prevailed on to remain in the house after his

death, which perhaps was the cause of the dejected state in which I found her. It must have been within a very short time subsequent to my having attended my young friend Sam to his grave, who, had he lived, might ere this have been an admiral, a naval record to the celebrated name of Lindley. Speaking of the funeral, young as I was then, I was proud of the honour of being one of the pall-bearers, with characters afterwards well known for their learning and talents—Brinsley Sheridan, Anticipation Tickell, Parson Bate, and Joseph Richardson, who wrote the *Rolliad*, &c. &c. and was afterwards M.P. for the Borough of Newport, in Cornwall.

It was some years afterwards, when Lady Hamilton blazed out as the brightest star in the constellation of beauty. Respecting my information, Mrs. Lindley told my mother, some days after I had attended the remains of her son, that Emma Hart previously had been her servant, and how very attentive she was up to the last moment of his decease. This being mentioned in my presence, opened my eyes to the situation she had been previously in. Hearing her name mentioned, Mrs. Lindley also told my mother that Emma was so attached to her son, and her affliction made such an impression on her mind, that no entreaties could

prevail on her to remain, not even a day. This may explain, both by time and circumstance, why I met with her in that pensive state I have already described. So far my assertions are welcome to be confuted by those who have compiled a number of falsehoods.

Many stories are told about Lady Hamilton's conduct at Naples—that both the king and queen were subservient to her aiding Lord Nelson to proceed to the Nile. As she obtained intelligence on the very day the king had received his despatches from the French court, the report went, that she picked his pocket of them whilst he was taking his *siesta* after dinner. A friend of mine, to whom I shewed what I have written about Lady Hamilton, said he had heard from the eldest son, who is now living, (a sufficient testimony, having mentioned her previous situation), that "His mother was mistress at Drury-lane Theatre during the time Emma Hart lived with her as maid-servant. The actresses would often insist on having certain dresses for their characters, and Emma was usually employed on those occasions as the means of communication between them and Mrs. Lindley, and used to bring her word at the theatre to her private box, when they had come to a determination. Very frequently, when Mrs. Lindley was in an ill humour, Emma was sent back with no favourable answer to

those who considered themselves of such high consequence that they could not be refused. As to her having been the Goddess of Health, that is impossible. In a very few days after our meeting, she was at Mrs. Kelly's, and that only for a very short time; from thence she was removed many miles off. It has been said she stood at the Royal Academy as the figure in the Life Room : the only living academician who was a member at the time is Mr. Northcote, and he can give authentic information on the subject. It is a story entirely void of truth. Lady Hamilton has been represented to have been in great misery, and I can vouch for the different situations she was in, during the few days after she left her place as a servant, till she was taken abroad. My knowledge of her enables me to falsify the statement that "her gradations from splendid distinction, gained by the loss of virtue, to the extremity of want and misery, were so rapid, that in a few months she was nearly an outcast in the metropolis." While such stories are listened to, there is no wonder she is accused of having exposed herself at the Royal Academy, or that she found an asylum as Goddess of Health at Doctor Graham's. Before I drop the curtain over my Hamiltonian narrative, I cannot avoid mentioning an anecdote that a duke (to whom I made my obeisance on lately meeting him in Bond-street) related to me

some years ago on his return from Italy. “When I was at Naples, Sir William Hamilton had a cassino at Portici, some little distance from Mount Vesuvius, as he was in the habit of approaching the crater as near as he could venture. He often took up his residence there expressly for that purpose, and was engaged on one occasion that had particularly attracted his attention. I was left alone to dine with Lady Hamilton and her mother, who had followed her from England. In the course of conversation, after dinner, when speaking of the excellence of the lacryma christi, a famous Italian wine, the mother ejaculated, “Oh! as how I had but some English gin here!” The duke, who luckily had taken some with him, directly forwarded his servant to his hotel at Naples for it. At his return, the *madre*, delighted with the *vero gusto*, by her frequent tasting did not a little convince his Grace of the improvement the juniper berry had upon the vulgar tongue (in which she particularly excelled), and the glass increasing, she said, “she had not never enjoyed the *good creature* (gin) since she left England ; it was far betterer than all your outlandish wines.”

The following abstract is from the memoirs of Lady Hamilton ; but as I can only answer for her *début*, it would be a presumption in me to impeach the veracity of the whole : “Thus did

one of the most extraordinary women of modern times terminate, on the 16th of January, 1815, her course of uncommon vicissitudes in a foreign land (Calais), surrounded by strangers, and so oppressed by poverty, that her remains were consigned to the lowest description of the poor, for want of means to defray the expense of a decent funeral. Strange fatality !!! In the diversified stages of adversity it is difficult to find a more heart-rending object than the houseless and destitute female wanderer. In every age, and in every climate, beauty and wit have proved to a woman, in such a situation, her greatest misfortune. A female, who possessed neither of these attractions, might have encountered the distresses to which, in early life, Lady Hamilton was subjected, and have terminated her existence without her character being sullied, even by a suspicion of levity. But far different is the situation of her who unites superior mental accomplishments, and artless witchery of manners, with a beauty and symmetry of face and form which excite the envy of her female acquaintance ; too frequently these sinister friends watch, with malignant anxiety, for the moment in which a deviation from the paths of rigid virtue gives them the power of triumphing over their frail rival. Man, too, in his plenitude of riches and of lust, neglects the woman upon whom nature has not

lavished her treasures, and exults over the defeated virtue of the accomplished and elegant victim of his artifices. In Lady Hamilton's character were many shining traits of virtue, and her transcendent abilities were never questioned. Let not, then, the ladies judge too harshly of her ; let them remember, that to become the friends of virtue, they should strive to bring back those that have strayed from her paths ; “ for virtue pardons those she would amend.” May Lady Hamilton, then, cease to be vituperated by her countrywomen : may her memory, at least, enjoy the charity of their silence ; and let not the men, who boast of emulating the crimes which first drew her from the abode of peace, inflict upon her memory one needless wound. Let the helpless and forlorn, the miserable and despised, for once enjoy a freedom from the insults which they so often cruelly bestow upon those whose first error was believing them to be noble and generous.”

MAJOR SEMPLE.—This noted swindler, in the year 1777, introduced himself to my father as an officer, and his deportment certainly was that of a gentleman—a slim figure, inclining to height, and a sandy complexion. He came to take lessons in fencing, and said, that as he was going abroad on his *travels*, he might have occasion to use his sword ; and as his stay in town was very uncertain, he was desirous to

take a lesson every day. My father's avocations, from attending the royal family, Eton, &c., prevented him from granting his request; but as he was so very anxious to make use of the short time he had previous to making his *tour* (his going abroad was all a pretence), my father offered to take him in his carriage when he went to Eton, and there to give him instructions with the others. This he very readily accepted. A ride, a lesson, and a good dinner, were not to be refused.

At that time my father had his country-house at Acton, near Ealing. At two o'clock he used to leave town, when his assistant, the school, and the care of the scholars devolved on me. In his absence, instead of fencing, we all had our fun, jumping, boxing, *les tours de force*, &c., and Semple always continued to the last, making himself pleasant among us. He soon became acquainted with the gentlemen who boarded in my father's house, and his manners were so insinuating, that we made him welcome to remain. It was the custom then, previous to dinner, to walk in St. James's Park; and, after our exercise, we all retired to our rooms, to dress, preparatory to our usual *promenade*. Semple was sure to follow us, sometimes borrowing a shirt, neckcloth, &c. We were all young, and too civil, by half, which he did not fail to take advantage of, by

obtruding his company upon us. In respect to borrowing money, however, he failed, though he tried the experiment. Pleasure being the order of the day, we had not enough to follow it up. Semple, who always stuck close to us, took care to follow us home to our door, and walking in, stopped till dinner was placed on the table, when I said, "Captain," (no assumed Major then) "will you take your dinner with us?" and though he always pretended to have an engagement, he *obligingly* put it off, and did us the *honour* to stop. In the evening, if we were going to Vauxhall, or elsewhere, he was sure to make one, and would have made our house his lodging, if I had not told him that all our beds were engaged, except my father's, and that room was always kept locked in his absence. Our spunging companion continued these intrusions for about three months, when suddenly he disappeared, without paying for his instructions, or any thing else. To write of his various swindling cheats, so well known, would be needless.

The next time I spoke to him, which must have been twelve years after, was on board of the hulks at Woolwich. I was that day on a dinner party at Blackwall, with Lord Barrymore, his brother Cripplegate, and Lord Falkland. It was a Sunday evening, and I pro-

posed, in order to pass away the time, to have a boat, and go on board one of the hulks; as an old *acquaintance* of mine was among the convicts, perhaps I could procure admittance without many inquiries. My proposal was speedily accepted, and we were soon alongside the hulk. As it was Sunday, they would not permit us to go on board for some time; on sending up my card to the Lieutenant, who knew my name, we were at length admitted. (Lord Barrymore and the others desired not to be known.) I then inquired for Captain Semple. The convicts were all below, it being just previous to their supper time. On each side of the deck there were a number of wooden bowls, filled with boiled peas (such as I have used when a boy for my pea-shooter), and if I had seen them in any other place, I should have imagined they were intended for the hogs.

After waiting some time, Semple (who had probably seen me in the boat alongside, and had been dressing himself) came on deck, and looked tolerably clean. As soon as he saw me, he spoke to me in the most unceremonious manner, *sans façon*. It was, “How do you do?” (calling my name aloud) “How are all your family?” to the no small amusement of our party. Having satisfied our curiosity, and given a guinea to Semple, by Lord Barrymore’s desire, we took leave of the lieutenant, who

politely offered us some grog. The whole party were much pleased at the strange interview with my old acquaintance, and when I approached them, they jokingly said, “Take care of your pockets ;” and threw out various hints about my connexion with a convict. Two days afterwards, I received a fulsome letter from Semple, containing an eulogium on fencing, and many professions of the regard he had for my father. At the same time he requested me to send him some foils, &c.

Many years afterwards, when I was standing at the door of Old Slaughter’s Coffee House, Semple passed by, and, just at the time, a friend of mine, who was in the coffee room, came to the door. When Semple was about to turn round the corner of Newport-street, he looked back, and saw us, as he imagined, watching him. The next day I received the following letter :

“ SIR,

“ I have from my very early days been accustomed to feel attachment to every branch of your family,—in fact, I owe so much to your father, and *you* have also been kind to me, in my hour of adversity. If I have either acquired address in arms, or the exterior of a gentleman, it is to the lessons of your excellent father. Having said so much, I need not add,

that it gives me excessive pain to address you in any other language but that of friendship. You cannot have forgot that Thursday, as I came up Saint Martin's Lane, you were at the door of Old Slaughter's Coffee House; you perceived me, you entered the door, and, after I had passed, pointed me out to a person whom you brought with you from the coffee-room into the middle of the pavement. This is a sort of conduct I did not expect from a man bred in the first societies, and to which, however innocent you may think it, I cannot, must not submit. Had almost any man but the son of Angelo done it, I should have expressed my displeasure in the instant. I think you will do me the justice to believe, that, the passiveness of my conduct on this occasion, was the effect of no other motive than what I describe, and that it cannot be repeated. Do not, I request you, again expose yourself; and permit me to assure you that I still am, very much,

“ Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ I. G. LISLE.”

“ *August 28, 1802.*”

By his signature of Lisle (degraded as his name, Semple, was) it appeared he had changed his appellation since his visit to the hulks. Of course I took no notice of this letter, but

whenever we met, we gave each other a mutual look of *effronterie*. Nine years afterwards, I received another letter, which was the last:

“ Sir,

“ Having, in a recent letter, explained to you my situation, though you were at that moment absent, understanding that you are now in town, and my miseries continuing in full force ; let me now pray you to accord me the very little assistance then solicited, a few shillings. The sad urgency of my situation cannot be described ; I am at this hour without a fire, and without a shirt. I will only add, that whatever is committed under a *sealed* envelope to the bearer, will safely reach me, and that I am, with respect,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ I. G. S. LISLE.”

“ 4th February, 1811.”

I inclosed a crown to the poor devil in answer to his letter,—most probably falsehoods to create sympathy. He took care never to appear *himself*, but had boys in different parts of the town to deliver his begging letters ; and, judging from the numerous letters he could send in one day, if they made any sort of impression, I should think he never could have been in want of a fire, or a shirt, at all events,

though perhaps he was obliged to forego his former luxurious way of living.

REV. MR. HACKMAN.—The night Miss Ray (Lord Sandwich's mistress) was shot by the Rev. Mr. Hackman, as she was approaching her carriage under the Piazzas, from Covent Garden Theatre, I had but a few minutes before left the theatre. As we could see, from my father's house in Carlisle-street, the malefactors as they passed Oxford-road, I sometimes followed them to Tyburn, and I saw this unfortunate gentleman executed. It appeared that he was driven to this act by phrenzy produced by disappointed love. The following day, in the city, I met my friend W. Lacey; he was then patentee at Drury Lane Theatre, and on our way home, as we were passing by the Old Bailey, curiosity prompted us to go to Surgeon's Hall, where the body was taken for dissection. Having been placed on a large table, an incision had been made on his stomach, and the flesh was spread over on each side. On leaving the place we retired to Dolly's Chop House. Our first dish was *pork chops*, and the sight I had witnessed produced such an impression on my mind, that not only did I reject them in disgust, but I have never been able to eat any since.

MRS. BILLINGTON.—At the time Mrs. Weichsel (Mrs. Billington's mother) was the favourite singer at Vauxhall, upon one occasion she had her bene-

fit at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Her daughter and son added considerably to the entertainment that night ; though the former could not have been fourteen years old, her execution on the piano-forte surprised every one. The son, then a little boy, played a solo on the fiddle in such a peculiarly fine style, that the audience were both astonished and delighted. Exhibiting his early abilities standing on a stool, I was present that night with Rowlandson, the artist, who made a sketch of him playing, which he afterwards finished for me, and which, within these few years, was in my collection.

BLACKAMOOR DAMNED.—Previous to the two conflagrations at Drury Lane Theatre, I was present the first night to see the performance of an operatic afterpiece called “The Blackamoor Washed White,” written by the Rev. H. Bate. At the very commencement there was a pointed determination to damn it; for though it was years after the Vauxhall affray, where the author had signalized himself so much, to the disgrace of his opponents, yet the affair was not forgotten, and a determined party went there to damn it. The recollection of this affair was alone sufficient to decide the fate of the piece, though the music and scenery, independently of the writing, entitled it to a better reception. Strange that a new performance, the

first of the sort, I should think, ever exhibited, should be looked upon as a general affront ! It was the fact, that several men passed from one stage door to the other, doubling their fists in defiance to the audience. One of them I well knew, and he was a gentleman who pretended to take much interest in the author's success. Such an insult to those, whether biassed one way or other, soon decided its fate. The piece was violently rejected ; nor was a second representation afterwards attempted.

At the time of the disturbance, I sat in the corner box next to the gallery, with a party of the author's friends, and we made every exertion to support the piece. We were, however, discovered by those in the gallery, who probably were employed to damn it. We were for some time indifferent to their menaces, and took no notice of the missiles that were thrown at us ; but we were at last forced to quit the box, one only excepted, the late celebrated dentist, Monsieur Dumergue, who was so terrified, that he endeavoured to hide himself at the farther end of it, when some person on the opposite side called out, "There's a fellow left in the box." A man who sat in the corner next to it, in the gallery, with a long stick kept banging towards the further end. The affrighted dentist told me, that several times it came near his nose. Col. Roper of the Guards (so

well known then for his *keeping it up* at the masquerades), sat in the stage box, applauding in defiance of the gallery, and though pelted with oranges and apples, he kept his seat the whole time, and laughed at his assailants.

BAD COMPANY.—When I was at Paris, in the year 1773, I was very near receiving a *coup d'épée* in one of my night rambles, and, therefore, like a burnt child, dreading the fire, I took care to avoid all such dangers again. I had then a very dissipated English acquaintance, who had resided there some years with his father, and I was at all times made welcome in his family. Though much younger than himself, he too often made me his evening companion. He one night took me to a house of rather an equivocal character, kept by Madame Henriette, in the Rue des Pélicans, near the Palais Royal; we were ushered into a long room, where officers, bourgeois, and various visitors, of almost every description, were assembled. We soon attracted the attention of some of the gens d'armes, who evinced their contempt for us by a variety of gestures. Though swords were then generally worn, it happened that we were without ours, and some of the party said, in our hearing, “*Les Anglais sans épée;*” when my *conducteur*, approaching some females, was informed that he had been there the night before in such a state as to

forget his indiscretions ; that he had written with a pencil the names of two of the officers in the room on the wainscot (which they shewed him), facing "*Escroc aux jeu, joueur.*" He soon knew the meaning of the contempt they had treated him with, which was not diminished by the circumstance that he was there without his sword, to prepare himself for the consequences of his own imprudence ; and he therefore saw it was necessary for him (having previously known what it was) both to give and receive the point of sword.

As he was a *bretailleur* himself, he hastened me out of the room ; and as we passed, though they did not speak, yet their sneers and laughing served as sufficient hints to him that he was beneath their notice *unarmed*. Convinced that he had done wrong, I was glad to get away, it being my intention to return home ; but he insisted on taking me to a *restaurateur's* to supper,—first going home to procure two swords ; when, plying me with repeated glasses of champagne, I became pot-valiant, and my courage got the better of my discretion, so that I consented to return to the Rue des Pélicans. The same persons were there, and we had not been in the room a minute, when three of them beckoned my companion out, first shewing the way. Though I had not affronted them, I went also, and when in the street, I drew my sword,

and was not long without an antagonist. At the instant, Monsieur Dupré, a fencing master, at whose school I was always welcome, seized my sword, and the *guet* (soldiers that parade Paris all night) coming up, he conveyed me safe home. The next day I found that my inconsiderate *compagnon* had been run through the fleshy part of his arm, and I congratulated him that it was not worse, as might have been expected from such a *rencontre*, at night, when opposed to three. Two years afterwards, in an affair of honour, he killed an officer; when leaving Paris directly, he joined the Irish Brigade; after remaining there only a few months, he returned to Paris; nor had any notice been taken of it. This last affair (which he informed me of, as we kept up a correspondence) put a finale to his Parisian pursuits. His extravagance exceeding his father's repeated liberality to him, he left Paris, and embarked at Bordeaux for St. Kitt's, where he had a rich uncle, who was a planter; but owing to the climate, and the effects of his former dissipations, he survived but a short time.

JOHN BULL.—The consequences that might have been the result of my visit to Madame Henriette's, in the Rue des Pélicans, sufficiently convinced me that I was exposed to danger in Paris, as well as to dissipation, and I had many reasons to congratulate myself upon

having been released that night. Conscious that I had been acting wrong, I determined no longer to trust myself at night with my English friend, who was thoroughly initiated into all the vices of Paris. His father had a large manufactory, where he made fancy paper to adorn rooms, which was very lucrative to him; and many went to him who wished to furnish their houses *à l'Anglaise*. Before he left England, he had long been acquainted with the ways of the town, and boasted what a choice spirit he once was. He had been a great crony of Hogarth; and used to tell me many diverting stories of their nocturnal rambles, as he called them, to see nature.

One of the places where they used to resort was for persons of all descriptions; Bob Deny's, well known in our caricaturist's time. He told me the following strange story, and, incredible as it appeared, yet it gave me an idea of the old school of "Odd Fellows":—"On my being made a member, I was told that the first night I might expect to be *knocked down*, and on my first entering into the room, I walked up to the fire place. There I saw a respectable looking man seated in an arm chair, with a candle in his hand, who was lighting his pipe. Damme! I knocked him down. After picking up his wig, he called out, 'What's that for?'—'Because I was told I was to be knocked

down first.' I never afterwards received the least insult or a blow from any one, though I have passed many jolly evenings with pleasant fellows there." Many a cheerful evening I have passed at this house, and, young as I was, have with pleasure listened to his stories. He was a man that could not be dull, nor had he left his queer humours behind, and he was remarkable for his quaint conceits which he retained in France. One of his curious traits, by way of a quiz, was his inviting a party of Frenchmen, on Christmas day, to partake, as he told them, the usual annual dinner in England, on that day. Not in the secret, indeed I was not a little surprised to see on the table a huge sirloin of beef at the top, a bowl of punch in the middle, and an enormous plum pudding at the bottom. They all stared; the beef they considered as emblematical of John Bull, the punch as a medicine, and the plumb pudding, as *un cataplasme avec des raisins* (a poultice with plums). Astonished as they were, however, they had too much politeness to exhibit the least symptoms of disappointment, and rather than risk the chance of not being invited again, *politiquement*, they all past eulogiums on the English custom, and the fare set before them. One said, "Ah c'est un diné magnifique," and "superbe!" resounded in all directions. One of them, who had been but a short time in England, sang aloud, "Oh

de rost bif of old England." As this dinner was only to astonish the natives, when the first course was removed, a curious French one was placed on the table. A dish of frogs at the top, *soupe maigre* in the middle, *bœuf bouilli* at bottom. Mine host on seeing the frogs make their appearance, was not behind hand with his compliments, and, in his turn, exclaimed, licking his lips and clapping his hands, "Bravo! *magnifique! superbe!*" He was a merry companion, full of anecdote of the old school, and when he was in a singing humour, he liked to have English guests to listen to him. He, however, gave them a good dinner first, and they were afterwards obliged to hear nearly all the songs of "The Beggar's Opera," or the bacchanalian ones in "Comus," for these were his two favourite pieces.

SUDDEN DEATH.—It must have been at the beginning of this century, when passing by Rood-lane, in the city, at the corner next to an upholsterer's, a gentleman, rather lusty, holding an umbrella over his head, seemed to be tottering along, and just as I approached him, he fell in my arms. He was very heavy, and though the shop was close to me, it was with difficulty that I helped him in. His countenance spoke such evident symptoms of illness that I unloosened his collar, and he began to foam at the mouth. I ran directly to look for an apothecary or sur-

geon, and finding the latter, we hastened back together. On seeing the patient, he said, he appeared to be in an apoplectic fit. On making inquiries, I was informed that the gentleman was a Mr. Purdie, who resided in Mark-lane. I went there immediately, and inquiring for any one of the family, his son, who was the only person at home, was introduced to me. On his seeing me, his first words were, "How is my father?" On my informing him of the particulars, he politely apologized for not asking me in, and ran directly to see his father. Having to attend at Mr. Boutflower's, a school in Tower-street, I was delayed for nearly an hour, and at my return I called at the house where the catastrophe happened. Knocking at the street-door, an old woman, with a basin and a few drops of blood in it, made her appearance, and when I asked her if the gentleman had recovered, she said, "Oh, Sir, he is quite happy now." I replied that I was glad I had brought a surgeon in time, when she told me that he had died half an hour ago.

About a fortnight afterwards, the son called on me in Cateaton-street, where I then had my fencing academy, to thank me for my attentions to his father, and I mentioned to him how surprised I was that he should have said, "How is my father?" before I had spoken to him,—when he told me, that he had dreamt the night

before that his father was going to die, and he was therefore prepared for the event. I have not much faith in dreams, but this was certainly a curious coincidence.

ASSASSINS.—After my escape from the consequences that might have attended my visit to the Rue des Pélicans, what I beheld a month subsequently would have been a warning to me never to have gone there. Night quarrels *then* were of the utmost danger—what they may be now, I am perfectly ignorant; but at the time I am speaking of, it was dangerous for any one to go alone to the gaming-houses in Paris. At that period, if a quarrel took place, and you retired to a by-street to draw your sword, and had no friend with you, you stood little chance of escape from being wounded, or worse, for there were generally several leagued together. In the spring of the year at Paris, the quay between the Pont Neuf and the Pont Notre Dame used to be crowded with soldiers, some of the finest men in the regiment: serjeants, recruiters (*bretailleurs*), with long swords placed above their hips, and they strutted about, looking so fiercely, as to attract the notice of every passer by. The victim of the unfortunate circumstance I am about to relate, was Serjeant Leger, an excellent fencer of the *première force*, whose elegant figure and mildness of manners greatly influenced the amateurs

of the science. Though he was only in the ranks, his presence in every fencing-room was acceptable, and when Saint George was his antagonist, the match never failed to excite attention. I soon became acquainted with him, and formed a friendship for him, not merely for the instructions he was ever pleased to give me, but because of his gentlemanlike behaviour and his attentions, which made me the more regret what befel him. Leger belonged to the regiment de Bourbon, and as his abilities attracted general notice, much jealousy was excited among the many whose skill with the foil was inferior to his. He was such a gallant fellow, too, that he was a great favourite among the ladies. Unhappily, however, his career did not last to the age of thirty : in the very house (Henriette's) I have alluded to, a party of young men laid wait for him, and having provoked him to go out, no sooner was he in the street, than he received a number of wounds, most of them severe ones. The next morning I saw his body stripped in the *morgue* (a receptacle for dead bodies), and counted seven stabs in the back. Speaking of my deliverer, Monsieur Dupré, (for I must ever consider him as such,) though he was perfectly competent to give instruction, yet, as he was lame, he had long quitted the executive part. When a young man, having killed three in duels, and wounded

others, he was beset one night by several men, and thrown into a dry well; the consequence of which was, that both his legs were broken, which put an end to that scientific skill which had so long been a scarecrow to others. One of the finest provinces in France supplied him with abundance of poultry, and he sold them to his scholars, as he was continually in the habit of receiving them. They hung round his fencing-room with his foils, *les bonnes pouardes de Normandie.*

HOLE IN THE WALL.—When first I was at Paris, I was introduced to Lord Massareene, who, at the time, was in the Abbaye prison for debt, and the usher of Monsieur Motett, under whom my father had placed me to learn fencing, attended him. He had long been confined there, and being a good fencer, I was anxious to improve myself. Through the usher's introduction, I was always a welcome visitor to him, as that was the only exercise that kept him in health. Many hours have we passed together *fleuret à la main*, and in the evening champagne or burgundy followed. Though in a prison, he took care to have good fare provided, and we obtained there what sometimes is wanting in a palace, a good appetite produced from exercise. In his prosperous days, the beautiful Madame Columbe, of the *Comédie Italienne*, was his *bonne amie*. Unfortunately for

him, while incarcerated, he once made an attempt to escape, and having procured a rope-ladder, at an early hour was going to descend from a hole he had made in the wall, and had actually got one leg out, when he was discovered by the sentinel; and after that circumstance, his Lordship was confined with greater strictness, which continued up to the late revolution in France.

FENCING-MASTERS' QUARREL.—Soon after my father had been appointed fencing-master to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, a man named Redman, a tall athletic Hibernian, who had instructed our late Sovereign, was so incensed at my father having displaced him, that he was continually abusing him as a foreigner coming to this country to take away his bread. My father meeting him in the Haymarket, at the corner of James-street, accosted him, at the same time inquiring, how he dared to speak disrespectfully of his coming to this country. Redman directly lifted up a thick stick, when my father, in his defence, raised his cane, and avoided a blow aimed at him. The result was, Redman had his head broke, and his wig left in the kennel. My father, the next day, sent his friend Mr. Frederick, son of the reputed King of Corsica, to Redman, to mention to him the disgrace attending two fencing-masters fighting

with sticks in the streets, and if he would walk out any distance from town, and appoint the place, my father would meet him. His answer was, “ He should put my father in the Crown-office,” which was the case. A trial ensued in the Court of King’s Bench, for an assault, and though this was in the middle of the Haymarket, Redman procured a shoebblack to swear (although his stand for years had been at the corner of Pall-mall) that my father gave him the first blow. Redman laid his damages at a thousand pounds, asserting that he had received violent bruises, his head being dangerously broken, his wig left in the kennel, and that he lost a diamond ring, valued at forty pounds ; that the fracture on his head had ever since prevented him instructing his scholars, to the great loss of business, being only able to teach for a few minutes, when he was suddenly seized with a swimming in the head, which (nearly fainting) obliged him to be seated ; and that, after the application of salts, he recovered slowly, and was prevented that day from attending his scholars. My father had to pay one hundred pounds damages, and ninety pounds costs.

VICTORIOUS MAN-OF-WAR.—At the time the Ville de Paris was on the stocks at the dock-yard, Chatham, I paid a visit to my friend William King (since captain to the late Sir Home Popham), who was then first Lieutenant

to the Victorious man-of-war. Our party consisted of John Johnstone, Incledon, Munden, and my worthy friend Thomas Clarke, who was at that time in Sir Robert Preston's house. Munden only accompanied us as far as Deptford, where we breakfasted. When we arrived at Rochester, we had a boat to take us to the Victorious, which was above a mile distant, where we were received on board with that welcome which we fresh water visitors gladly experienced. Having introduced us to the different officers, with that cordiality and openness which seemed so natural to them, we soon became acquainted, not like some introductions on shore, where the colour of the coat was not blue.

After taking great pains to engage our attention with different parts of the ship, we were ushered to dinner. Here, well stowed, after an excellent repast of many good things only to be expected on shore, a general conviviality appeared to invite us to finish the evening merrily. I think it must have been about four when we sat down to dinner; from that time till late at night, commencing with the quick firing of the glass, we landsmen obeyed our gallant officer, nor did he find us *pressed* men, backward in doing our duty; relieved, at times, by Johnstone and Incledon taking the vocal command, to the delight of the jovial crew.

Though for so many hours crowded together in a cabin, the time passed so very cheerfully, that when we took our departure it was near twelve o'clock.

After so many hours over the bottle, assisted into the boat, we embarked for Rochester. I was seated near the steerage; Johnstone sat next to me. Two of the Lieutenants, I think their names were Young and Philpot, finding we were a little elevated, for our safety kindly took upon themselves to convey us. All my mother's relations were brought up to the sea, and, from her information, she was related to Admiral Byng. Whether to recommend myself the more for the civilities I had received from my new sea friends, or that I fancied I retained the spirit of my ancestors, who lay not far off in the Island of Sheppy, and whose tomb-stones mention their exploits, I could not resist jumping on the seat to convince the Lieutenants of my courage (having been a good swimmer when at Eton), and that I was not afraid to swim on shore. This valiant attempt took place just as we were facing the Ville de Paris. Roused by their laughter, and fancying they doubted my naval family boast, I plunged from the boat into the water, when, fortunately, Johnstone got hold of the collar of my coat, and during the remainder of the way, which must have been a mile, though I occasionally endeavoured to dis-

entangle myself, he kept my head above water; now and then, when I was struggling to get away, ducking my head under the water to cool my courage. He kept hold of me till we landed.

This might have been a most serious affair to me, and from that I have had reason to remember our late Irish excellent performer. Had he not at the moment grasped my collar, I inevitably must have been drowned, as a very strong current was running at the time; and supposing I had swum on shore to the dock-yard, I might have been fired at, at such an hour of the night, the 60th regiment being on duty there. Lieutenant Philpot plunging in at the same time, luckily Johnstone was holding me fast, or we might, in struggling, have gone down together. All the way, till we got to Rochester, I was swimming with my head supported, and kicking out my legs. Thank God! at last I found my feet on shore, when we went to the inn, and assisted by the maids with worsted stockings and flannel petticoats, and the landlord's great coat, I sat down and enjoyed a hearty supper, with an appetite, from drinking too freely, increased by my headstrong attempt. After my aquatic plunge, to shew my pot-valiant vaunting, a glass of brandy was nectar to me, and supper a paradise.

The next morning, with difficulty I could get my clothes on, and the inside of my watch, from being yellow, was turned green ; however, I ought to be thankful. They say Providence protects a drunken man. After so many hours, what with the heat of the cabin and drinking, my constitution must have been that of a Russian, as not a day's illness ensued from the cold bath I had hazarded.

O'BRIEN THE ACTOR.—Previous to going on the stage, O'Brien was a fencing-master, in Dublin. However, he *pushed* himself into the good opinions of his scholars. His manners and deportment very much contributed to that general notice to which he was entitled. Quitting the foil, he made a *point* to try the stage. Here it was remarked at the time, from his ease and *manière dégagée*, that he was superior to all his contemporaries, as the first gentleman actor. Even our late favourite, Lewis, of Covent Garden, was said to be far inferior to him. The latter is now succeeded by Mr. Jones, who stands alone a most deserving substitute in that line, not only for good acting, but with a figure suiting “ the action to the word,” ensuring that easy address, that air *dégagé*, which the first amateur actors of the *genre poli*, however they may find themselves perfectly easy in the drawing-room, yet on the stage, unaccustomed to the *jeu de théâtre*, not only find themselves awkward in attaining,

but, what is worse, the audience would also discover it. O'Brien, to add a new character to his performance, as a gentleman, not a Benedict on the stage, but off, married a lady of quality. Gallini, the dancing-master, did the same, who also *stepped* into honours with a view of getting a better *footing*, by marrying Lady Elizabeth, the sister of Lord Abingdon.

LORD EARDLEY.—Having been known to Lord Eardley when a child (then Sir Sampson Gideon), I used to be often at his house, and having since been always honoured with his notice, I was invited, with my friend John Bannister, to his mansion. In the evening, Suet and Dignum made their appearance there. Whilst drinking our coffee, and entering into conversation, which was general, Suet was particularly shy and reserved, and seemed awkward in such company, keeping himself at a distance. Of the party there, I only recollect the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, Sir Watkin William Wynne, Colonel Grant, and Captain Coffin (afterwards Sir Isaac Coffin). After supper, as the champagne was up, so were the spirits of the whole party; Suet more than the rest, who before seemed quite out of his element—now the nocturnal revels commenced with singing. The humour of Suet, the melody of Dignum, pleased us all highly. Bannister, who, previously, with his whimsical imitations, kept us all laughing, sang one of Dibdin's

songs, “I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy,” where he describes the “loss of three poor sailors;” he gave it with such feeling and pathos, that the scene, which, but a few minutes before, was all merriment, was now changed to the *penseroso*, and such effect had it on the sympathy of Captain Coffin that he could not refrain from tears; indeed the whole company seemed *renversée*. Suet, no longer shy, gave rather too great scope to his eccentric drollery, for the wine had so far operated, that in the morning (this must have been about four o’clock), he stood upon his chair, unasked for, shouting aloud the different hunting halloos. His lordship, whose generosity and benevolence were proverbial, made offers to the company what he could do for them, governor to so many hospitals, particularly the Foundling. He only wished that *every* one *parently* would give him an opportunity to oblige them, when a young nobleman called out, “Damme! give me your daughter and sixty thousand pounds.” His lordship, who was always good nature and kindness personified, did not exhibit the least ill will at this abrupt proposition. Sir Watkin was the first to leave the party, at six o’clock, the others following, after passing an evening *plaisamment*.

Like my father, his professional services were at all times welcome to the gentlemen of the

theatre, particularly those at the top, and more often to the *commençant*. The first time I saw Stephen Kemble's son perform at Drury Lane, his father was then manager there. Having been long known to his two brothers, especially Charles Kemble, who, at one time, was one of my most indefatigable scholars, and best fencer, happy to have an opportunity of shewing my civilities to the family, and encouraged by the comely figure of the new aspirant, he was welcome to my efforts to improve it. At the theatre, without sending in my card, I requested to see Mr. Stephen Kemble. When I was ushered into his sanctorum, addressing him, *standing* near the door, I was not asked to sit down. I addressed him, “Sir, not having the honour of being known to you, I have taken the liberty to,”—stopping me, he replied, “I am at this time so much engaged”—“I should be sorry, Sir, to intrude, but,”—“I must tell you, Sir, the season is too far advanced.” “Excuse me, Mr. Kemble, I am not come for an engagement. My name is Angelo; I am come to *engage* your son to make an *engagement* to engage my scholars with a foil in his hand.” “My dear Sir, pray sit down,” (handing me a chair) “don't stand so near the door, there's a thorough draft.” The manager's lofty countenance soon changed to his Falstaff's smile, at the same time he made every polite offer in his power to

serve me. I assured him I had no other motive than civility, that I was much obliged to him for the kind tender of his services, but that as to admission to the theatre, Mr. Garrick had first placed my father's family on the free list, which had continued ever since. The next day I had a visit from his son, who had not the perseverance of his uncle Charles, whom, unlike some of the whiskered dandies of the present day, neither fatigue nor perspiration checked, in his ardour to excel; yet from the pains the nephew took, I should have been pleased if he had continued with me, which was for a short time, his summer engagements taking him from town. Some time after, I met Mr. Stephen Kemble, when I dined with Mr. Kean, on his birth-day, in Clarges-street, and related there my *début* with the Drury-lane manager, my reception, and his mistake; however *I* told my story, *his* pleasantry improved the scene, and the equivoque that took place did not a little add to the laughter of those who sat near him.

SELF-CONCEIT.—Among the many performers whom I have professionally instructed *en ami*, to give that grace and deportment so requisite in genteel comedy, I failed in one instance. Being requested by Mr. Harris to give some lessons in fencing to a gentleman, previous to his making his *début* at Covent Garden, which was to take place in a fortnight, he waited on me. He

spoke in a consequential manner of the flattering reception, and repeated applause he had so frequently experienced in the different country theatres, especially in his favourite character, Hamlet. Yet he possessed neither countenance nor figure to *smell the lamp*, seeming more adapted to take a letter on the stage, or to be one of the Governor's suite in "The Critic." No matter, I was happy to attend to his desire, as my family were under infinite obligations to Mr. Harris; I therefore proposed to him to take off his coat, and as his time was so very short, previous to his first appearance on a London stage, I could only promise to perfect him in the graces of the two positions, the attitudes of defence and attack, and also the salute, as the latter (which, when I instructed Mr. Kean, I recommended him to exhibit previous to his assault with Laertes) might be pleasing to the boxes; but he was then too much engaged, being obliged that day to meet a friend, and he would wait on me the day following. Perhaps too much engaged again to keep his proposed appointment, he only came near me twice, and that was but two days before the night of his entrée, and trouble enough he gave me to weary even that patience formed by years of habit when instructing the most awkward pupils. Full of complacency at his own abilities, all my endeavours failed, for when

I desired him a second time to do any thing over again, his answer was “ I know it, I know it.” “ What do you know ?” I replied. “ Oh, you’ll see it the first night—I shall be perfect.” But in the fencing scene he bungled so ridiculously, that the audience first laughed, and such a hissing ensued, that what was said in the fencing match was not heard ; this soon put a stop to the combatants. As curiosity only induced me to see the last scene, I was ignorant how he had got on previously, but soon was told, that often at intervals the geese were not silent.

COL. HERRIES, L.H.V. was so fond of fencing, that when travelling on the continent he went several miles, (as he told me) particularly in the garrison towns, to inquire for the fencing schools, and the best fencers for his antagonists. Many years ago, in 1778, he visited my father’s school in Carlisle-street. I then was usher there. In an assault with the Colonel (my father not suffering masks), he was very near receiving a thrust in his eye ; happily I only grazed it. Though so long as sixteen years had elapsed, he honoured me with his patronage, and in recommending me to his corps, I was appointed their fencing-master, at a lucrative salary, and by way of example, *sans chemise*, he was always the first to attack me. In speaking of the ama-

teurs of the day, for knowledge of the science, and the practical part, in my opinion none were superior to him.

CANNING AT ETON SCHOOL.—I do not know whether the following lines were ever in print. The manuscript was given to me by an old contemporary who was at Eton with me, and who told me they were given to him by Mr. Canning, our late Premier. They are the effusions of his pen, when at school there. Pote was the bookseller to the college—Miss Mary Kendall's father kept the Christopher Inn there :

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MARY KENDALL.

Gaudia Poetica, vel POTEica.

What were the few frail joys of mortal life
Without that first, and best—a wedded wife ?
Without a wife, on whom thy soul must doat,
What were thy lot, O man, or thine, O Pote ?
Miss Mary Kendall—Kendall now no more—
Brings to thy arms of joy a plenteous store.
Had she been coy, in vain thy fortune made,
Still had thou plied the typographic trade.
But, ah, fair Fate, no cruel she, nor coy,
Rejects the advances of her amorous boy.
Pleased she assents,—winds catch the joyful note—
She yields, she smiles, she weds her happy Pote.
With looks of cordial comfort, side by side,
And he the bridegroom was, and she the bride.
How fine his clothes ? how gorgeous she was seen ?
Some say in pea, and some—in “ *Kendal green.*”

Oh, how the bridegroom, solace of his soul,
By way of portion, touched the “*Kendal coal.*”
How blithe the evening passed, with mirthful glee,
And the bride played, “I love my love with a P.”
And how in *sheets*, he pressed the blooming dame,
Bound in his arms, and *titled* with his name.

Hail, happy pair ! still on each other doat,

* * * * *

And may your own endeavours, and God’s grace,
Give you—in whom, united, we may trace
The mother’s virtue, and the father’s face,
In breeches some, and some in petticoats—
A playful progeny of pretty Potes.

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SOUTHAMPTON ADVENTURE.—In September, 1793, my old acquaintance B******, the *ciderant cher ami* of Lady W******, known by the appellation of the gallant Lothario among his intimates, took me in his gig to Southampton. In our way, approaching to Winchester, we stopped at Mr. Wilmot’s, who married the daughter (sister of Brinsley Sheridan’s second wife) of Sir Chaloner Ogle who was the famous modeller of cattle, in the style of Garrard, well known for his abilities. He received us most hospitably, and pleased I was to meet with an old schoolfellow who had been a crony of mine at Eton. The weather, though in autumn, was intensely hot. Our dinner, quite *al fresco*, was brought from the ice house, and his madeira from his cellar next to the kitchen fireplace. His lady (I should think they were

parted) was absent, but left the genius of her pencil behind her, in many beautiful drawings of horses, cows, &c. &c. which adorned her *boudoir*. The next day, with difficulty he suffered us to depart. On our way from Winchester by the lower road to Southampton, having some bait, with my fishing tackle, which I had taken with me in the gig (to the surprise of my *conducteur*), for there was a trout stream the greater part of the way, seeing a favourable spot, I jumped out of the chaise, and requested a few minutes law to try my piscatory skill. Fortunately I caught a trout of two pounds weight, which was dressed for us at Southampton. What with the heat of the weather, and fatigue, I rather think, for each of us had drunk our bottle, the wine had too much heated my fellow traveller's brains, which might have been serious in the event of our evening's ramble. It happened that many of the Toulonese, who had escaped the conflagration when Sir Sidney Smith landed at Toulon, taking refuge in Lord Hood's fleet, were put on shore at Southampton, and had taken up their quarters in the suburbs. In our walks hearing a fiddle, our curiosity led us to where they were all making merry; when, placing ourselves directly opposite a parlour window, we beheld them dancing. By stationing ourselves there some time, we so displeased them, that several of them came out,

and *poliment* requested us to leave the place, which my friend positively refused, treating them with contempt, observing that they were *un tas de faquins, de sans culottes, qui viennent manger notre pain*, (that they came to eat our bread); which so enraged them, especially the women, that their *amants* in a moment surrounded us; when, luckily for my friend, I made them all laugh at my singing a French song, “*Vive l'amour, vive le vin*,” a favourite air in the “*Déserteur*,” and dancing the *fricassée* before them (the *paysan* wooden shoe dance), when, assuring them my companion was *griser*, and related to Lord Hood, they paid us directly every attention and invited us in. As soon as we were seated, we had wine brought us, where we remained some time at the expence of their *gaieté*. After the provocation they had received and left entirely to their revenge, my *étourdi* might well thank me for his deliverance. At our return to the inn, we were told that they all carried clasped knives about them, which had already (in their own quarrels) been used à *l' Italienne*. Afterwards, whenever relating our Southampton encounter with the Toulonese, and my *ruse de guerre*, I was styled “his guardian angel.” In stating the above of my friend, whom I have known above forty years, I must also add, that his hospitality and engaging manners were well known to many

who have often experienced a welcome reception at his house in the New-road, near Baker-street, which might have continued to this day, had not his *bon cœur* and *galanterie* dissipated two fortunes, which too many shared with him.

MRS. ABINGDON EN CULOTTES.—At her benefit, to attract the town by the novelty of a new character, she performed the part of Scrub, in “The Beaux Stratagem.” At a very early hour, the house was quite full. That night I accompanied my mother to Mrs. Garrick’s box, when a general disappointment ensued. With all her endeavours to give new points to the character, she entirely failed. Her appearance *en culottes*, so preposterously padded, exceeded nature. Her gestures to look comical could not get the least hold of the audience, though they had seen her before in men’s clothes, when playing Portia, in “The Merchant of Venice,” where her figure, dressed as a lawyer in his *gown*, gave effect to her excellent delivery on mercy, and the audience had been always delighted. But this *jeu de bénéfice*, comparatively speaking, was disgusting and absurd as she dressed the character; and it must have been her previous merits alone that succeeded in calming the house, so as to listen to that attempt. Her benefit, too, pleaded for a *début* in a character so far beneath the notice of any

female. However, I have heard it originated in a bet she had previously made. Often, for benefits, I have known the greatest favourites in comedy, attempt some prominent part in tragedy, merely for the novelty of the day. If not a *clap-trap* for applause, *une trape* to put money in their pockets. I recollect our old favourite Tom King, at Drury Lane Theatre playing Richard the Third, and though in some scenes he excelled, yet those that had seen him in Lord Ogleby, Lissardo, &c. “Mungo here, Mungo there, Mungo every where,” preferred his true line to seeing “Richard himself again.”

FALLEN STARS.—I have often noticed the destiny of many of those unfortunate impures, who once rode in their carriages, and were the followed beauties of last century. Two in particular I perfectly remember ; one of them, Emily Coventry (an assumed name, having been told that she was like Lady Coventry), about the year 1776. At the time, her father, a blind beggar, used to beg in the streets, with a dog and a bell, calling out, “Pray remember the blind.” He had very long grey locks, and was a handsome old man in a ragged coat ; no longer accompanied with his daughter Emily, who used to lead him ; she was in the suite of Mother Windsor, in King’s Place. Previous to Mr. — taking her from thence to India, Sir Joshua Reynolds

painted her portrait, a full length, in the character of Thais, with a torch in her hand. It was afterwards published, and may be had now in most of the print-shops in town. This unprecedented traveller, spite of *such* a beginning, had succeeded in her voyage to the river Ganges, and was very near Calcutta, having left the ship in a boat on her way there, when her extreme delicacy, thus circumstanced, was the cause of her dissolution. I have been told that a mausoleum is erected there to her memory. Some time after, Mrs. Mills, whose portrait, painted by Villers, and represented as Hebe, the same that is now exhibited in most of the print-shops, was one of the first elegantes. Her house was richly furnished ; she had two beautiful carriages, a box at the Opera House, &c. &c., and *éclat* wherever she went, followed by crowds of beaus, particularly two dashing ones from the city, S—n—r and C—k—t, to all public places, who were the *élite* at her *petits soupers*. I should mention that at that period she was mistress to the son of a banker, *near* the Mansion-house. Her parties generally finished with gambling—hazard always being the order of the night. All went on well for some time ; but the continual losses of the two *bourgeois* visitants began to open their eyes, nor could the charms and pleasing reception, the profuse entertainments of *la belle hôtesse*, pre-

vent their suspicion that the dice were loaded. The next time Madame was *at Home*, (that fashionable term was then unknown) the two city followers, to be convinced if they were dupes, took an instrument with them purposely to break the dice. After some time, repeatedly losing, the dice were broken, and the discovery made; when the whole party, who so often had paid dearly for their suppers, after bestowing the most degrading, but appropriate epithets on the *escroquerie* they had so long suffered, all quitted the house, accusing both host and hostess of downright cheating. The banker's son, though he could not deny it, was for challenging them all; but they treated him and his *défi* with contempt. Disgraced and ashamed at the circumstance becoming public, he left the country at the time Sir Sidney Smith distinguished himself in the Swedish service, and entering there as a volunteer, was killed in the first action. Here began the downfall of our heroine, now a fallen star. My old acquaintance, Joe Anderson, a well-known lawyer, who lived in Golden-square, and who had been the *cher ami* of Mrs. Mahon, called the *Bird of Paradise*, a pretty little figure, and (another *sobriquet*) Mrs. Irvince, who was named the *White Swan*, from her very fair complexion, constantly escorted these ladies to Feulliard's, a French dancing-master, who kept a *bal*

dissolu (a *hop*), in Queen-street, Golden-square. Here all sorts mingled together—ladies of the above description, *les dames entretenues*, *grisettes*, mantua-makers, officers, including Bow-street ones, Bond-street loungers, &c.; in short, company *de tous genres*. Though Mrs. Mills had ever been above such places and the *ladies* that frequented them, now *abandonnée*, she was glad to find an asylum at my acquaintance Joe's, where she lived with him for a few years. His dissipation and his former pursuits had so far reduced his constitution, that a decline, and, in addition, a decline of those means that supported his extravagance, rapidly ensued. He did not long survive the state he had reduced himself to, leaving his female inmate to begin the world again, with an emaciated appearance, the reverse of what it once was, the fairest of the fair;—deserted by all that once knew her, and many whom she had sumptuously fed, “like stars that fall never to rise again,” she was reduced to poverty and disease, without a vestige left of her former attractions. Here's full scope for a moral scribe. Pitying the fatal end of those abandoned females, left to misery and want, I shall only repeat, “They all were virtuous *once*.” I could say a great deal more, but am not philosopher enough to put it on paper.

THE LEARNED SCHOOLMASTER.—The late

Doctor Goodenough, who was my first patron, and whose seminary, at Ealing, I attended above thirty years, used, after the morning school, to take his ride. During this exercise he often met Doctor ——— (*soi-disant*), I know not of what degree, except ASS. Formerly, having been in business, (the Greenland trade I was told) and retiring with more money than wit, in his speculation to increase his income, he turned schoolmaster; and, like too many others, procuring competent assistants, and an extensive mansion to attract the parents, obtained a capital seminary, with a number of boys. Their meeting in their morning ride was on their way home, when Doctor ASS. was invited to stop, and take his dinner. This happened to be one of my days of attendance, and I had the same invitation. The present Dukes of Rutland, Portland, Lords Charles Manners, Bentinck, and Somerset, &c. sat at the table. The invited doctor, *sans cérémonie*, introduced his finger and thumb into the salt-cellar, scattering the salt over some greens he had on his plate. This excited a general laugh among the young nobility, which did not at all hurt his feelings, he saying at the time, “ You may laugh, young gentlemen,” (grinning himself) “ this is the way I always *does* ;” not a little to the surprise and discomfiture of Doctor Goodenough and the guests—“ Nemo mortaliū omnibus horis sapit.”

HAPPY PAIR.—Returning one day from my professional attendance in the country, when near Turnham Green I met a happy pair (as I imagined) in a hackney-coach, that were taking a trip from town to pass their billing in the country ; but having quarrelled at the moment a return post-chaise was passing by, the postillion was called to stop ; at the time I was close by in my gig, and hearing the noise, I stopped also, when I beheld a young gentleman hand a lady out of the coach, and having placed her in the chaise, instead of bidding her adieu, sang, “ How sweet’s the love that meets *return*,” the words of an old Vauxhall song.

SECTION X.

Manuscript Anecdotes, given to me by Mr. John Bannister, written, for his “Budget,” by Horace Smith and George Colman.

CHARLES BANNISTER was a bon vivant, and was remarkably fond of blackstrap. A friend said to him one day, “ Why, Charles, I never heard you complain of a sore *throat*?” “ How should you, when I am always gargling my throat with red port?”

Some years ago, when debating societies were the rage, at a very riotous one, where every body was heard but the *speaker*, a mischievous wag snatched off the president’s wig—ran into the street—threw the wig away, and cried, “ Stop thief!”

Frank North made it a rule, whenever he passed a trunk-maker’s, near Charing-cross, whose name was Lot, and who had two daughters (the name attracting his attention), always to stop and ask him, “ Pray, Mr. Lot, how are your two daugh-

ters?" "Sir, what have you to do with my two daughters?" when, laughing at him, "Mr. Lot, how is your pillar of salt?"

Mr. Platt and Charles Bannister, two capital punsters, were passing the day pleasantly over the bottle, at Fox-tavern, Bow-street, Covent-garden, when an Irish gentleman, who sat between them, rather annoyed with such continual punning, said, "Gentlemen, you really oppress me; you wear me out; pray allow me a little breathing time. However" (lowering his tone), "I should be sorry to offend, and hope, in the name of good fellowship" (taking out his snuff-box), "you will honour me by taking a pinch of blackguard." Platt and Bannister said nothing, but both *pinched* him at the same moment.

LORD HOWE.—The general rumour, after Howe's action on the 1st of June, 1794, was that he would return to Portsmouth. I was anxious to see the sight, for it was expected that he would bring the French prizes with him. Previous to my leaving town, however, I called on a friend, one of the first clerks in the Admiralty, who informed me he was expected there every day, and that the wind was very fair for him. Accordingly that night I left town alone on the top of the Portsmouth coach. The next morning, about ten o'clock, I was on the summit of Portsdown

Hill, when we beheld the first ship that passed round St. Helen's. Soon after, to our surprise, we were told that it was Lord Howe's fleet, as the other ships soon followed. On our arriving at Portsmouth, I hastened directly to the platform, just as the guns were saluting his lordship on his coming ashore at the Sallyport. On his landing, he directly walked to the Governor's house, and, following the crowd, I met with Astley, of Westminster-bridge theatre. I proposed to him for us to take a boat, and go on board the prizes, as four were brought in. We soon came alongside of one that was entirely dismasted; Astley was impatient to go on board, but was refused by the lieutenant that was walking the deck; when, standing up in the boat, he called out aloud, "I am Astley, from Westminster-bridge—nobody never refuses me. When I gets to town, I'll shew 'em how I bang the Mounseers." But all his fine oratory would not do; we were ordered to sheer off. We then went to the next prize, which was the Sans Pareil, and were admitted on deck. There was a sight that shocked us—such was the devastation that presented itself. Not a mast was standing. On the upper deck was a large hogshead, which they told us, during the action, had been kept filled, to keep up the spirits of the crew; and, judging from the number of boys who were playing on the deck, and from

the hobnails on their shoes, they must have been taken from the plough.

When we went below deck, the scene was truly frightful; on each side were hammocks on the floor, with numbers of dying and wounded; many of their comrades were seen praying to them, holding up the cross, and some appeared lifeless. At this moment I fancy I see their pale faces and black beards. Here great havock must have been made, as the shot appeared, from the grooves on the deck, like that of a ploughshare on the earth, to have raked through the cabin, from stern to stem. Our curiosity did not last long; the smell, with the sight of the dying, and the groans of the wounded, soon put an end to our naval visit. At night there was a general illumination—the whole town seemed in a blaze; not like the illumination that was at Paris for the victory the French boasted, after Keppel's engagement with D'Orvilliers, on the 27th of June, 1777—a manœuvre, to keep the people in the *dark*. The next day, *alone*, I took a boat, which, by my direction, was to lead me alongside of our ships that had been most mauled. Of two that I went on board of, the first was Lord Howe's, the Queen Charlotte. There I found not the least appearance (speaking comparatively of what I had seen) of an action having taken place; the boards on the

deck were as white and clean as any one would find in his own house, after a usual scouring. I have since heard, that, during the action, on board his ship only water was allowed to the sailors. The next ship was the Brunswick, Captain Harvey. As I passed it, the appearance was far different to all the others I had seen ; there were numerous shot-holes, which very much excited my curiosity to be admitted on board. Here I was very civilly received, on sending up my card, particularly by the surgeon, who gave me a cordial reception, and plenty of grog, in his cabin. After shewing me a box full of balls, pieces of iron, and splinters, he had extracted, he took me to those parts of the ship that had suffered most. In particular, I remarked two port-holes beat into one, and the surgeon, at the same time, told me, that nine sailors on that spot had lost their lives. From his account the slaughter must have been dreadful. On their arrival at Spithead, the captain was sent on shore, where he died (while I was at Portsmouth) of his wounds. The same evening, according to promise, Rowlandson, the artist, came to meet me.

The morning following we saw, on the Gosport side, the landing of the French prisoners, numbers of different divisions filing off to the different stations allotted them. As for the wounded, previous to their quitting the boats,

carts were placed alongside, and when filled, on the smack of the whip, were ordered to proceed. The sudden jolting made their groans appalling, and must have occasioned the wounds of many to produce an immediate hemorrhage. The sight was dreadful to behold; numbers were boys, mutilated, some not more than twelve years old, who had lost both legs. In the evening we went to Forton prison. Those who were not in the last engagement, were in high spirits, in their shops, selling all sorts of toys and devices, made from shin-bones, &c. In one of the sick wards we saw one of the prisoners, who, an officer told us, had been a tall, handsome man, previous to the battle; but, having received a shot that had lacerated his side, a mortification had taken place. He was then making his will; his comrades were standing by, consoling him, some grasping his hand, shedding tears.

This scene was too much for me, and made such an impression on my mind that I hastened away; but I could not persuade Rowlandson to follow me, his inclination to make a sketch of the dying moment getting the better of his feelings. After waiting some time below, for my friend, he produced a rough sketch of what he had seen:—a ghastly figure, sitting up in bed, a priest holding a crucifix before him, with a group standing round. The interior exhibited

the contrivance of the French to make their prison habitable. When finished, it was added to my collection, a memento of the shocking sight I beheld at Forton prison.

Our curiosity not stopping here, we entered another sick ward, but the stench and closeness of the place, crowded as it was, prevented our remaining there more than a very short time. The next day, having seen quite enough, I returned to town. Rowlandson went to Southampton, where he made a number of sketches of Lord Moira's embarkation for La Vendée. I saw them afterwards, and was delighted, for it appeared he had taken more pains than usual, and he must have pourtrayed them well, from having been on the spot himself at the time. The shipping, and the various boats filled with soldiers, were so accurately delineated, that I have often since regretted that I did not at that time purchase them. Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly, who has by him many of the very finest drawings, executed by Rowlandson, in his best days (for latterly they were very inferior), fortunately purchased them. He was one of his first and best patrons ; and, I understand, he has twenty-five folio volumes of the most choice caricatures of the last and present century, which must be an invaluable *recueil*, shewing not only what we were, but the age we live in. Had Rowlandson gone with the expedition, then landing in

hear, “*Montrez-moi Saint Poll!*” then looking around him with an air as if his knowledge and instruction had attracted notice. The two boys, with their noses over the dirty handkerchief, were about a quarter of an hour looking for it in vain. This brought the addition of another pint, which was placed before him ; nor did he give himself any trouble as long as it lasted. Then scolding his pupils for their long delay in finding St. Poll, rising up, as if pleased with his superior *connoissance* of the streets of London, and scratching off the snuff that adhered to the handkerchief, he pointed to the place with his finger, sotto voce, “*Voilà St. Poll.*” *Quel savant!*

MUSIC AND PEDIGREE.—Not long after Lord Hood’s attack on Toulon, I was at Portsmouth on a visit to a lieutenant on board the guard-ship, the Royal William. He gave me two large vellum cartridge cases, which he had brought from that place with him, at the same time telling me, that he found them in a prize, secreted as such ; but, on being opened, instead of powder, they were full of *six franc* pieces. One of them had been stolen from the church music, “*Non nobis, Domine,*” the other from the “*Archives.*” The latter was beautifully painted, and embellished with gold, and had a large tree, branching out with a number of arms of the De Sade family.

Some time afterwards, mentioning the circumstance to one of my scholars at Eton, who was of that name, he said, probably it might have belonged to his father's family, as he came from France, and now resided at Guernsey. Considering that, should the Bourbons ever return to France, it might be of the utmost consequence in restoring the inheritance to the family, although to me merely a curiosity, I mentioned it to him at the time, and he wrote home to make inquiries, stating what I had got. Having informed his brother, who resided in London, he called upon me, when shewing it to him, I related how I had come by it. He requested me to permit him to send it to his father, which I granted, at the same time begging to make my respects to him, and that I hoped at a future day to hear it had become a lucrative proof of his family's genealogy, being happy that it was in my power to pay any attention to them. From that day I have never heard a syllable on the subject; but if they, like many of the émigrés during the revolution, have since produced such proofs as to recover their *bien*, I wish the family joy; and as M. de Sade at that time lived at Guernsey, should he be still there, and read this, I would add, that wine is very good and cheap there. If it be true, that "good wine needs no bush," it is as true, that good wine and cheap is very acceptable. Could M. de Sade put me in the way

of purchasing some of the *meilleure qualité*, he shall have my thanks.

ETON RIOT.—Among the greatest sufferers in the Eton riot, when the boys opposed the butchers in Windsor, I, though then not eight years old, remember Lord ——'s son, nicknamed by the school, Devil Montague, was very near losing his life, having received a violent contusion on his head, which caused a fracture. Many Etonians succeeded in returning back to college, over Windsor bridge, only by being disguised in women's clothes, the butchers having secured the passage, to prevent their retreat. The late Norfolk Wyndham, M.P., at one time had been surrounded by three of the cleaver tribe, and was *clever* enough to knock down two, and escape to his school-fellows. The boys had secured the bargemen on their side, and Cannon, I should think the grandfather of the present pugilist of that name (who was beat by Spring), was one; a very stout man; also the noted Naylor, a contemporary *gemman* of the fist with Broughton.

SHAMROCK V. FLEUR DE LYS.—Above forty years ago, my fencing-room at the Opera-House, Haymarket, was open to all those foreigners whose abilities as fencers gave them their *entrée*. Among those who frequented it was an Irish gentleman, Mr. M'D ——t, since a counsellor in Dublin, and who had practised at Paris under Monsieur de

la Bossiere, and was often the antagonist of Monsieur St. George. On his return to England, he complimented me by preferring mine to the other fencing schools. It is necessary to say, at that time (before the revolution) there were above thirty fencing masters, all advertising *to be the best*. Now I considered myself, if not a Beau Nash, yet a Sir Clement Cotterell, as I was not only *maître d'armes*, but master of the ceremonies in my own school, where sometimes the foil and the temper were at variance with each other; the impetuosity of youth often got the better of the science. Two instances occurred within the space of a year, where my interference was not only necessary to preserve good order, but prevented consequences which might have been serious. The first was with Major Gordon, an Irish gentleman, late of the 67th regiment. When I last waited upon him at Bristol, where he resided about a year, he was then ninety-five, a tall stout handsome man, with a florid complexion, and in height six feet two, or more. According to his information, he was once fellow of the college at Dublin, and at one time tutor to General Hutchinson (my old schoolfellow at Eton), now Lord Donoughmore. When about forty, his *élève* offered him a commission in the army, which he accepted; and having, from his perfect knowledge of fencing, made some improve-

ments on the use of the bayonet, he instructed a number of soldiers, who, under his inspection, exhibited the new exercise before his late Majesty, at the Riding-house, Pimlico. Though the system was approved of, the result did not answer his expectation; however, it procured that preferment which led to his appointment to a situation in the island of Stark, near Guernsey; I think, lieutenant-governor. Previous to his practising at my room, he was considered the best fencer in Ireland, and he was a scholar of the late Kelly, whose abilities to this day are well known in Dublin.

At that time there was an annual meeting of amateurs of the *première force*, called the Knights of Tara. There were three classes, and prizes given to each. To the first an elegant steel diamond-cut sword, which the major won, and has shewn me. This exhibition of the science was always honoured with the presence of the lord-lieutenant and ladies, and concluded with a ball in the evening. I have been told, that the knights disagreeing among themselves, these annual meetings have long been discontinued. As foreigners of different countries, who frequented my academy, not only added to the amusement, but information (particularly the Italians) of the various methods of attack and defence peculiar to themselves, they were welcome visitors. One of the major's

antagonists, Monsieur Tranard, piqued himself on his superiority. Being told of the Frenchman's boasting, the next time they engaged Monsieur was beaten, using a fencing term, *à plate couture*. When denying repeated thrusts he had received, the major being irritated, lifted up his arm, and called out aloud, "I'll throw you out of the window." Though the action, if not the words, must have convinced him of what was intended, yet he affected not to understand, and to prevent any further dissatisfaction, I thought it better for them to change partners. Taking his place, I kept the other's attention employed till his anger got cool; however, the two combatants afterwards became better friends. The major was an excellent classical scholar, but spoke very little French; and the other *pretended* to know less English, so that during these assaults they afterwards conversed in Latin, very much to the amusement of the scholars.

The second difference might have proved serious, had I not been luckily in time to prevent it. My fencing-school being at the Opera-house, almost facing the Orange coffee-house, was at the corner of the Haymarket, then a receptacle for all the foreigners: if any of these, either from boasting or otherwise, had the reputation of being strong fencers, my room was sure to be the first for them to make their

début at. These *oiseaux de passage* were always well received by me, and I was the first to fence with them; many pretending that they had not touched a foil for months, though in full practice from Paris. Some of them turned fencing-masters here, and remained till sent to the right-about at the commencement of the revolution.

Monsieur Chevalier, at that time first dancer at the Opera-house here, and who was considered one of the best fencers at Paris, was a constant visitor, not only assisting in improving my scholars, but gratifying me, for I ever preferred to be opposed to a scientific antagonist. Mr. M'D——t and Chevalier were usually opponents, and one day, the former being displeased at receiving the other's thrust, after having given the first hit, some words arose between them, which I did not hear, when they left off. They dressed themselves and quitted the room together; finding that on the stairs they had some angry conversation (this was in June, about three o'clock), and had both gone, I suspected some appointment had been made. As soon as I could get away, I hurried to the Orange coffee-house to find out Chevalier's address, where I found him in high spirits over a dish of macaroni, perhaps confident of his superior skill with a sword. Though I could not get the least information from him, as to

whether any intended meeting was to take place, I was determined to watch his leaving the house. About five a hackney-coach stopped before the door, bringing Mr. M'D——t and a Monsieur Henry with him; soon after, Chevalier entered, when the coach drove towards Pimlico. I directly followed. After passing the turnpike, it turned to the left towards Pimlico, and stopped at the end of a lane, some little distance from Chelsea Hospital. Here they descended. I was then some way off, running; however, I was in time to see them get over a gate, when, hastening to the place, in a field, I saw them with their coats off, sword in hand, just going to engage; I called out, and ran towards them, but not in time to prevent them from beginning. Here was a *commencement*, far different to those methods they had previously practised before me in the Haymarket, as caution and skill are necessary when opposed to the point of a sword. It was not now a button covered with leather—a lesson to the many I have seen violently rushing on, who, after repeated efforts, have succeeded in giving a hit. This is not fencing. It is not scientific in the school, and is dangerous in the field. As I mean soon to write my opinions of what I have experienced during the space of fifty years, and of the French school, where the science is practised more for self-defence than as an accomplish-

ment; whereas, here it is more for exercise, for the improvement of the carriage, and the promotion of health, so well recommended by Sir John Sinclair, in his code on athletic exercises; for the present I shall return to the combatants. Fortunately the delay, caused by the hesitation who should attack first, enabled me to be in time to part them. When I inquired what could be their motive for going out with swords, or whether any thing had been said to give offence, or any apology expected, they both seemed not to know what brought them at that distance together. All that I could elicit was, Chevalier was called out, and he said, “*de tout mon cœur.*” To give you an idea of the short time I beheld the *grand combat*, the Frenchman, endeavouring to intimidate his adversary, kept making a noise; though he made the first lounge, he took good care to be out of distance at the time, whilst the other, whom I had often seen not so cool and collected with a foil, now, with all that *sang froid*, laughed, and cried, “*poh!*” on his first receiving the attack, and at Chevalier’s not coming nearer. This *faire semblant* of the one to appear courageous to frighten, or the other’s *fierté*, could not have continued long; the result might have been dangerous, or fatal.

Now peace having been proclaimed, and the swords sheathed, we all adjourned to a tea-garden, near Hogmore-lane, where the glass

passed round pretty freely. Chevalier, who at Paris had often drawn his sword, shewed us sufficient proofs of the different *rencontres* he had experienced there, his right side and breast exhibiting many places where he had been wounded. As the wine operated, he began to boast of his amours, and told us that his mistress had once stabbed him, through jealousy, shewing us a scar on his right breast, and though we considered it at the time as a mere *histoire*, yet we patiently listened to his adventure. After this last bout, unlike the classical opponents, they always met with good humour, and found my room preferable to the field. The July following, the *corps de ballet* returning to France, Chevalier pressed Mr. M'D——t and myself to dine with him at La Sablonière's. After an excellent dinner, *bien servi*, in the evening he introduced some of the first dancers, Madame Saunier, &c. &c.; of the orchestra (with their instruments), Chabran, Salpeatro, and Florio, selected by him purposely for our amusement. All was *gaieté à la Française*, *la danse et la musique*, the toe and the elbow keeping motion, whilst the champagne and burgundy enlivened the scene. We were both well pleased with the politeness and attention of the *maître de ballet*. At his return to Paris, he married a *danseuse*, who was the famous heroine in “Paul et Virginie.” She after-

wards was mistress (*on dit*, sent over by Buonaparte) to the Emperor Paul, when Chevalier was appointed Master of the Revels, and was privileged to wear feathers in his hat, and red heels.

MARGRAVE'S BIRTH-DAY.—When the Margrave of Anspach resided on his principality, a play was always performed on his birth-day. The Margravine ever keeping up the ball, to renew his recollection and divert his attention, she wrote a piece herself, the subject Mrs. Sheridan's (wife of Thomas Sheridan) story of "Nourjahad." As the part written for the hero (Nourjahad) was a very long one, not one of the *dram. pers.* of her theatre would undertake it. Determined not to be disappointed, as a grand party of nobility and the *corps diplomatique* on that day were invited, of all the birds in the air, I was to be the beloved (Nourjahad) *buffo caricato*,—no *great* figure for a prince,—and to be fallen in love with by a princess (Margravine), who was to represent herself as an enchantress (Fatima). However, it was flattering, but not at all acceptable, for I had previously heard that there were so many lengths to study, and the part so very long, that she could not prevail on any one of the theatrical suite to study it. To avoid tempting a princess's *l'amour et la tendresse*, I kept my distance, resolved that no enchantment should seduce me to be *come-atable*.

Having received a pressing note from her Highness, desiring to see me, with a *presentiment* I waited on her, and was admitted to her *boudoir*.

After reading to me a long part, consisting of nearly a thousand lines, it was proposed to me, when I submissively refused, as a character entirely out of my line; and I added, also, that I was not competent to undertake it, for if I were ever so perfect in repeating such a long *rôle*, I should have such little confidence, that I should lose my dignity, and damp the homage of my courtiers. No remonstrance of mine, however, could avail. Her Highness was not to be refused, and said it would be an insult to the Margrave if I did not comply; it was his birth-day, and he expected to see *me* perform the character. Here I was taken by surprise; I bowed, and for the first time undertook to assume the prince and the lover. No sooner was it known to our *corps dramatique*, than I was quizzed and laughed at by them all, and some of them saluted me with, "Make way, here comes the prince!" "Look at the lover!" "Much good may it do you!" "I wish you joy, go and learn your lesson!" They might well say all that, for when I looked at the manuscript (which the Margravine said she had written herself) I was frightened, and though I did not dare to refuse her orders, for I can give

them no other name, away I went to work. I am ashamed to say it, and I should hope it arose from want of confidence, but the first week I only found myself perfect in less than a hundred lines ; a poor prospect before me—not three weeks to complete my studies, previous to the Margrave's birth-day. The ice being broken, my memory increased as I dreaded the approach of the exposure forced on me. The remainder of my lesson appeared now, comparatively speaking, quite easy to me.

At last the fatal day (to me) arrived, and to my dread I was that morning taken ill, and had a slight fever. It was no imitation of a great performer—sudden indisposition ; but I can say, with truth, that I do not recollect, for twenty years previously, to have experienced the least complaint, a slight cold excepted, which was a mere winter accompaniment. Nevertheless, I was resolved to go through with the part, and was punctual to the rehearsal in the morning ; but at dinner, no sooner were they all seated, than the heat so overcame me that I was obliged to quit the room, and my apprehension that my morning alarm, which had very much diminished, might return, and so far increase as to prevent my appearance, convinced me that it was better to keep myself quiet and alone, and to refrain from eating and drinking ; which, indeed, was no penance to me, as I had no inclination either

for one or the other, and much less for *acting*. Feeling myself too unwell to remain, grandeur and luxuries had lost all their zest; with care, and the kind attention of the housekeeper, who gave me some magnesia, and two hours repose on the bed, at eight o'clock I found myself sufficiently revived to put on my fine clothes, and prepare myself to reply to her Highness's love speeches. As the theatre was a mere temporary one, and was adjacent to the room where they dined, the stage was very confined, and green baize was put up to serve for side-scenes. The heat and the agitation I was in so over-powered me (though I got through the whole piece with more applause than I could possibly have expected), that for a fortnight after I was confined to my room. As the story is so well known, it needs no comment of mine. Heated as I was, and in a continual perspiration, one part of the performance relieved me very much, as it gave me time to cool. In the last scene, having less to say, I was lying on a sofa, and Fatima (the Margravine), to gain my love, sings and dances before me, assisted by two young female slaves (daughters of Signor Mortellari, composer). As a grand finale, the Margrave's plate (which at Rundell's cost two thousand pounds more than that of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, which, it is said, was twenty-four thousand), was exhibited.

The Margravine presenting herself before me, while I was seated in all my grandeur, surrounded with my courtiers, a numerous procession followed in the Turkish costume, and as they approached, making their *salam*, they place at my feet the plate, which a few hours before decorated the table I had left. Here the *dénouement* takes place, Fatima discovering herself to be a princess, when we are united, and a lively chorus concludes the piece.

All this was arranged by the Margravine, and after dinner, when they had to take their coffee (*à la cour d'Anspach*), the company had only to walk into the adjacent room. I cannot conclude without mentioning, though I have long been an amateur actor, that I never was a stage-bitten one, and had no inducements to smell the lamp, beyond the amusements of a society where fun and good humour prevailed. I, perhaps, resembled many who have been more pleased with their *own* acting, than the audience; should my readers doubt this fact, I can assure them, that during the time I was one of the *dram. pers.* at Brandenburgh-House, my sole motives were to have the means (tickets) to oblige others; for the distance, and the frequent rehearsals (however I may have considered, at the time, the honour conferred on me by her Highness in receiving me at her table) very much interfered with my professional

engagements,. After mentioning my last effort on the Margrave's birth-day, it will perhaps be as well for me to explain how we arranged our theatrical parties. Each person on the night of performance had six tickets—I am mentioning the secrets of the green-room—but as I consider myself laid upon the shelf, “*le rideau est tombé*,” I shall not hesitate to state the many opportunities I had of shewing civilities to my friends, for many would have been disappointed without my introduction. Some I have taken by the hand to the theatre, and I need not be afraid of mentioning how many I have introduced to the supper table. On one occasion I had the Margravine's permission to fill a coach, and what was very gratifying to my pride, I was enabled to present the family of the late Rev. George Glasse to the levee which always preceded the supper. In addition to the admissions through me, between the play and the afterpiece I have taken many of my friends to see the preparations for the supper (banquet I should say, if comparing it with what I have seen of “*Macbeth's*,” at Drury-lane Theatre). A long table, spread with a profusion of massive plate, vases, plateaus, chandeliers, &c. The first *coup d'œil* was a grand sight to any one. Here was a pleasant interval, after hours seated in a hot theatre; and having much influence with Mr. Browne, the house-steward, I could

order anything I chose to call for ; often I procured old hock and champagne, which were very acceptable to those whom I took to see the supper-room. These attentions to my friends were far more agreeable to my feelings, than to play the prince or the clown. As an instance of a polite return for my having procured tickets, Mr. Glasse, a short time after, gave me a pressing invitation to a concert and supper at his Rectory, Hanwell. There was a bed kept for me, and I was to have met the Duke of Cambridge, but an unfortunate circumstance prevented me from going, for that very day I attended my mother's funeral !

WELCOME TO NEWGATE.—My visit to a prison was not confined to the King's Bench, where the Rev. Sir Bate Dudley not only always gave me a cordial reception, but took care one night to keep me there under the same roof “in durance vile.” That *soirée d'agréemens* I never had, where I am going to mention. I have passed many pleasant days in Newgate. My old friend, James Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, who was confined there some months for a libel, was always glad to see me, so that I often partook his *fortune de pot*, enjoying ourselves, whilst many a distressed object, under the same roof, was loaded with fetters, and perhaps the very next hour might bring his death warrant. We often went to the top of the pri-

son, as he found exercise very necessary for preserving his health, his apartment being confined, far different to the incarceration of my clerical friend in the Bench, for every body knows, that in that prison there is plenty of space to play at racket, which serves for an amusement, as well as to improve the health. Often we mounted the top of the prison there ; nobody could see us where we were on the leads, and we amused ourselves, secure from being seen, with playing the Highland broadsword, at which he was very expert, being his favourite national diversion ; and often I have seen him at the masquerade, dressed in the true costume of a Highlander, with a party of Scotch lassies, dancing Scotch reels. For variety of steps, Highland flings, &c. he was particularly noticed. Crowds collected round him. Here *en secret*, after our exertions, and the violent perspirations that followed, we have not only amused ourselves, but have so promoted health and appetite, that, after our fatigues, his table, and that in Newgate, was a banquet, and his wine a nectar, so excellent that it wanted no zest. However indulging myself at the time, I have commiserated the lot of the unhappy inmates where I have been feasting.

One day our usual amusement did not give that accustomed spur to our dinner, for whilst my antagonist was resting himself, my curiosity

led me to look over the parapet to see the condemned prisoners in the pressyard, though he called me to come away. They were all assembled together in earnest conversation, and when we sat down to dinner, he told me that they were all anxiously waiting to know the final result of their fate, as the Recorder that day was to make his report. I had not long sat down to table, when the reflection on what I had seen was quite enough to take away my appetite; the thought of what their feelings must be at the time, was sufficient to make mine *tristes* for the remainder of the evening.

I may venture to mention the very high estimation in which my prisoned friend was held by one of the first characters of the last and present century, and several others, a fact which must have been very gratifying to his feelings. Mr. James Perry belonged to a select club, which met at the British Coffee-House, Cockspur-street, the greater part either Peers or Members of the House of Commons. At one of their meetings, whilst he was in his confinement, his health was proposed after dinner, when Mr. Erskine suddenly rose to propose that they should drink it in his presence. Instantly they all rose, when the wine was sent after them, and they accompanied Mr. Erskine, who, on entering Perry's apartment, presented himself to that gentleman, who was much sur-

prised at the honour conferred on him. This anecdote Perry related to me himself.

BLUE STOCKINGS.—I was well known to Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, Mrs. Griffiths, and Mrs. Cowley, three literary graces. The former, previous to her decease, which was on Sept. 26th, 1766, was, with her husband, Thomas Sheridan, a constant visitor at my father's, and very particularly attached to my mother, whom she used to call her *chère amie*—her writings were, as I have been told, “Sir Sidney Biddulph,” “Nourjahad,” and two comedies, “The Dupe” and “The Discovery;” the latter I have seen performed at Drury Lane, the part of Sir Anthony Bramble by Garrick. I have very little recollection of her (being very young then), further than that she was inclined to be lusty, and had a red face. Mrs. Griffiths wrote the “Letters of Henry and Frances,” “Delicate Distress,” “Gordian Knot,” also some plays, and “The Morality of Shakespeare.” She died in 1793; previously to that period, she usually resided with her husband, in Ireland; whenever they came to England they were frequently my father's guests. Mrs. Griffiths was an excellent whist player, and always took great pains to secure Horne Tooke for her partner; he was a great amateur of the game as well as herself. She often put me in mind of Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, from the little remembrance I could have at that distance of

time, but she appeared to me, in person, very like. At her return to Ireland, previous to her taking leave of my mother, she said she expected her niece, who had been some time at the Benedictines, a convent at Calais, and requested that she might remain a few days at her house, in her way to Ireland. Mrs. Griffiths was uncertain when she was to arrive, as it was left entirely to the abbess to send her when several others might happen to leave. It was so far settled that she was to stop in Carlisle-street. The August following, when at home from school, while my father and mother were on a visit, some distance in the country, only my sisters and myself were left to take care of the house. One evening a hackney-coach brought a young lady, in a senseless state, and she was instantly put to bed. We were all very much frightened ; no one in the house but my sisters, myself, and the servants. I hastened directly to our neighbour, Mr. Brand, the surgeon, who resided in Soho Square, and he lost no time in coming to see her ; on his arrival she looked exactly like a corpse, and from the first moment he despaired of her recovery, though bleeding and many other remedies were resorted to ; but in vain ; all efforts to restore her failed, and in the middle of the night she expired. She was a beautiful girl, about eighteen. I was much alarmed, and impatient for the return of my

mother, who fortunately came home the next day, and you may judge of her consternation at the calamity that affected us all. The person who brought her in the hackney coach left his address. My mother waited on him the next day, when she received the following information:—It appeared that several of the English boarders, who had finished their education in the same convent at Calais, were conveyed under the captain's care, in a vessel that was to land them in England, at the Tower; this young lady was one of the number who had been taken ill, not from sea sickness, but from some inward complaint which could not be accounted for. Except at intervals her intellect seemed to be good, though she was generally delirious, and when in possession of her faculties she complained of a *charm*, which she said had been given her by a nun. This idea had taken such a strong hold of her mind that she raved in the most violent manner, and vociferated that she would not take the veil. Whether she had taken poison, or her illness was owing to the charm, to which she alluded, the truth was never ascertained. This was all the account the captain could give when he brought her to our house in the state which I have described, so that my mother could send no explanation of the afflicting event to her expecting aunt, wait-

ing to find her in the full possession of beauty, happiness, and health. This *histoire fâcheuse* would suit the namby-pamby romances of the present day, and would make a choice subject for your female novel writers. It is a pity, however, that such a scene actually took place; I was a witness of the poor girl's dying moments, and the circumstances which attended the event never can be erased from my memory.

Mrs. Cowley, authoress of "The Runaway," "Who's the Dupe?" &c., I knew but little of, as she only boarded at their house after my father and mother left town to reside at Eton College. Her abilities as a dramatic authoress of the above pieces (stock performance, "Who's the Dupe?") were much admired, particularly the last, which was a great favourite; and Sheridan, they say, considered it to be one of the best afterpieces on the stage. That such *rigueur critique* could have emanated from a female pen must astonish the scholastics, whose ideas never extend beyond their *Gradus* or *Lexicon*. I never heard whether our Sappho received a classical education or not; but I have been told, that when residing at that foundation of learning, Eton College, she was a scarecrow to many who were acquainted with her farce, and her exposures on the stage, in ridicule of pedants. At

my father's table, in conversation, her opinion, often *à plus forte raison*, silenced their learning, and completely got the better of their arguments.

DANCERS LAST CENTURY.—Last century Fierville was considered the first dancer who had for years visited this country ; he was remarkably ugly, and his face was so disfigured by the ravages of the small pox, that his upper lip almost adhered to his nostrils ; there was, however, such symmetry in his shape that many of the ladies envied him. Le Pic, the second best I ever saw, (who afterwards went with Madame Rosse to Pittsburgh), was quite the reverse in countenance to the other, and had withal the *beau taille*. The elder Vestris, called *le dieu de la danse*, was heard to say, “*Moi et le Roi de Prusse nous sommes les plus grands Hommes en Europe.*” These and the grand Petrot (*soi-disant*) visited us when their dancing days were over—they might then have said, “*Le rideau est tombé*,” yet they gave you an idea of the perfection of the old school, as nothing could be more graceful than their attitudes. But what must have been the exertion of the legs, the *vrai à plomb*, when from the *entrechat* they descended on *one* leg, remaining firm for some time in the same attitude ? Of these two veterans, old Vestris was, perhaps, a finer dancer than the other, though they both might have kept *pace* together ; and now reduced to what they call *terre à*

terre dancers, no *sauiteurs*, they might say to each other, “*non sum qualis eram.*” Young Vestris (Auguste) astonished John Bull more by his agility than his grace, and some have been known to count the number of times he turned round like a tee-totum. This may be called *les tours des jambes*—not dancing. The cadet Vestris, however, made a better calculation when he returned to France and counted the number of guineas that had *jumped* into his pockets. This new exotic, for he gave an entire turn to the old school, puts me in mind of a caricature, said to be by Nathaniel Dance, the artist, who, after having followed his profession with merit, married Mrs. Dummer, and disdaining to leave any of the admired works of his pencil behind him, wanted to purchase back some designs he had painted for Gallini’s room in Hanover-square. I merely mention this as an *on dit*. In his caricature of the younger Vestris, which, at the time, was exhibited in all the print shops, and very much like him, he is represented standing on one leg, and his arms extended; close by him a goose is standing on one leg, a very appropriate addition; as a *bonne charge* it was very much admired. This new style of demi-character having taken the lead, the grand *ballet sérieux*, which was always the *chef-d’œuvre* of dancing, has now been long exploded, the *ballet d’action* having the preference. The beauty

of the former consisted in the gracefulness of the attitudes, gratifying as it then was to the ultras of the old school. The late Duke of Queensbury, Lord Brudenell, &c., I have often seen, according to the fashion of the day, behind the scenes, (every one from the pit was admitted then), in the depth of winter, with their satin muffs ; and when I was at Paris in the year 1775, on Michaelmas-day, the muffs, cold or otherwise, always made their appearance ; indeed few men were seen without.

To return to Fierville. When he made his *entrée* in the *ballet sérieux*, the figurantes retired to the further end of the stage, and you beheld a figure with a cap on, and an enormous high plume of ostrich feathers, a very long waist, and a hoop extending on each side above a foot, the petticoat hanging as low as the knee ; when sinking, like a lady's curtsey, and rising gradually till he stood in an erect position, he was seen standing on the points of his toes. In a very few strides, he seemed to move in the air, till he approached almost to the orchestra, and after a few *entrechats*, he lights on the extremity of one of his feet, and then, in a most graceful attitude, he balances himself, and remains stationary some seconds,—which used to elicit abundance of applause. This style of dancing is now quite obsolete, and as the crite-

rion of the art, now only is left for the old school to discriminate.

In speaking of the taste of former times, though I am not sufficiently competent to judge of its merits, I must confess that I might *have* been amused. Most certainly the younger Vestris, Nivelon, Didelot, and latterly Des Hayes, have far more pleased me in the ballets of which I speak. These were spectacles, not merely “to trip it on the gay fantastic toe,” but dances where the head was obliged to keep pace with the heels—good acting, fine feeling, capers included; a pleasing dish to relish, and at the same time amuse the fancy.

Some time ago, making these remarks to a prejudiced old gentleman, who, many years back, was a constant visitor at the opera, displeased that I was not of his opinion, he said, “that the dancers of late years seemed to take most marvellous pains to violate every rule of grace and dignity; they capered and shuffled about, without any idea of the why or the wherefore; so that Nature, if she knew any thing about the matter, would be ashamed to find that she had such imitators.” But to return again to the old school. I cannot refer to better information than what I received from my father, who was, in the year forty, a scholar both of Vestris and Campioni, then the two first dancers at Paris. My father, when speaking

of the minuet, said, “ The easy and graceful dancing of the gentleman was much preferable to the laboured flourishes of the dancing-master.” He said, “ he learnt to dance, because that accomplishment was as necessary as riding and fencing, and tending not only to improve the carriage, but to promote all elegant exercises.” I have heard him observe, “ that the minuet was as absolutely necessary to precede all other instructions, as the gamut, in music, to learn more difficult tunes ; it gave that equilibrium and *d”à plomb*, at the same time, that ease of figure, which rendered the lessons far more easy, as it was, in fact, the first principle.” The last time Fierville danced, I was present ; it was at a morning rehearsal, and at that time it was the fashionable lounge to attend them. Whilst rehearsing, he sprained the tendon Achilles, which utterly prevented him from ever returning to the stage again ; but he continued in this country, teaching some of the first ladies’ schools, and was in the way of making a rapid fortune ; but, like many foreigners who have acquired immense sums by their superior merits, he squandered away a great deal of money, particularly at his country-seat, near Stanmore, Middlesex, where he erected an expensive mausoleum to the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau. I was well known to all the dancers I have mentioned, particularly

Fierville, who was always received with a hearty welcome at my father's.

ROWLANDSON ROBBED.—Having walked one night with Rowlandson towards his house, when he lived in Poland-street, we parted at the corner. It was then about twelve o'clock, and before he got to his door, a man knocked him down, and, placing his knees on his breast, rifled him of his watch and his money. The next day he proposed that we should be accompanied by a thief-taker, to try to find him out, as he was certain he should know him again. We first repaired to St. Giles's, Dyot-street, and Seven Dials, but to no purpose. In one of the night-houses, four ill-looking fellows, *des coupes-jarrets*, so attracted our attention, that whilst we sat over our noggin of spirits, as he always carried his sketch-book with him, he made an excellent caricature group of them for me, introducing a prison at the back-ground. An idea may be formed from the caricature, of the different gradations which lead to the gallows—petty larceny, house-breaking, footpad and highway robbery; and he afterwards finished it for me in his best style, superior to the greater part of his works; this is now above forty years ago. The coloured drawing once was included in my collection, in a room crowded with various subjects, the greater part

caricatures, by my old friend Rowly—his general appellation among his friends.

Our first interview originated at Paris, above fifty years ago—he was then studying in the French school. Lately, having to dispose of my collection (I may say unique), my friend Bannister purchased it of me, and it is now added to his many choice and valuable drawings of the first masters, which are so very superior, that the four thieves ought to esteem it an honour to be placed in such good company. The next night, a gentleman was robbed in Soho-square, in like manner. Soon afterwards several suspicious characters were taken to an office then in Litchfield-street, Soho, suspected of street-robberies, and Rowlandson and myself went there out of curiosity, accompanied by many others who had been robbed. They were all placed before us, but none were identified. Rowlandson was particularly called upon to look around him, but to no purpose. One man, in particular, made himself more conspicuous than all the others, treating his curiosity with contempt, saying, “I defies the gemman to say as how I ever stopped him any *vare.*”—“No; but you are very like the description of the ruffian,” answered Rowlandson, “who robbed a gentleman last Wednesday night in Soho-square.” This was a thunderbolt to the man, who instantly looked pale,

and trembled. The gentleman was immediately sent for, and as soon as he entered the room, though there were several for examination, he fixed directly on the man that had been suspected. At the sessions following he was found guilty of robbery, and hanged. This pleased my friend mightily; “for, though I got knocked down,” said he, “and lost my watch and money, and did not find the thief, I have been the means of hanging *one* man. Come, that’s doing something.”

LOUTHERBOURG.—As I have only mentioned Loutherbourg’s introduction by my father to Garrick, well as I was acquainted with him, some few traits of his character may, I trust, be acceptable to the reader. Loutherbourg’s first *début*, I think, was in a dramatic piece which Garrick wrote for the occasion, “The Christmas Tale,” where he astonished the audience, not merely by the beautiful colouring and designs, far superior to what they had been accustomed to, but by a sudden transition in a forest scene, where the foliage varies from green to blood colour. This contrivance was entirely new, and the effect was produced by placing different coloured silks in the flies, or side-scenes, which turned on a pivot, and, with lights behind, which so illuminated the stage, as to give the effect of enchantment. This idea probably was taken from the magical delusions

as represented in the story and print of the enchanted forest, where Rinaldo meets with his frightful adventures. His second display was the pantomime, called “The Wonders of Derbyshire;” here he had full scope for his pencil, and I may venture to say, never were such romantic and picturesque paintings exhibited in that theatre before.

Previous to the curtain being drawn up on the first night of its performance, the drop (as it is called) alluding to the country (Derbyshire), gave you an idea of the mountains and waterfalls, most beautifully executed, exhibiting a terrific appearance. This drop was used for many seasons after, till the first conflagration at that theatre, when the curtain was no more employed. The first time I saw Loutherbourg at my father's was when he brought with him his letter of recommendation. He introduced a Monsieur Pascet, a famous miniature painter in enamel; they had travelled together to this country, and resided at the same lodging in Marlborough-street. I should imagine it was about the time when there was a camp at Warley, in Essex, for the first picture I saw of Loutherbourg's alluded to that epoch. It represented a party of wearied soldiers, on a very hot day, returning from a review, exhausted with the heat. The beauty of the *paysage*, the different groups, and the warm glow of the

colouring. gave you a high conception of the artist. He often left sketches and caricatures with us ; and I regret to say, that two, which I had reserved for a number of years, I gave to an artist, affording a high treat to him. They were caricatures of his travelling friend, Mons. Pascet, a little man, with a very large head, little eyes, flat nose, and a mouth that extended from ear to ear (full scope for the pencil) ; he described his different situations in the course of the day—his rising—shaving—painting—at dinner, &c. In the other, he was on horseback, nearly falling off, and on his knees to his mistress.

Many an evening have we been diverted with three clever men ; Loutherbourg, with his fun and tricks, which were inexhaustible ; and the two mechanicians, Merlin and Jacquet D'Ross : the former, who had superintended Cox's museum, was known for many years in this country, particularly when his mechanical exhibition was near Hanover-square. The latter came from Switzerland, and distinguished himself at his room in King-street, Covent-garden, by his exhibition of a figure, resembling a boy about eight years old, seated on a stool, which is hollow beneath, with a table placed before him. The spectators were requested to write a few words on paper, which are copied by the figure, though Jacquet D'Ross at the same time is stand-

ing at some distance off. They say his late Majesty was curious to know the secret of this wonderful piece of mechanism; but it was taken back to Switzerland just as it came here. This automaton must have put every one in mind of the famous one which played at chess, and beat his opponents; but of the two, the former was considered the most astonishing. There was also a beautiful Swiss landscape, I should think, made with clay and pasteboard, exhibiting picturesque mountains, a woody country, a cottage, and a dog before the door, barking; but when a peasant appears, placing himself under the window of his mistress, and plays several airs on the flute, the dog stops, and, as if attentive to the music, crouches to him. This was pleasing, but not, like the other, incomprehensible to every one: The *tout ensemble* was an object of curiosity to all the amateurs of mechanical inventions, and must have been very lucrative to the ingenious artist, who could not have been more than twenty-five. On those evenings when such a party met together, they all had something in their way to amuse; cards were then excluded. Conversation and tricks were the order of the night, Loutherbourg always taking the lead. It seems that his hand and his head did not keep pace together; the first, for such an artist, must have been *steady*; but not so his head—whether from a paralytic

affection, or otherwise, it inclined on one side, and was always trembling. Loutherbourg had not long been in this country when he fell in love with a Mrs. Smith, a very beautiful woman, remarkably fair and tall. At that time he consulted my mother, and opened his mind to her, stating, that his repeated advances to the lady being rejected, how very unhappy he was, till having recourse to a *ruse de guerre*, he sent his *chemise*, stained with blood. The result was, that soon after she was married to him ; and since, for a number of years (his residence being at Hammersmith, and my father's family living at Eton College), it has been my own fault and neglect that I lost the society of one of the first artists of the last century.

PANTHEON MASQUERADE.—Masquerades at the Pantheon were much superior before that beautiful building was consumed by fire. When it was rebuilt, few gentlemen were to be seen without masks, and then in domino. As to ladies of respectability, they did not unmask for the whole evening, except some whose vanity made them consider it a sin to hide their faces. The material difference is this. Formerly, tickets of admission were two guineas each, hot suppers, champagne, burgundy, hock, ices, &c. ; and now the admittance is half-a-guinea, and supper only to those who can afford to pay their seven shillings. I have often seen

there, many years ago, his present Majesty, and the first nobility, and ladies of fashion, the late Duchess of Devonshire, &c., and ladies, as well as gentlemen, in character. One I particularly recollect amongst the many others, for we were both at Eton, and were in the same form together (fifth, he being about five boys before me), honest Jack Fuller; nearly next to him, the present Lord G——e, who went as a house-maid.

In speaking of the present century, my observations may appear severe; and emanating from one who finds fault with every amusement of the present day, as compared with the past. Though I hope this is not quite the case, yet I shall ever persist that some plays I have seen were so cast, that it is likely I shall “ne’er look on *their* like again.” I may particularly notice Shakspeare’s “Twelfth Night,” in which I saw Palmer, Dodd, King, Vernon, Jefferson, Mrs. Abingdon, Miss Young (late Pope), and Mrs. Egerton, the performers of the day.

But to return to the masquerade. The last time I went to one was at the Pantheon, which must have been nearly thirty years ago. I took my station there after twelve, expecting by that time, as I went alone, to meet with some of my acquaintance. I went in a domino, keeping my mask on, though I have often discovered many who kept theirs on, and boasted of know-

ing every body *haut et bas*, if not personally. Well-known characters were familiar to my observance ; but upon that occasion, I was a long time before I could find any one to speak to. After near an hour wandering about, at length I met with one whom I had known many years, dressed in a domino, with his mask on, and his portly figure soon discovered him to me. This was my old and very pleasant *slang* friend, Townsend, of Bow-street memory. Well met, arm in arm, we paraded together until the supper rooms opened. “Now,” said he, “I’ll shew you some fun, only stop, when we soon shall see the *coves* and *motts* fall to *grub* ; they’ll then doff their sham phizzes. You’ll see I shall soon unkennel them.” Having such a *protégé*, I kept close to him ; though I have enjoyed many a masquerade adventure, this was a superior treat to me. He kept his word ; for the very first room we entered, he had something to say of the parties. At supper, between two ladies, was an elegant-looking young man, in regimentals and black domino ; he had a handsome cut-steel button and loop to his hat, which was surmounted by a lofty plumage. He was just touching his glass to his two fair companions, when my intelligent *conducteur* went behind him, and tapped him on the shoulder.

“Come, be off.” “Mr. Townsend,” said

the would-be captain, “don’t take me from my bub and grub.” Townsend, however, with great good nature, suffered him to remain, but as he was a notorious character, the myrmidons of the police kept an eye upon him. In the course of the evening, to my surprise, I had many individuals, gentlemen of the “conveying fraternity,” pointed out to me, whom, from their genteel appearance, I considered to be men of fashion; indeed, some of them I had spoken to, as coffee-house acquaintance. Many years ago, at the Opera-house, when it was the fashion, between the acts, to go behind the scenes to talk with the singers and dancers, Townsend was always to be seen there, and many of the sprigs of fashion used to crowd round (for he was a general favourite), with “How are you, Townsend? what’s the go?” when with good humour he would indulge their fancy, answering them in such a manner (knowing their drift to get him into conversation), that the greater part he said was quite unintelligible to them, even if they had had Grose’s Dictionary. As that *polite* assistant had become quite obsolete, new words, as well as new manners, changed with the fashions of the times.

Once, however, my witty acquaintance, Townsend, met with his match behind the scenes in the Haymarket, as an individual was

present who seemed to know the whole slang vocabulary by heart, and the conversation highly delighted a number of persons who stood round to listen. The gentleman to whom I allude, was an officer of the Guards, on duty there that night, and I should think he had been at Westminster, and had finished one part of his education, previous to going to college, in the purlieus of Petty France. Though Townsend was *up to it*, the officer certainly was *down upon him*, to the great amusement of the listeners, and the former was scarcely able to keep pace with him.

To return to the masquerade: I remained there until four o'clock, nor did I see a person the whole night whom I cared to speak to; yet I returned home pleased at the information I had gained relative to persons whose faces and appearance had long been familiar to me, so that I was enabled to know my company, if ever I should meet with them again. This masquerade visit may explain why the better part of the company keep on their masks, when the lower class can so easily find amusement, the price of admittance now being so far inferior to what it was.

LORD MAYOR'S DINNER.—When Alderman Bull was Lord Mayor, about the year 1772-3, I was at the city feast that day. Whether it was customary or not I cannot tell, but at the

end of the hall there was one long table, at which I happened to be placed. Preparatory to the dinner, many, like myself, had taken their seats, and some voracious visitants were whetting their knives, when, to our utter disappointment and dismay, we found our table merely used to put the dirty plates on, &c., and to regale us, we had only the scent of the dishes as they were carried to the other table. I was not very well pleased with my situation, and soon found my way to the long room, first mounting the steps where the two giants stood —Gog and Magog. There I placed myself, making the *agréable* behind the chair of a fat city dame, whom I found out, by her *bourgeois* consequence, to be Mrs. Deputy Piper, and put myself on my best behaviour, so that she was kind enough to make room for me next to her, and plenty of good things were then placed before me; for as the servants were passing by with the dishes to the other tables, she desired them to stop, and take off the cover, and kept such of the delicate made dishes as she thought suitable to her taste.

I, of course, partook of them with my west-end of the town *obéisance*, and contrived to ingratiate myself in her favour. I now found I was removed from the vacant board to the land of plenty, which made up for my previous disappointment. I shall now, to the best of my

recollection, describe the company, *véritablement*, as well as I can remember. The dresses presented a complete contrast to the costume of the present day. The ladies wore silk brocades, and jumps; their head-dresses, a profusion of hair and powder, mounted a foot high, so that the *toupee* must have employed half-an-hour merely in frizzing, papillotes included; they also had rows of large curls on each side, which hung upon their shoulders: long waists and stomachers were then all the fashion. Such attractions now might create a number of gazers, not lovers, for it would frighten them away. As for the men, speaking comparatively of the present costume, the greater part of them had the appearance of gentlemen, and their dress was preferable to that of the women. On their heads (perhaps at the time filled with pounds, shillings, and pence), which were powdered, they had high toupees, queues, *grand cadogans*, swords by their sides, projecting frills, stocks, ruffles, cocked hats, and buckles; some with their chapeau-bras and bag. At the time I am speaking of, there were less distinctions of dress, and every one tried to look like a gentleman. Now the contrary would seem to be the case; but every thing must have its day. Men now not only change places with their valets, but often turn coachmen and supply their places; but to outdo them in the Belcher

handkerchief, and great box-coat, adding more capes. I recollect dining at the Piazza coffee-house at the time of the mourning for the late Princess Mary; the waiters there were more entitled, from their appearance, to be taken for gentlemen, than many of the guests who were seated at the different tables. Indeed I had near affronted a gentleman, for as he was standing near the door, I took him for one of the waiters, and called to him for bread; but I made as good an apology as possible, and so got out of a scrape. However, speaking of the city festival, many of the young men, with swords by their sides, preferred their *daddles* to the point. Occasionally, in the hall, various national encounters had the preference (the wine having operated), ridiculed by our neighbours, called *boxée*. After having my pocket picked of my handkerchief, and losing my hat, I thought I had enough of the evening amusement, and therefore retired. Sir Watkin Lewes was a great beau there, and was dressed in blue and gold.

FISHING, NO WATER.—Howitts, an artist, brother-in-law to Rowlandson the caricaturist, was at one period independent, and during that time resided at Chigwell, in Essex, where he often regaled his friends. Howitts was very skilful at all country sports; and whenever he

had invited a party to dine with him, he took care previously, in the right, *& la Shakspeare*, to secure a good fat buck in Epping Forest. His dwelling was afterwards his butcher's shop; and he so contrived it, knowing the day they were to meet, always to have the venison in the best order. His income, however, did not keep pace with his expenses, and he could not long continue his hospitality, as his family was increasing. Fortunately having a taste for drawing, he was enabled to have recourse to his pencil; and I congratulated myself in having been known to him on his first arrival at the metropolis, when I first became acquainted with Howitts. Rowlandson resided in Poland Street, Soho. This must have been above forty years ago, and he was not known then as an artist. As I attended at the Rev. Doctor Goodenough's, at Ealing, I advised him (as he had such a numerous family) to become a teacher; and being quite a stranger in his new situation, he followed my advice, and felt anxious to obtain a footing.

Accordingly I spoke to the doctor, and succeeded in my application for him. During the summer months all went on well and lucratively. The sons of the Duke of Rutland, Portland, and several young noblemen, became his pupils. To attend to such a select seminary was not

only an honour to him, but was so superior a recommendation, that the patronage was sufficient to procure him many others. But, like most geniuses, he did not think beyond the day. For when winter approached, and the day was wet or cold, he thought it inconvenient for him to leave his fire-side. The consequence was, he absented himself so often, that the Doctor complained to me of his neglect. When I mentioned to Howitts that neither hail nor rain ever prevented me from attending to my professional duties, he replied, that he could get more by table drawing, as every man knows best his own wants. He ceased to be a drawing master the Christmas following. So much for my taking him by the hand. By his abilities and assiduity at the table, as soon as his merits became known, they got him plenty of employers. His coloured drawings were much encouraged ; and his etching, in the style of Schneiders, particularly his English sports, in which the foliage and pasture, &c. &c., in addition to his animals, were well delineated by him, and contributed considerably towards the support of his large family. Among his numerous works, the Indian Sports (published by Orme) very much increased his réputation. Of some of his works which I have by me, three of his drawings are valuable *chefs-d'œuvre* ; nor was his

forte confined to animals. In the first subject, of smugglers landing their casks, &c., the Light Horse are seen at a distance coming towards them. In the second, the *rencontre*, they are seen bound in a cart, conveying to prison. This scene is supposed to have happened at the back of the Isle of Wight. The high rocks and *paysage* are beautifully described.

Howitts, who excelled in all the country sports, was considered an excellent angler; the only country amusement of which I ever partook. I have tried shooting; but the report of the gun had always such an effect on me when I fired, that I could not avoid shutting my eyes, and I never recovered my sight to see a bird fall. With respect to shooting, indeed, I was like Quin the actor, who being asked if he were fond of hunting, replied: "I have been once." I may well make the same reply as to the gun. Howitts and myself for years were in the habit of passing many days together in our fishing excursions. The extent of our journey seldom exceeded Rickmansworth, or the Rye House, Hertfordshire. Though I consider myself a tolerably expert angler, having, when a boy, become initiated at Eton, not always keeping the *line*, but robbing the butts between Windsor and Maidenhead; yet I am obliged to confess the superiority of my master in piscatorial tactics. Such I ever

considered him. Rod in hand, often have I laid aside my fishing tackle, and been astonished at his success. When angling for trout, his usual method was to take off his shoes and stockings, and, draw his trowsers toward his hips, and with a short rod and line, not longer than five feet, to wade in the stream where it was most rapid. Close to the bank under the boughs, he would spin a minnow, and often catch a quantity of trout, generally of a good size. Though we had often boasted of our success, and the quantity we had taken home, spite of our sanguine hopes of the same good fortune, upon one occasion we were sadly disappointed. As I kept my gig, it was convenient for my friend, who, at any time was ready to leave his pencil, and go on a fishing expedition with me: and, as he was well informed, and his conversation was instructive and amusing, I was ever pleased to listen to him.

Some years had elapsed since I told him of Frensham ponds, three miles from Bagshot, renowned for large perch. Though much farther than our accustomed resorts, I promised to take him there; but, for a long time after (the distance being so great) I had not courage to keep my word to go so far for a *bite*. After his many hints to me that I had raised his expectations so much about the famous place, that it was

very foolish to delay going there, we prepared ourselves for the exploit, not doubting of success. The first night we got to Hartford Bridge, and we were so impatient, that we started the following morning before six o'clock for Bagshot, and at an early hour got in to breakfast. As soon as it was on the table, leaving him to make tea that no time should be lost, I hurried to the stable to see the horse fed. Inquiring of the hostler the distance to the ponds, at the same time observing, what large perch had been caught there, he replied, “Why maister, I a seeden two, aye, mony a three poonds, caught’n there.” On observing, “This is a nice morning, the wind is in the right quarter, and after the rain in the night, I hope to have hold of some of their noses before the clock strikes ten;” when, to my surprise, staring at me with a grinning look; “Ha! ha! ha! ponds be *drayed* upe mony a year.” This was a thunderbolt to me, for I was most “eager for the fray.”

At my return, Howitts had made the tea, and had just finished tying on his hooks, so that he wanted to be off immediately. I told him, however, that there was no hurry, as we should have plenty of time to return to town; and then informed him that the ponds were adapted more for walking on than for fishing.

His surprise and dismay at the information equalled mine. As we were at a great distance from any trout stream, we had no other resource but to content ourselves with the disaster, and to return home, not to boast of the large fish we *expected* to catch, but to recount our travelling above sixty miles to fish upon *dry land*. It seems that the ponds came into the possession of the Bishop of Winchester, who had them drained to add to the pasture of his park. So much for our long intended excursion! Howitts always had his sketch book with him, and whenever he was engaged in bottom fishing, and had little sport, he used to resort to his pencil; and sketched willow trees, dock leaves, or any thing which happened to attract his attention.

FENCING MATCH.—In 1785, Monsieur Le Brun, a celebrated fencing master now at Paris, visited England. My academy in the Haymarket being then the general rendezvous for all the foreigners who were either masters or amateurs of the science, and near the coffee-house, their usual resort, he paid me a visit. I was his first antagonist. I soon found out, as the pugilists called it, that he was a “good customer,” (a queer one to deal with), so much so, that, however I might have distinguished myself before my scholars, with the number of

fencing-masters, &c. whom I have opposed, here I had nothing to boast of. I should observe, that he was a left handed fencer, and in full exercise at Paris ; and of course he must have been daily in the habit of fencing with many, while, in the course of years, I might not meet with six of superior force. Finding such an excellent competitor, and as I thought that it would be beneficial to my scholars to accustom themselves to practise against a left-handed fencer, I told him he would be welcome to us all. His next visit was to Lapiere, a Frenchman, who had his academy in Piccadilly, where they fenced together.

A few days afterwards, in the Orange coffee-house, some one said that Le Brun had been to Lapiere, and boasted that he had hit him twelve to *one*. This came to the ears of Lapiere, and though Le Brun denied that he had ever said so, he did not hesitate to affirm that he *COULD* do it. This threat exasperated Lapiere ; and, considered, as he was, by all, not only an excellent master, but a superior antagonist, and as he had often shewn his abilities when opposed to the most skilful, independent of his fine manners and conduct, he was a general favourite, and well established in his profession. Inconsiderately, for he had nothing

to gain, he publicly challenged Le Brun, which the latter accepted.

The day was fixed to meet at my room in the Haymarket, which at the hour was crowded with all the first amateurs of the science. Each adversary was dressed in a white jacket, the buttons of their foils were dipped in liquid ; that of Lapiere's red, Le Brun's black. The latter made the first attack, and but a few seconds after they had placed themselves on guard, to the astonishment of the beholders, three black spots appeared within the circle (a certain space allowed to receive the hits *only*) on Lapiere's jacket (a straight thrust, cut over the point, the reprise in low caste). This, like first knock-down blow in a pugilistic contest, so very much disheartened Lapiere, that he was afterwards a lost man. The other, elevated with his premature success, soon after gave nine hits more, when, on receiving only *one*, he made his bow to the company, and declined continuing any longer the assault. Every one was glad to leave the room, as they were almost suffocated with heat. Poor Lapiere remained deserted by his friends, disconsolate, and covered over with black spots (many that he had received out of the circle). When he had left the room, Mr. John Trotter, my worthy patron at that time, and who was one of the

spectators, and myself, examined the jackets ; we counted twelve "*palpable*" hits within the given place (breast), whilst the other received *only* one. Many other fencing anecdotes I could mention ; but I must for the present defer them to appear in my future publication, "On Fencing."

SECTION XI.

FROST AND HEAT.—I have heard my father relate, that at the time he was at Paris, in the year 1740, remarkable for the hard frost, a French gentleman, who was considered the first skater there, to the astonishment of the natives, displayed on the Seine some curious specimens (*tours des jambes*) of his agility on the ice. But what attracted them most was his singular appearance; for he was a corpulent man, and wore neither wig, coat, nor waistcoat; arrayed merely in a shirt, the collar of which was unbuttoned, and carrying a large wolf skin muff, he was continually wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, as if the exercise made him perspire,—though, with all his exertions, they could not possibly have exempted him from cold. Strange it is! what pains some men take to acquire notoriety!

A GOOD SHOT.—In the year 1753 my

father was in Ireland, where he was hospitably received by the father of the late member for Galway, Mr. R. Martin. There he was present at a duel which took place between Mr. Martin and a gentleman of the name of Jack Gardiner. Mr. Martin received the first fire, and the bullet grazed and tore the gold lace off his hat. He, however, did not express the least alarm, but with the most perfect *sang froid*, taking off his hat and making his bow, he exclaimed, "By God! Gardiner, you are a d—d good shot!"

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA IN PETTICOATS.— It must have been about the year 1783 or 4, when I attended at Westminster School, where the Marquis of Anglesea (at that time Lord Paget) was my scholar, and boarded at Mrs. Clapham's. There was a play at her house performed among the boys, and I was present that evening. His lordship performed the part of Imoinda in the "Mourning Bride," and however good the juvenile acting at the late Mr. Newcombe's at Hackney, where I have seen Cymbeline so well exhibited, much to the amusement of the audience, particularly to the Margravine of Anspach, in whose suite I was that night, the Westminster performers were not inferior: his lordship's excellent acting, his countenance, and figure, seemed perfectly suited to the petticoat; every body was asto-

nished at his performance, and it must ever dwell (if their feelings are like mine) in the recollection of those who have since been acquainted with that distinguished military character. No one then perhaps, would have ventured to foretell that the youth, who might have passed for a handmaid of Venus, would have afterwards proved in the field such an honour to his country.

AGE AND AFFECTION.—When a boy, I remember my father's great-uncle, who came, purposely, from Leghorn, to visit his nephew. He was above six feet in height, and was then eighty-four years of age; a robust figure, and, in countenance, not unlike my father, except in his eyes, which were weak. My father's sister, at that time, Saint Catharina (as called), was abbess to a convent in Florence. After remaining in England three months, the old gentleman returned to his native place, where he lived seven years longer.

SUICIDE.—Lapiere, the fencing-master, who came to this country about the year 1782, and of whom I have already spoken, had been the scholar of Monsieur Ray, well known at that time for his abilities as an instructor, at Lisle, in Flanders, where he was well established. Lapiere had not been long here, when he became the favourite of all who employed him, especially the young citizens, from whom he

derived a very lucrative situation, having procured a fencing-room at the Guildhall coffee-house, King-street, Cheapside, a favourite lounge for the fencers, previous to their going on 'Change. His academy at the west end of the town, was in Piccadilly, and very near mine ; and though they say, " two of a trade seldom agree," notwithstanding we were both of the same profession, it was not so with us : for we often fenced together, at each other's schools, as well as our scholars, varying the antagonist for the sake of improvement. We each gave them at all times a civil welcome ; and seldom a week passed but Lapiere and myself met. After a longer absence than usual, not having seen him for a fortnight, I called at his house in Gerard-street, Soho, when inquiring if he was at home, to my surprise, the servant answered, " My master's dead." On entering his bed-room, I beheld him laid out, with a napkin fastened round his neck, and was informed that he had cut his throat. On the sheet being removed, two large gashes were seen. This catastrophe occurred the same year as his defeat with Le Brun, which must have dwelt upon his mind up to that time, and most probably was the reason of his putting an end to his existence. Alas, poor Lapiere ! he was esteemed by all who knew him. He lies interred in St. Ann's church-yard.

GOOD QUARTERS.—The last year I remained in Paris (1775), a very old friend of my father's invited me to his house, which, in every respect, was much superior to the one I boarded in, with an old couple—a mere Darby and Joan—entirely secluded by themselves. The house I mention was frequented by people of the first fashion ; and, in addition to the best company, his table was *bien recherché*. Monsieur Caulet De Hautville, my benefactor, treated me, not merely as his protégé, but like his son, occasionally taking me with him to Saint Maur, his country château, a few miles from Paris. He was an elderly man, was a great amateur of pictures, and was considered to possess one of the first private collections. His hôtel was in the Rue St. Antoine, situated between Saint Paul and the Eglise de Jésuites. Every morning, these two churches, at an early hour, if I may so say, serenaded me with their Ave Marias and prayers. Here I continued for a year, enjoying and improving myself, in a society far different to that in my former residence, till his decease deprived me not only of those indulgences, but prevented me from making further progress in various acquirements which I was prosecuting. Through his friendship for my father, which commenced in the year 1740, he became a truly liberal parent to me : and his purse was

often open to me, in order to add to those pleasures so abundant in Paris. The printed notice to attend his funeral, which I have by me, and of which the following is a copy, will shew that I may boast of having been patronized by him :

“ Vous êtes prié d’assister aux convoi et enterrement de M. Pierre Caulet De Hauteville, Ecuyer, Conseiller-Secrétaire du Roi Maison Couronne de France, et de Finances, décédé en sa maison Rue St. Antoine, qui se feront ce jourd’hui 13 Juillet 1775, à six heures du soir en Eglise Royale de Saint Paul sa Paroisse où il sera inhumé. De profundis.”

COUNT DIP.—The first time I saw Holman the performer was when at school, in Soho-square, at the Rev. Dr. Barvis’s. Hamlet was the character. It was in the Christmas holidays ; there was afterwards a dance in the school-room. A young lady, whom I knew, was there, and boasted very much that she had danced with a handsome young man, a French nobleman, *Count Dip*, and that he spoke English as if he had been born in England ; but when I told her who it was she had danced with, though before she was enraptured with his figure, and seemed quite captivated with him, she instantly changed her tone, and said she was shocked at having danced with such a

plebeian, “ Ah ! le bourgeois affreux.” The nobleman alluded to was a Mr. Sherwin, commonly called Count Dip, the son of a tallow-chandler, at the time living in Drury-lane, a few doors from Long-acre. Sherwin was a great favourite with the ladies ; and though his manners might have discovered him to some, it was not so with all the ladies. My acquaintance was one who had not found him out. My friend (as far as acquaintance goes) had an excellent voice, and being a pleasant companion, he was welcome in most companies, *au cabaret*, where singing and late hours were the order of the night, especially at the Brush, in Long-acre, a club that originated in the time of Hogarth, and the Coach-painters, as well as Alexander Stevens (a character well known there by his songs, and like Captain Morris in *some* of them).

At that time, Darling, printseller, Newport-street, Saint Martin’s-lane, had his print-shop full of humorous caricatures of the day (I shall not say dandies—we knew of no such word then). Count Dip, the tallow-chandler ; Watts, the butcher—“ Watt’s you want—Watt’s you buy ?”—Prior, the builder—prior to all the macaronies ; Lord Cork (I forget his name, but the same shop is at this time existing in Piccadilly), a cork-cutter ; the Master of the Rolls, a baker, in Down-street, Hyde Park-corner. These were the bourgeois macaronies, a term given then

to the queer characters of the day ; something being written under, to allude to the person exposed to ridicule. Nor did the men of fashion escape, Lord Littleton, &c. At the time, having some quizzical ideas myself, and sketching, occasionally, those whose singularity excited my attention, I exhibited several in the shops, particularly Soubise, the black, protected by the Duchess of Queensbury ; Old Laurington, of Windsor, who kept the billiard-table, well known to the Etonians of that period ; when many an evening, five minutes before the time of absence at the boarding-houses, at the hour of eight (so called), *then* in the middle of a game, I have got in time to college, to avoid being flogged the next morning, for my non-appearance. These, then, were the caricature efforts of my juvenile days.

FOOTE AND THE FLIES.—I was very young at the time, but I perfectly recollect our family dining with Foote, at his country house at North End. Sir Francis Delaval, Sir Thomas Apreece, and the elder Colman, were of the party. After dinner, when we were all delighted with his wit and humour, the servant placed before him a large sheet of brown paper, smeared with honey, and covered with struggling flies. This so much attracted his notice, that he began crushing them with his toothpick, while those who were listening to his

quickness of fancy, did not observe him so cruelly employed, or his want of good manners. Previously to my sending this anecdote to the press, a friend of mine said, “If you can say nothing better of this *justly* celebrated wit, you should omit this anecdote.” Now Foote was a man who would not spare his dearest friend, if, by his wit, he could expose him on the stage. Why should such a character escape censure? I leave it to others, who may be more lenient than myself to “*this justly celebrated wit.*” I can only say that I have had no recourse to fiction, but have spoken of what I was witness to. In my opinion, wit with good nature is acceptable at all times; but as to the reverse, as in “*The Critic,*” “the less that’s said the better.”

A FRIEND AND A SHILLING.—Old Bebb, who was my father’s sword-cutler, and kept his shop in Newport-street, St. Martin’s Lane, brought up his son (a wild youth) to be an engraver; but as his manhood advanced, although he was not deficient in talent for what he was intended, his habits were very expensive, and far exceeded his means. His manners were so insinuating, which was his *passe-partout* amongst those he associated with, that he contrived to form acquaintance with many of much superior rank to himself. He was generally called *Count Bebb*—at that time, a curious character, well

known about town, and he was in fact, a *gentlemanly sponge*. At the beginning of the French revolution, he was much engaged as an interpreter to the French nobility, but did not long survive his employment; years of dissipation having reduced him to a mere skeleton. It is said of him, that he was enabled to contract a debt of upwards of a hundred pounds, by borrowing *only* a shilling at a time.

Two TRUMPETERS.—At the time of Buonaparte's *threatened* invasion, two of my scholars who attended my city academy, and belonged to a small yeomanry corps in the neighbourhood, invited me to their mess. After the cloth was removed, expecting the conviviality of the evening to commence, a table was placed at the further end of the room, with a bottle of wine and two glasses on it; when to my surprise two trumpeters entered, who comfortably seated themselves to enjoy their glass and toast. Between the patriotic speeches (not a few) and the song, we were indulged with the clangor of the two trumpets of this regimental *band*, not to arms, but as an additional harmony to the melody of the songsters, intended for a zest to the evening entertainment.

BANNISTER'S FEELINGS.—Among the many characters I have been delighted to see my friend John Bannister perform, none ever excited or affected me more (not even the loss of

“ The Children in the Wood ”) than the trifling part (merely a few lines) assigned to the poor poet, in Foote’s “ Author,” where, on offering his poetic compositions to the author in his garret, at the same time receiving a few pence, his feelings are ready to burst. The way in which he returned his brother poet’s bounty, was such as to strike every one. I cannot call it acting; for the impulse of a good heart only, could have enabled him to express his emotions.

MY LAST PERFORMANCE.—The year of Mr. Kean’s benefit, when he exhibited his many accomplishments on the stage—music, fencing, and dancing—I attended him preparatory to the performance; and, indeed, as his house was in the next street to where I resided, we were often antagonists, *fleuret à la main*. As usual, in the vacation, I recruited myself for two months in the country, after ten months’ professional labours. At my return to town, I did not find my health so good as it had been whilst exercise kept me employed. This was at the end of September, when about to commence my winter campaign. On my first visit to Mr. Kean, we both complained of having increased in size, when laughingly I observed, that we were losing our *genteel* comedy shapes, and added,

“ Suppose we have a good bout of fencing every morning before breakfast?”

“With all my heart,” was Kean’s reply.

The next morning I was punctual, when we made our *début*, *carte* and *tierce*, *pour nous mettre en train*, to supple our limbs preparatory to the *grand assaut*, which I may well compare to the minuet before the Scotch reel. In the very first lounge I made, I so strained the tendons of the back part of my left thigh, as to cause a sudden check and pain, so that it was with difficulty I could remain on my legs. From that time (after above forty years’ labour, the greater part *sans chemise*), I have bade adieu to the practical exertions of the science, depriving myself of that health and flow of spirits I had before been accustomed to. This disaster, for such I consider it, I attributed entirely to that lack of bodily exercise which kept the limbs in continual action. Many gentlemen of the faculty, to whom I am under infinite obligations for their kind advice, *en amis*, have recommended cupping, blistering, ointments, sea baths, &c., or Doctor Grosvenor’s method of friction, which have relieved me; the weakness and pain occasionally remain to this day. I have therefore sad reason to remember the *last act* of my performance with Mr. Kean.

FATAL DUEL.—Captain Riddle, an officer in the cavalry, was one of my father’s best riders in the *manége*. He was an elegant young man, of affable disposition. Whenever the gallery

(a place appropriated for the ladies) was crowded, he was always ready to exhibit his equestrian manœuvres. Unfortunately, however, one fatal morning, when he had promised my father that he should bring some ladies to the riding, he went out to meet Captain Cunningham, and received a mortal wound. Major Topham (my Etonian schoolfellow), well known as a literary character, was second to one of the parties. At Westminster Abbey, where Captain Riddle is interred, near the Poets' Corner, this melancholy event is recorded on a tablet.

KING OF DENMARK.—Soon after I was sent to Eton, his Danish Majesty paid us a visit. It was in the year 1768, and we were all assembled in the upper school to receive him, attended by the masters. I recollect that he was very fair, and should imagine that he was about twenty-five years old. He had an aquiline nose, a slim boyish figure, and on each side his face one large curl. Previous to his leaving this country, there was a grand masquerade at the Opera-house. Madame de Vaucluse, who had been governess to the daughter of the Margravine of Anspach, and formerly, when a nun, had escaped from her convent, at two days notice translated Shakspeare's "Hamlet" into French, previous to the King of Denmark's going to see Garrick perform the character, and

his Majesty remunerated her for the translation.

SAINT DENIS.—Soon after my arrival at Paris, there was a grand *catafalque* at the cathedral of Saint Denis, to the memory of Louis the Fifteenth, whose decease had taken place a few days previously. It was certainly a very novel sight. The church was entirely lined with black cloth, and was illuminated with many thousand candles. I had not long been there when, unfortunately, like many of the English, I was taken ill by drinking the water, which produced a fever, and confined me some time to my bed. The French call this *payer le tribut*. Had I been well, an old Parisian friend of my father would have taken me with him to Rheims, to see the coronation of Louis the Sixteenth.

TEA AND BISCUITS.—The present King of France, after he had been previously married to a Princess of Savoy, kept Mademoiselle Du Thé (who was afterwards Mistress to Lord E—). At that time the Parisian *jeu de mot* was, that the Count D'Artois “*préféré le thé au biscuit de Savoie*.”

KING OF FRANCE'S ESCAPE.—At Choisi, one of Louis the Sixteenth's shooting seats, I saw him and his two brothers, the Counts De Provence and D'Artois, at their *chasse au fusil*. They

were attended by their pages, who followed with their guns loaded. The game was so plentiful, that you might have trod on the birds ; no sooner was one shot fired, than another was in readiness directly. They had not been long, when the gun of the Count De Provence (the late king) went off by accident, the charge passing very near his elder brother. The family I was with on a visit, who had never heard the remark before, agreed with me in the old saying, “ Never go out shooting with your younger brother.” In the evening I saw the grand monarch at supper ; I should suppose he could not have dined that day, for I could not count the number of dishes of which he partook. They were served one at a time, like silver porringers with covers to them, and were not replaced until he had partaken of each.

DRAFTS FOR DRAUGHTS.—At Paris, the Café Conti, at the end of Pont Neuf, the corner of the Rue Dauphin, was considered as the English coffee-house. It was frequented by English, Scotch, and Irish : many of them were very ready to become your acquaintance, and, soon afterwards, to offer you their services. If they found they had got hold of a novice, they did not fail to borrow money of him. There I learnt to play at Polish draughts, and I certainly paid dear for my instruction. Although I never played for money, my losses were

heavy, considering I did not exceed coffee, or liqueurs ; however, I soon learnt enough of the game to beat the English who frequented the place afterwards.

The fencing-school I attended began at six in the evening, and previous, I always found some novice willing to play with me. There were plenty of English, who fancied themselves superior to me at the game, and would have played for money ; but I contented myself with the indulgence of coffee, and the dearest chasse café, Marasquino—“chacun à son tour.”

FATAL TO THE ENGLISH.—During my first visit to Paris I was present at the *Eglise Notre Dame*, when the king's, as well as the Swiss guards, received the benediction of their flags. The military appearance of the regiments, and the noise of an immense number of drums, produced an awful effect. Notwithstanding the solemn nature of the ceremony, the pomp and parade with which it was conducted, the English party with whom I was, laughed at some of the Frenchmen who stood near ; knowing who we were, they did not spare us, and exclaimed, in our hearing, “ Quel grand spectacle ! ” “ Les Anglois seront écrasés,” and other insulting epithets.

BROKEN BONES.—In the Place Dauphin, close to the Pont Neuf, at Paris, I saw two men broke upon the wheel. This shocking sight

took place about nine in the evening. It was in the month of September, 1775, and being dark, each of the soldiers, placed round the *échafaud* (scaffold), about eight feet from the ground, had a flambeau in his hand. There were the *Maréchaux* on horseback. Having secured a place at one of the windows on the first floor, and facing the stage, I had a full view of the frightful ceremony, whilst waiting the appearance of the culprits. There were two. They were previously to stop before *Notre Dame*, on their way from the *Châtelet* (prison), where one of them, who had murdered his father, was to have his right hand cut off. After the son had ascended the stage (his wrist in a bag) in his shirt, and a label on the breast, written “parricide,” the other followed. As the latter was the accomplice only, he suffered first, the other was purposely left to see the tortures inflicted. There were two planks placed crosswise, like a Saint Andrew’s cross, laid flat on the ground. The *bourreau*, well dressed, with his *couteau de chasse* by his side, after placing him on his back, with his arms and legs extended, stood over him with an iron bar, rather longer than a poker, and gave him two blows on each arm, the same on the thighs and legs, finishing with the *coup de grâce*, on his breast, when he soon after expired. His shrieks at each stroke

were dreadful, diminishing from the first, as if modulating the tones of an octave. As the executioner gave the two last, the groans were scarcely audible, and made every one shudder.

Now came the other's turn, and he was not spared with the *coup de grâce*. This last ceremony was the same as the former, except the finishing stroke. At the corner of the stage was placed a pole, about four feet, and on it was the forewheel of a coach ; when he was removed from the cross, his back was placed on the centre, and his broken legs and arms were twisted round spokes ; a friar, sitting on a high stool, received his head on his lap, at the same time holding the crucifix before him. During this latter ceremony he must have been senseless from the excruciating tortures he had suffered. After some time had elapsed, on his recovering, he called out for something to drink, and still, during the space of an hour, was heard, “à boire, à boire !” At last some water was given to him. At eleven, on leaving the place, his groans, and the horrid spectacle I had beheld, haunted me the remainder of the night. I was told the next morning, when I returned to the place of execution, that as his feverish agonies increased, his impatience for water was such, that, on being refused, he began to vent curses on his father and mother, when (it was supposed) the priest put an end to his wicked im-

precations, by throttling him with his finger and thumb. A few embers only were remaining in the place, as he had been previously burnt, according to the sentence passed upon him. He was a tall and some young man, about five and twenty, and was considered the first rough rider in Paris. He had quarrelled with his father about his mistress, who had led him into dissipation ; and his parent refusing him money, he prevailed on his friend to assist him in the assassination.

HANGING IN FRANCE.—Executions in France, where the culprit is sentenced to the gallows, were different to what was long the custom at Tyburn, previous to the new drop being placed before Newgate. Curious to see the ceremony when I was first at Paris, I followed the crowd one day to the *Place de Grève*, (place of execution), which is opposite the Town Hall. I waited some time, during which I was informed that the culprit was there making his confession, at the same time being privileged to have his dinner, which afterwards proved to be an omelet, with a bottle of wine. Notwithstanding the awful ordeal which he had to pass, he took care to finish his bottle, and then made his *entrée*, accompanied with the priest and *Monsieur le Bourreau*, and the ladder being placed against the gallows, the latter mounted

first, the culprit following ; the rope being fixed to it, the French Jack Ketch giving him a sort of Cornish hug, the ladder is taken away, and they both swing together.

HANGING IN ENGLAND.—I saw La Motte, the French spy, who was convicted of treason, executed at Tyburn, in the year 1782. It will be recollected that he had given such information, that the whole India fleet was nearly taken, previous to their arrival at Port Praya, where Admiral Suffrein was gallantly opposed by them, and particularly by Captain Dance, who so much signalized himself, afterwards Sir Nathaniel. La Motte had previously lodged at Otley's, a woollen draper, in Bond-street. His manners were so engaging, that, having ingratiated himself with many persons in offices attached to government, he was received at their houses, where he occasionally procured information, which he forwarded to the French court.

Having been discovered, he was sentenced to be executed. As, after the ceremony of hanging, his head was to be severed from his body, the concourse in Oxford-road was immense. Being placed as he was in a sledge, so very close to the ground, though dressed in black, his clothes were almost white from the dust, and he was seated next to the horses. I

followed the crowd as far as Cavendish-square, and soon finding the difficulty of proceeding, I hurried round by Portman-square, and got in time to Tyburn, to secure a seat at a window facing the gallows. On his arrival, he ascended a cart, which was placed under the gallows for him (wherein was a bag of sawdust preparatory to his decapitation). He appeared to be a tall, portly looking man, about the age of fifty, and seemed quite composed and resigned to his fate. Previous to the cap being placed over his eyes, he made a graceful bow to the sheriffs. After hanging nearly the usual time, he was cut down, and his head was taken off with a knife. The sun at the time appearing, the blood glittered, and had a shocking effect; afterwards an incision was made on the pit of his stomach. The executioner, as usual, held up his head, and said, "This is the head of a traitor!"

A COLLEGE QUIZ.—I had the pleasure of knowing a very pleasant young man (now no more), who was a great favourite among his brother collegians. I also knew his father, whom I had been acquainted with many years before the son was born. By way of a quiz, one of my scholars, whom I instructed there at that time, gave me the following effusion of his humour, and was himself in general estimation

with all that had the pleasure of his amiable society.

“ Lost £10. this morning, May 15, 1808, in Peckwater Quadrangle, near No. 6. Any nobleman, gentleman, common student, or commoner, who will as soon as possible bring the same back to the afflicted loser, shall with pleasure receive *ten guineas* reward ; a suitor shall receive *five guineas*, and a scout or porter, *one guinea*. The notes were all Bank of England notes, I only received this morning from my father. My name is ——, and I lodge at ——, facing Tom Gate, where I am anxiously waiting for some kind friend to bring them to me.— *Vivant Rex et Regina.*”

PSALM SINGING.—When not four years old (our family then living in St. James's Place) my nurse took me to St. James's Church, when, in the psalms, hearing every one about me singing, I thought I must join in chorus, and began to bawl out as loud as I could, “God save the King,” the only song I knew. The nurse could not pacify me. The whole congregation were convulsed with laughter. The beadle soon turned both nursery and myself out of church. My mother has often mentioned to me this story about her *darling*. About that time (it was said to get rid of the coffins, which were very numerous) the vault caught fire, which created

a most offensive smell to all the adjacent inhabitants.

THE FINISHED GOOSE.—Formerly, if a youth, after going through Eton or Westminster schools, &c., &c., did not finish his studies at one of the universities, though only an overgrown schoolboy, he was sent on the grand tour, so well described in O'Keefe's "Agreeable Surprise." On leaving Dover, "A gosling you discover him." On his return, "A finished goose," the lot of but too many. The foolish parents, instead of selecting a gentleman, *un homme du monde*, conversant with the continental languages, too often give the preference to pedants, who, from school, had qualified themselves to go to school again, either as ushers or masters. These persons remind us of travelling tutors, so well delineated by Bunbury, in his print of the Travelling Tutor with his Pupil in France. I should not have dwelt so much on the *grand tour*, but that it brings to mind an anecdote that bears out my remarks. In speaking of old times, when I first went to Eton, I was purposely placed at Dame Manby's, to be with a playfellow of mine I had known from a child; his elder brother, then near eighteen, boarded in the same house. Before I left school several years had passed, and then he returned from his travels. I was invited to dinner by the

father, to meet his newly-arrived son. The old gentleman very anxiously listened while he spoke of the different places he had visited ; yet he seemed to know but little beyond the queer kickshaws (as he called them) and the wines. In fact, the booby, as to the buildings, statues, and paintings, in Italy, was as ignorant as he went. These, he said, were so many, that he soon got tired of them ; they were quite a bore to him.

“ But what do you think, Sir ? Could you believe it ? We had such a game of *cricket* at Rome ! *such* a piece of ground ! so large ! Why, the playing-fields at Eton were not to be compared to it.” This was the only sort of information which he had acquired, though so many hundreds had been spent to polish him. His travelling tutor, with whom I was intimate, afterwards assured me, that his pupil was incorrigible ; that he had not an idea beyond eating, and his bottle after dinner ; instead of viewing the country, he preferred to sleep in the carriage till dark ; and evening no sooner arrived, than he became impatient for his supper. Finding he had not the least control over him, on many occasions he was left to his own imprudence. At Rome, where he remained some time, by his father’s order to his tutor, he was to perfect his accomplishments—have the best

masters to attend him ; and as he preferred snoring in bed, till a late hour, his tutor supplied his place ; and though in the church (the old gentleman gave him a good living afterwards), he was not only the scholar, but excelled in all the polite arts at the father's expense. What must have been his feelings, after listening to his hopeful son, to find that he had not an idea beyond a cricket-ground, particularly if an admirer himself of the fine arts ? As bad, if not worse, occurred, four years after, to one of his old schoolfellows. This was not a *grand tour*, but a *tour de jeu*—preferring a continental visit to sap-ing (an Eton term) three years at college for a fellowship. This youth's father, who could well afford it, was to allow him, in his absence for three years, to visit France, Germany, and Italy, a thousand each year. Paris, where he first made his *début*, in one week's visit to the gaming tables, settled the first yearly allowance, vulgarly called, *done up, poliment*, bowled out. Those that were his schoolfellows at Eton, cannot but recollect little A — n, who, for many years after, was daily seen in Bond-street. Referring to past days, previous to the French revolution, I was at Paris, and often dined with the numerous English, who remained some time there, on their way to their travels. They usually

continued drinking till ten o'clock, then exposing their *ivrognerie* at the theatres or the Colosseum—a place *then* in imitation, but very inferior to our late Ranelagh—finishing their *soirée* either at the *maison de jeu*, or Madame Montigni's.

SECTION XI.

VOCAL DUETS. PRODIGIOUS!—After the numberless instances in which I have known John Bull to be gulled, by the many *adventurers* that come to this country, to carry *de guinea home*, I cannot avoid relating what lately I experienced myself, December 17, 1828, on a visit to a friend, near Southampton. I was told that all the first families had put down their names to attend the Long Room there, to hear a foreigner sing, at the same time, to imitate the accompaniment of the bassoon and violoncello. Previous to my describing the “novel and peculiar nature,” as puffed in the bill of fare, I may say that such a vocal trap might excuse the folly of many, who, as well as myself, perhaps, at the time, were elated with the idea of being astonished and pleased at so extraordinary an exhibition.

“ Under the Patronage of
Mrs. DOTTIN,
Mr. A. JACOBOWITCH,
of Stouchin (take in) in Russian Poland,”

announces twenty-eight different cities, where he had performed, in England, and whence he had the most flattering recommendations, to shew that the most extraordinary vocal powers of himself and pupil had given the greatest satisfaction to all the potentates on the continent, which he will be happy to shew to those who will favour him with a perusal of the documents he had received, in writing, from the number of kings and princes, &c. To say more of the *vanterie* of this charlatan would be needless. . .

Invited by a family who reside at a little distance, I left Bath that morning, when, from the fatigue of travelling above sixty miles, I was little inclined, after dinner, to leave the society and comforts of the hospitable reception I was enjoying; but as they had been previously engaged to meet a party at this *grand spectacle*, I could not do otherwise than be a *chaperon* to the ladies. As the performance was to begin at eight, we were punctual to the time. At our *entrée* I should suppose there must have been near three hundred seated. About nine, Mr. Dottin, M.P., and Mrs. Dottin and her party, made their appearance, Lord and Lady Ashtown, Sir John Milbank, General Gubbins, &c.

Soon after, the wonderful, long-expected performance began. An overture was preceded by a small band, under the direction of Mr.

Davies, leader ; facing, was placed a table, with high candles, for Mr. A. S. Jacobowitch and his pupil, who was his *en second*, to give the resemblance of a clarionet. A few minutes could only have elapsed, after their *début*, when the company must have been convinced that neither their hard vocal discord nor instrumental imitations could give them any idea either of melody, or of the bassoon, violoncello, or clarionet, as pompously announced in the bill.

In fact, instead of amusing, the first hour had wearied away the patience of the audience. Nearly one-third left the place, after ridiculing each other—“How very much you must be delighted!” We were placed near the “astonishing” vocalist; by way of a quiz, some were advised to take seats at the further end of the room—that “both the voices and imitative instruments would not only amuse, but delight them the more.” Before the three acts, as advertised, were over, half an hour before the *finale*, not more than thirty persons were left in the room ; nor should we have remained there so long, had not the carriage been ordered at a certain hour. This was to hear a vocal concert, “without the accompaniments of any instrument whatever.”—Prodigious !

SCHOOL FLOGGING.—Should an old Etonian, a contemporary of mine, read this, it may put

him in mind of an unexpected circumstance, that, at the time, astonished the whole school.

One Sunday evening, after church, when we little boys were fagging for the great boys, at Eton, preparing their tea, &c., &c., our usual attendance, Mr. Davis, our house assistant, as well as all the others, were sent to the different dames; ours, at Dame Manby's, were all ordered to go to the upper school. On our arrival there, the assistants, with the head-master, Dr. Foster, were assembled together, in the middle of the room, in deep conversation. Keeping us all for some time in anxious suspense, as such a muster of the boys was never known before, on a Sunday evening, with impatience we waited the result of our assembling at such an hour. There was an awful silence—the masters surrounding the Doctor, at the same time whispering, when the block was called for (two high wooden steps), and was placed in the middle of the school, remaining there some time, I should think, the more to excite our curiosity.

At last, in a loud voice, the Doctor vociferated aloud, “ Burke!” when a stout, tall, Irish boy, about eighteen, made his appearance; when, ordered to kneel on the lower step, two collegians (gown boys) placing themselves at his head, his hind parts being entirely bare, his clothes were held up, so as to expose his naked

back, when he received the three cuts, the usual number (never exceeding six), which were given with all the strength of an athletic man, which the Doctor was, six feet high. When the punishment had ceased, the assistants standing close to the Doctor at the time, he spoke aloud, “ Now, I expel you my school,” and retired directly, the masters following, without giving the least reason for having chastised and disgraced him. Such a tall boy to be expelled, after so severe a punishment, must have been very distressing to his feelings, and such a disgraceful exposure was never before exhibited in the middle of the school; for had he known the Doctor’s intention of expelling him, he never would have suffered himself to be flogged. It appeared afterwards, for we were all ignorant at the time, that he had lampooned the Doctor in the newspapers, and had spoken of the ignominious treatment he had received from the boys; of their shying stones, eggs, &c. &c. at him—all falsehoods of his own invention, which he had sent to London, to be inserted. There is another story of the learned Doctor, which I have heard, though I cannot vouch for the truth. Like the generality of the erudite tribe, who in the holidays pay their usual visits to the parents, his smiles and good-nature to his pupils were then far different, taking good care to tell the papas and mammas what good boys they

were, and how very clever at their books. This is what most fond parents experience twice a-year, who have sons at the seminary. There was, however, a failure at Lord D's. house, where the Doctor was invited to dinner, and great expectations were formed of the pleasure they must receive from the conversation of so learned a man, and the encomiums passed on his pupils. During the dinner, so many good things were laid before him, that he was too much engaged to talk; and after he had eaten too much, he remained silent, to their disappointment, not neglecting, however, to take his wine. He would longer have avoided entering into conversation, when, all of a sudden, he exclaimed, "Good God! well, this is curious, indeed!" and, holding up a silver cup that was on the table (such as the chymists use, made of pewter, with measures the same at both ends), to the astonishment of the whole table, who expected to hear something *great*; "this puts me in mind of the *Αμφικύπελλος*, which Homer describes;" smiling graciously at his own discovery. If the company of such gentlemen in the vacation be not more agreeable, what an acquisition to eta, beta, pi, as Doctor Kitchiner calls it!

Two COURT DRESSES.—Having been introduced to Lord Stormont, who was ambassador, when I was first at Paris, I had two court suits

made—a winter and a summer one. At my return to England, my father, who always attended the drawing-room on the King's and Queen's birth-days, took me with him there, having by me my necessary *entrée*, seasonable court-dresses. The first year, on June the 4th, I exhibited my summer suit, keeping close to his Majesty, as he walked round the circle, speaking to those who had been introduced to him. Previous to a very heavy shower of rain, there was a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, whilst the ode was playing. I was very near the King at the time, and I heard him say, “ Tremendous ! awful ! what a divine accompaniment ! How it would have delighted Handel ! ” My two first visits were very gratifying to me, especially at the ball, at night ; and I was much amused at seeing the crowd of dancing-masters, scrambling for the French rolls and champagne, which were distributed on the occasion, at the side-boards. Many strange figures were to be seen amongst them, who, I think, must have hired court-dresses for the purpose in Monmouth-street, at that period a place full of *fripiers*. The year following my third and last appearance, I was nearly placed in a very distressing situation ; for my summer suit, which was an Irish poplin lilac, lined with yellow silk, had accidentally burst under the arms. Certainly, if the beef-eaters had disco-

vered my ragged appearance, they would most likely have directed my attention to the door in as polite a way as possible; my *entrée*, then, would have been my *sortie en entrant*. Whether after the French *nourriture* the roast beef had altered my shapes, or time had made ravages in my fine suit, if I had not kept my arms close, a discovery would soon have been made; but I took care to keep my elbow next to my *chapeau bras* till I got to a sedan chair, my court-ride home.

This was the finale of my drawing-room honours. At the period I am speaking of, as I have already observed, the costume was materially different. The head-dress was so essential, that many a night (I then sported four curls on each side), previous to going to bed, my time has been long employed, plastering each curl with a mixture of powder and pomatum; I had then to roll them up, separately, preparatory to the hairdresser's visit the next day, to add his embellishments in improving the *boucles pendants bien poudré*, with marechal powder (scented, colour, pink). How much preferable and more convenient is the mode of the present day—the shortest preparation, especially for the ladies, at their toilette. At the time I am speaking of, their heads seldom took less than an hour with the *papillots*. How very much superior now the Grecian costume!

Surely the modern style is far preferable to the frizzed toupé and large drop sausage-curls, on the neck, hiding that beauty which extends from the ear to the shoulder. The portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir William Beechy, and Shee, when speaking of the present *coiffure*, compared with those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. must convince any one, though of little judgment, of the *vrai modèle* of beauty.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.—At the time (many years ago) I attended at the Rev. Doctor Good-enough's, at Ealing. During the summer season, occasionally, I finished the day by fishing in a piece of water, about two miles from his house, on the Uxbridge road. This place was attached to a house called Overshot Mill. One evening I caught a tench, that must have weighed near four pounds, which I was pleased, in my way home, to present to the Doctor, as a specimen of my skill. He mentioned to me, that formerly he had been very fond of fishing, when residing in Oxfordshire. In the August holidays following, as I had permission from Lord Melbourne to fish in the water at Brocket Hall, and take a friend with me, I mentioned it to the Doctor, with whose company I was honoured in my gig, having resigned his place in the postchaise to my wife, wherein was Mrs. Good-enough and Edmund, her son, late Master of Westminster-school—he could not then have

been more than ten years old. The first night we slept at Hatfield, within five miles of our journey ; the next day we got to Brocket Hall, about eleven. Accompanied by the keeper (Titmouse), with live bait (the water being only for pike), and a boat on purpose for our accommodation, and conscious of my unskilfulness, I remained in it merely as a spectator ; but, anxious to be busy, at last I offered my services to be useful with the landing-net. Here I was refused, as the Doctor, being in a boat, considered himself too skilful to be in need of one. Soon I was pleased to see him play with a fish, which he adroitly brought, with ease, into the boat, weighing about four pounds, the ladies and his son, from shore, looking at us. The sport continued for near three hours, the day being so very favourable, as well as the wind. Though pleased with seeing the Doctor with his *rod* in his hand, I was disappointed at not being permitted to assist with the landing-net ; yet I contented myself to remain still. Up to this time every thing went on pleasantly, when a large Jack, which must have weighed, from its size, ten pounds, and which the Doctor had hooked for a length of time, attracted the party who were standing close to the bank ; the boat being placed near them, the Doctor kept playing with him, occasionally giving the fish full scope of line.

This must have continued near a quarter of an hour. Impatient to be employed in securing this huge fish, for so he appeared to me, I could not help urging the Doctor to permit me to use the landing-net; but no persuasion would avail—he was determined to have all the credit to himself. This was too much for my patience; though a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he still continued humouring the fish, saying to me, “ You see, I do not hurry myself. Now, I let him go; he has the full length of the line.”

“ Now, pray, Doctor, finish, and let me use the landing-net.”

“ By no means, only look at me ! You see, there he goes; I do not hurry myself.”

This lasted some time, to the amusement of himself and those on shore, and my patience was long exhausted. At last the Doctor drew the Jack towards the boat, quite close; but at the moment he was taking hold of his gills, the fish suddenly turning his head, the line broke, and in a moment he vanished. The Doctor, in amazement lost, stood erect (not a little height, being six feet, if not more), with his eyes fixed on the water, horrified at his loss. I was myself displeased, because my endeavours might have prevented the escape of the fish. This last exhibition of his patience, and his piscatory advice to me to be cool and collected, and not

to be impatient to take a fish out of the water too soon, was such a disappointment as to cause a finale to our day's diversion. The cold collation was the only thing we enjoyed in the Park, close to the water, under the trees, *al fresco*, and this made up for the loss of the finny fugitive. It seems the cause of the failure, at the moment of landing the fish, was the gimp being rotten, not having been used for a number of years. To add to the disappointment, this last fish (as the Doctor told me, whilst playing with it) was intended as a present for a weekly dinner, that was to take place two days after, at the Old Hats, on the Uxbridge-road, some little distance from the Doctor's residence. Several clergymen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood were there accustomed to assemble for a few weeks in the year, on the Saturday.

Speaking of fishing, I have seen a divine, particularly distinguished for his excellent writings, in his sable coat, and large wig, fishing, his rod, in his hand, bending from the weight of a large fish he had hold of. Here he could not possibly have any doubts of the tackle breaking ; it was a portrait on canvas, which I saw over the chimney-piece, when I attended Lord Ellenborough's son, in Bloomsbury-square. It was the portrait of Doctor Paley, as I have described ; the print I have seen in all the shops.

HORSEMANSHIP.—My father had, many years ago, furnished some of the first riding-masters for the cavalry regiments, gratis. Soon after, through Lord Pembroke's first recommendation (who always patronized my father), when the new barracks were built at Woolwich, a riding-house, for the first time, was erected on a new plan for the instruction of the Horse Artillery, then under the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Ordnance. My father proposed a plan, as superintendent riding-master to the Artillery, which did not answer according to his expectations, as the establishment offered him, situated as he was then, would interfere too much with his business. At that time his attendance on the Royal Family, &c. occupied him too much to follow any other pursuit; he therefore refused it, but recommended Mr. Quest, a gentleman who had received his instructions in riding, and to whom the place was given, which he enjoyed until within these few years. When last I waited on him at Woolwich, he was far advanced in years; he received me with the most cordial kindness, telling me how very much obliged he was for the situation he had enjoyed for such a length of time.

At the period my father laid his plan before the government, it was seconded by upwards of twenty general officers of the cavalry, whose letters I can produce. Amongst the many, one

will give some little *éclat*, added to the opinions once held of his abilities.

“ *July 16th, 1781.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I really think your scheme so very necessary, and so very desirable a one for the service of the cavalry, that I should be very happy if it were in my power to contribute to it more effectually than by my wishes that it may take place, and be as advantageous and agreeable to you, as it must be to the army. When it is established under your inspection, I do not doubt of the success of it; for, without a compliment, I know nobody so capable as Mr. Angelo to conduct it. I regret only that the plan cannot be extended to the officers, but that is, I know, impossible. Those of the navy are much wronged, when they are reckoned the worst horsemen in this country. Our cavalry gentlemen are far inferior to them in *matière d'équitation*. I am very glad to find the Prince of Wales interests himself in your project. *Il faut du poids en toutes choses, et celui est vraiment sterling ; avec ceux qui entendent la cavalerie, vous ne trouverez guères de difficultés, et qui pis sont, les prétendans*; and an Englishman is very apt to flatter himself that he is riding, when he finds himself upon an animal as stiff

as the pole of a coach, with a leg hanging on each side of it.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Your most obedient humble Servant,

“ PEMBROKE.”

“ *To Mr. Angelo.*”

BANNISTER'S GIFT.—I have my old friend Bannister's permission to give the following story from his budget:—

THE SUPERANNUATED SEXTON.—“ True philosophy teaches us to be patient” in the storm, and to rejoice in the sunshine; both of which it is every man's lot, more or less, to experience. And this is certain, that man in general, with “ all the ills that flesh is heir to,” strives to put a good face on the matter before his fellows, and to appear as cheerful as he can.

I formerly met a curious instance of this in a superannuated sexton; for, between his aches and pains, his recollection of past troubles and pleasures, his extreme old age, and his *gaîté de cœur*, he laughed and cried all in a breath. I mentioned this lately to my friend George Colman, whose labours in the drama make it his business to study the human mind.

“ You shall shovel your sexton,” said he, “ into Bannister's Budget.”

I objected that the sexton was a mere sketch;

nothing to introduce him ; no incidents to bring him out.

“ Pooh ! pooh !” he replied, taking a large pinch of snuff, “ 'tis character. It is a very small nut, I acknowledge, but I will try to inclose it in some of my own nonsense ; then do you crack it before the public ; and although they may dislike my shell, I think there is a chance of your making them taste the kernel.”

In a few days he presented me with some loose papers, in manuscript, which I shall now have the honour of reciting to you. He makes me speak in my own person, as the hero of the tale.

I happened, not long ago, to be so reduced by a bilious disorder, and a long train of nervous symptoms, that my upholsterer (who is also an undertaker) called upon me, and said, “ he hoped, as he had the pleasure to make my sideboard, he might soon be allowed the happiness of furnishing my funeral ?” As I had some strength left, and did not owe him a farthing for furniture, I kicked him down the first flight of a stair-carpet he had nailed down for me. The street-door being open, he ran with his head bump into the stomach of a man bawling pickled salmon ; whereby the fish-bawler’s stomach became as much disordered as those of his customers. Upon reflection, my con-

science told me that it was hardly fair (since in the way of trade, some must live by the dying) to kick an undertaker who asks custom for a coffin. So, to make reparation, I sent him word that I would call in three physicians. My undertaker was soon satisfied with this promise, and he assured me, “all thoughts of the prosecution, on his part, should be *dead and buried*, provided that I stuck to my doctors, and my executors gave him the last job he could perform for me.” I kept my word, and convened my three physicians. They felt my pulse every day, during a week ; then regularly closeted themselves to talk of the wind and weather, of scandal and politics, for about five minutes ; ordered me, sometimes a pipe of bottled bark, sometimes a hogshead of buckthorn, took a guinea a-piece, and drove off to the next sufferer.

This, in London, is called a *consultation*. On the seventh morning, having grown fretful, I bolted in upon them, and interrupted their mock debate on my case, just as Doctor Doublechops was disputing with Licentiate Lankjaws, whether, if Buonaparte cut off our trade with the Turks, we should run short of rhubarb.

“ Gentlemen,” says I, “one word—if you don’t *depart* entirely, I shall.”

“ Sir,” stuttered Sir David Doublechops, for the doctor is a baronet, and the bloody hand

on his chariot serves as a twofold type of his rank in life, and his murders in business—"I tell you plainly" (stuttering), "if you dismiss us, you'll die directly ; and this I pronounce without the smallest hesitation."

Licentiate Lankjaws, as he looked into the glass, wheezing like a Middlesex post-horse at a Brentford contested election, with a face as thin as the edge of a smooth farthing, drily uttered, "Every body who hears how husky you are, and sees your emaciated countenance, must swear that, without our skill, you'll go into a galloping consumption."

Doctor Mum was the third physician. His rule is always to *open his hand*, and very seldom his mouth, at a consultation ; so he shook his block, and said nothing.

To end all dispute, I told them, that whether I was in a consumption or not, my *purse* was ; and as to other fees, I must pronounce it in that case to be in a decided *decline*. This speech was like an electrical shock to the doctors, and cleansed my house of the faculty in the taking of a pill.

They were scarcely out of the passage, when a favourite cat jumped upon the table, swept off fifteen phials of draughts, to be taken every two hours, and smashed them to shivers. This seemed to say, as plain as a cat can speak, "Since we have got rid of the doctors, why don't

we demolish the physic?" As Montaigne could philosophize with *his* cat, I thought I might take a sick man's privilege to be whimsically silly with *mine*. So, opening the window, "Puss," says I, as I threw the remaining bottles, one by one, into the back area, "we are ending the farce of a consultation of physicians, and this, puss, is the *catastrophe*;" and as I was throwing out the last phial, the servant came up to remind us, that the area had been white-washed the day before.

"Then I have spoiled it, I suppose?"

"Certainly," he observed; "physic has not made it look whiter."

"Why not," said I; "it has made *me* look whiter a great deal."

The fellow smiled: "I merely meant, Sir, what you have thrown there has done no good."

"I should not have thrown it there, honest John, if I thought it could have done *any*."

Three physicians out of the house, and two smart things said to one's domestic (not reckoning the pun to my cat), in the course of five minutes, quickens the vital circulation; and quickening the circulation, in a frame more unstrung than decayed, more torpid than feverish, is half the battle gained over death, when he aims his javelin at a knight whom Time has not marked with his furrows, as unfit for tilts or tournaments.

“By Saint George!” I exclaimed, “I will not quit the lists; if I am to be sent to Heaven, it shall not be by the blue devils!” The man stared. “Order me a post-chaise; I will go for a day or two into the country.”

In half-an-hour the chaise was at the door; and as I told the post-boy to take me to any inn out of town, where I might have good air, a clean room, and no clatter, in two hours and a quarter I was at Longford. Longford is a straggling village on the road to Windsor, about fourteen miles from the metropolis. As the landlord helped me out of the chaise, “You may see, friend,” said I, “I am an invalid, and I am glad to observe written on your sign, ‘live fish.’ Let me have some dressed for dinner, directly; it is, indeed, the only thing I can eat, but to serve the house, you may add something else you have in the larder that’s delicate.” I waited until I grew faint, when the landlord bounced into the room, and smacked down, under my nose, a fat baked shoulder of mutton, smothered with onions. “Zounds,” says I; “where’s the fish? I expected trout from the stream here, or gudgeon, or eels, or cray-fish, at least, or—.” He assured me, “they never had any but salt-water fish; and that only came from London once a-week, except by particular order.”

“Then your sign tells an untruth,” said I.

“ An Irish gentleman, Sir,” said he, “ accused me of that last Friday ; for when I brought him to table as fine and fresh a haddock as ever swam in the sea, he flew into a violent passion, and cried out,

“ Landlord ! your board writes up, ‘ Live fish ;’ and, by Saint Patrick, you scoundrel, this boiled haddock is as dead as a herring.” I begged him to remove the mutton ; and with a glass of negus and a couple of poached eggs, I gratified a sickly appetite, as well as I could. As I had visited my bedroom, which was clean and airy, and looked over a neat garden, in a warm aspect ; and as my landlord seemed anxious to oblige, and cater well for me, provided I staid on the morrow, I was loth to quit him.

“ What shall I do here, landlord,” said I, as I was going to bed, “ if I stay with you for a day or two ?”

“ Why, Sir,” says he, “ you may see a wedding to-morrow morning, at our parish church.”

“ A wedding ?”

“ Yes, Sir ; Giles Hogtail is to be married to Kitty Cockchaffer. They are but poor folks ; but there’ll be quite a crowd, for they have hired a fiddler. ’Twill be rare and gay ; for the young couple are much beloved here, and very *populous* in the neighbourhood.”

I resolved to be present at this ceremony ;

and as I undressed myself, I could not help reflecting on the lottery of weddings --the blanks and the prizes. "But Fortune smiles here," said I to myself, "on the votaries of marriage."

As the wedding was to take place at ten, I desired to be called at eight; but I left my shutter half open, that the daylight might awaken me, for I have observed the sun is much more punctual than a chambermaid. The sun, however, blazed in my eyes, and roused me at seven; like the over-careful servant, who shook his master, when he was snoring, to tell him he had an hour more to sleep. While I was dressing, I ordered breakfast below; and as I had told the landlord, over night, that I had three doctors every morning, for the last week, I found, when I descended, a large tumbler of rum and milk on the table.

"What's this, friend?" says I.

"A doctor, Sir," says the landlord; "and two more will be ready for you in a couple of minutes." This mistake was soon rectified; and, thanks to the air, and the absence of *all doctors*, I eat two rounds of toast, drank a cup of tea, and set out for the parish church.

The couple had been in such haste to be married, that they had left the church before I arrived; but I saw the sexton sitting on a stone bench, in the porch. I walked towards him,

to inquire the particulars of the wedding. He was a little, withered, old man, whose eye transiently sparkled with gaiety, but soon lost its lustre, as if fatigued with the effort. It bespoke natural cheerfulness struggling against old age and decrepitude, and seemed to say for him, ‘I have taken a *long* journey; but although I am ready to drop, my spirits are still willing to go on.’ His face was withered, but it was ruddy, like a cherry-cheeked apple, which has been gathered sound, and kept till it is shrivelled. I should have supposed him to be about eighty-five years old, if he had not told me, in the beginning of our conversation, that he should be ninety on the following December. “Aye, aye,” said he, laughing always as he began his periods, and finishing them with a sigh—“Ha! ha! ha! I was born, master, in the winter of 1716, old style, ; there was a hard frost and a fair on the Thames, ha! ha! ha! Rare days! but I was a pretty little baby; ‘twas in the second year of King George the First. Two years after I was born, the Northern Lights appeared; and, 1727, I had the measles, and Sir Isaac Newton died. Ha! ha! ha! That’s a long time back; but they are merry days to think on. Ha! ha! heigh-ho!”

“Well, friend,” said I, “you have had a wedding here, to-day?”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! yes, yes. Young Giles Hogtail to Kitty Cockchaffer ; she’s a bouncing wench—a girl for all work. I buried Giles’s grandfather in ’81, when his Majesty’s great star-gazer, at Slough, peeped through his large spy-glass, and found out the Georgy Sidus ; he must be a jolly man, he sits up so much o’ nights. Ha ! ha ! heigh-ho !”

“ Well, friend, I hope the young couple will be happy ; but marriage is a serious thing.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! very serious thing, indeed. I have had three wives, and buried the last myself ; she lies in that corner, next to Mr. Mugs, the publican, who kept the Marquis of Granby ; when they were alive, she was one of his best customers, for poor Betty was fond of a drop. Aye, I was happy with all my wives, and as merry as the day is long. Ha ! ha ! poor Sal—no, I mean Bess—no, I mean Margery—I mean all three. Ha ! ha ! ha ! heigh-ho !”

“ How long have you been a sexton ?”

“ Let me see. Till the year ’42 I was journeyman to Sam Suet, the butcher. I left him, because he knocked me down with a marrow-bone, for saying he robbed the chalk-pits, to whiten his veal ; so, in 1743, I turned foot-soldier, and marched into Germany, and had a bullet shot through my left arm at the battle of Dettingen. Ha ! ha ! ha ! It is quite a pleasure to think of such things. Ha ! ha ! heigh-ho !”

“ But I suppose you’ve been in other engagements ?”

“ Ha ! ha ! yes, yes, several. I served under the famous Duke of Cumberland, against the Scotch rebels, when they were defeated at Culloden, on the sixteenth of April. I got no wound in Scotland ; but I remember I got the Scotch fiddle. Ha ! ha ! heigh-ho ! But in ’78 I began to be too old for a soldier ; and being unfit for service, I married my last wife, buxom Betty, as they called her : and liking to have something to do, to keep me gay, I turned sexton and grave-digger here, in my native parish. Ha ! ha ! ha ! that’s just forty years ago. I have had a good deal of business, thank Heaven ! and buried all my friends and relations ; and as I go on in robust health, I am as happy as the day is long. Ha ! ha ! ha ! heigh-ho !!!”

I put a piece of silver into the dry palm of this delving Methusalem ; and as I left him, and walked, ruminating, to my inn, “ What is the grave ?” said I. “ Yonder is a feeble object, tottering on its brink, who has been digging pits these twenty years, to bury half his parish, and still he is cheerful. How are we to account for this cheerfulness, among men dying, and born to die ? Certainly, Religion and Hope will explain the matter. I much fear that the *certainty* of death, every now and then gives Religion a jog, which might go to sleep without it ; and

then follows Hope, always whispering, ‘ *To-morrow.*’ ‘ You must die,’ says *Certainty*. ‘ I am preparing for it,’ says Religion. ‘ But not to-day,’ says Hope. Hope! thou cheering companion of mortality, when thou wouldest *narrow* thy dominion over human intellect, tell some ambitious Welsh curate that he will rise to the dignity of a metropolitan ; hint to a foolish father, who has entered his stupid son in the Inns of Court, that the booby will one day grace the woolsack. But, Hope! when thou knowest the *extent* of thy sway, thou wilt tell us, that though death be certain, thou canst point to something after death. And when, Hope, thou dost extend thy finger, to mark the road to everlasting bliss with *one hand*, grasp religion in *the other*, to enable thee to take the right direction.”

BANNISTER'S STUDIES.—From facts which I have witnessed, it appears to me, that players, like painters, do not trust always to their own powers or ideas when true nature is their object. This, I think, cannot be disputed by the most rigid critic. I went with my worthy friend Jack Bannister, previous to his first appearance in the character of Feignwell, in the “ Bold Stroke for a Wife ;” we passed through Longford, on our way to Windsor. In front of the inn, we saw a number of quakers thronging to their meeting ; we followed them there, and

seating ourselves *demurely* like the rest, waited for the moving of the spirit, but to no purpose ; for, during the space of half an hour, a dead silence prevailed, only interrupted by hawking, coughing, and spitting. Placed on a bench next to my companion, seeing his imitative demure looks, and prim behaviour, keeping pace with the hawking and coughing chorus, with difficulty I could preserve the becoming devotion due in *any* place of worship.

Hastening to steal away unseen, however, his zeal and veneration did not prevent him holding me fast by the skirt of my coat. Fearful of being observed, I was forced to keep my seat ; at last, out of patience himself, as there seemed no chance of the spirit moving them, and he had seen enough to enable him to copy their deportment, he left his seat, and pleased I was to follow my leader to the door. As soon as we were out, he again shewed his comic countenance, and, with uplifted hands and sanctified look, accompanied with groans, he made some ejaculations about vanity and vexation of spirit, in the usual strain.

On our return to town, the day following, we dined at Billingsgate ; previous to a fish dinner, as it was purposely delayed, we went to the Royal Exchange together, where we stopped some time to watch the manners and gait of the Dutchmen. The whole evening, it was “ yaw,

myneer," walking to and fro like a Dutchman. The inimitable way in which he played the old steward, was the admiration of every one; a character perfectly distinct from all the old men before exhibited on the stage. Bannister having been ill, and advised to make a little excursion into the country, met with the old grave-digger before mentioned, who was such an original, that it enabled him to throw much humour into the character of the old steward. Those who have seen him in the "Bold Stroke for a Wife," cannot but agree that it was his *chef-d'œuvre*. Among the many devices to which he had recourse, to impose upon the guardians, however he excelled in the others, this last was certainly superior to all the deceptions he so well represented; no one could possibly suppose it was Colonel Feignwell.

Previous to his taking leave of the stage, June 1st, 1815, he not only visited all the principal towns in England, but also went to Ireland and Scotland, where he was well received with his "Bannister's Budget," which must have amply filled his coffers. During the space of fifty years I have enjoyed many marks of his esteem, and we have together witnessed various scenes of joviality and mirth. I one day requested him to have the goodness to let me have some anecdote of the sexton, with which I knew he had often de-

lighted his audience, and he said, "If it can be of any service to you for your 'Reminiscences,' no man can be more welcome to it than yourself." As it is not in print, I trust that its insertion in the preceding pages will be the more acceptable to the readers of my second volume.

ROBBED.—In my way home one night, about twelve o'clock, passing Spa-fields, I happened to look behind me, when I beheld two fellows close at my shoulder. One of them snatching off my hat, ran away, the other taking a different direction. I directly followed the thief, calling out "watch," and was in time to seize him by the collar, until two watchmen came to my assistance, but no hat was found. Having taken him to the watchhouse, we left him in confinement, whilst the watchmen with their lanterns, and myself returned over the same ground again, and in searching, my hat was found. The next day he was taken to the police-office, Hatton-garden, and my evidence being sufficient, he was committed to Newgate for trial. A fortnight after, the sessions at the Old Bailey commenced, when I was obliged to attend there. On the first day I was punctual (Monday), and in the list of trials that were to come on that day at the Old Bailey, left for public inspection, was that of Jack Butcher, my

hat stealer. Here I waited for four days, from morning till night. I was at length out of patience, it being then six in the evening, and no appearance of the trial coming on. Having previously had the honour of being placed near Judge Bayley, at our Eton anniversary dinner (he was an Etonian), and being known to him as one, when a trial was over I took the liberty of addressing him, at the same time saying that I had been four days in attendance, and that according to the list of trials, the one I was to appear in as a witness, was among those for the first day. Being professionally engaged, I requested his Lordship to permit the one I had been in waiting for, to proceed, which was instantly granted, and Jack Butcher's name was called for. The business was soon settled, for, after my deposition, and my hat produced, Jack Butcher was found guilty. Being desired, afterwards, to go to a house in the neighbourhood for my expenses (as a professional man) attending four days, I received fourteen shillings, and my hat returned to me. After the trouble and delay I was obliged to put up with, no trifling theft shall produce my appearance again to wait the many hours I was forced to do. When Judge Bayley passed sentence, I read in the newspaper afterwards, that Jack Butcher, who was transported, said, "Thank ye, my Lord, I am much obliged to you." He

was, at the time he robbed me, at the head of a notorious gang, that were the terror of Islington and Pancras.

MRS. CROUCH. KELLY.—For many years I always kept Good Friday at some little distance from town ; my companions usually were Bannister, James Heath, and Rowlandson (artists). Through mistake, having promised to meet them on that day, and they having left town without me, I went to the wrong place, the Bush at Staines. I had not been long there, when standing before the inn door, I heard from a window, a voice calling out “Angelo!” when I saw Kelly, Mrs. Crouch and Mrs. Horrebrow. Disappointed at not meeting my party, who had taken a different direction, and accepting Kelly’s invitation to dine with him, I remained four days, pleased with meeting with those who could not but make the time pass agreeably. As they had their carriage for their morning country rambles, it was devoted to pleasant rides in the neighbourhood ; particularly to Windsor, where we enjoyed a delightful day, viewing the castle and Eton College, and I was the leading *chaperon*. As to the evening, if song and the native humour of Kelly, who, at all times, was full of anecdote, could add to the pleasure of my unexpected meeting, I could hardly regret my not having met with my own party. The

reception experienced at Staines, I have often thought of since with pleasure.

GEORGY PORGY.—When my father attended Eton, he sometimes went in his own carriage. One very hot day, passing over Hounslow Heath, he saw a poor woman seated by the road side with an infant in her arms; she appeared almost exhausted with fatigue, and so far attracted his notice as to lead him to stop the carriage. After relieving her, she said she had walked from town, and was going to Reading to meet her husband, who was a soldier, and quartered there. My father, who was going that way as far as Slough, previous to leaving the high road for Eton, offered to take her there. Pleased when seated in the carriage, she began fondling and talking to the child. For some time my father sat patiently, and, though himself fond of children, all this dangling of the nurse, and her continual gabbling, became disagreeable; when he told her she was welcome to the journey, but begged her the remainder of the way to be silent, and sit quiet with her child. During the space of an hour she contrived not to show her fondness by talking; when within a mile of the road that turns from Slough, she could no longer resist talking to the child, and dancing the boy in her lap, first singing out aloud, “What! Georgy Porgy ride in coachee poachee.” This was too much. Mamma was left a mile less than was

intended to ease her of the journey, with a shilling to buy some pap for Master Georgy.

BLOW YOUR NOSE.—Old Slaughter's Coffee House was my usual resort to read the papers. I once sat near Sir William Chere, who had a very long nose, and was playing at backgammon with old General Brown ; during this time, Sir William, who was a snuff-taker, was continually using his snuff box, seldom making the application necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning continually over the table, and being at the same time in a very bad humour with the game, the general said,

“ Sir William, blow your nose.”

“ Blow it yourself, 'tis as near you as me !”

MY OWN BOASTINGS.—Notwithstanding I have said so little in my “ Reminiscences,” relating to my profession—anecdotes and observations, which I deferred for the present—yet I cannot refrain boasting of my *ci-devant* situation, when I was a professor of the science. Speaking of the three professions—the church, the law, and physic—I do not hesitate to say, that, alluding to the nobility, some of the first characters of the last and present century, as well as the most celebrated men who have distinguished themselves, have honoured me as their instructor in fencing. No Bishop ever preached to such a number of high rank ; nor had any Lord Chancellor, clients, nor Sir

Henry Halford, or any other M.D., patients, so illustrious. Lest a doubt should exist, that this is mere matter of boast, the underwritten names, which have appeared in *print*, are subjoined, being a list of my pupils to the year 1817. It includes those who subscribed to my publication, in addition to my father's plates of fencing, and those who were not subscribers:

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Pomfret	Duke of Northumberland
Lord Nugent	Lord Alvanley
Lord Tyrconnel	Lord Stanley
Duke of Rutland	Lord Mexborough
Lord Kirkwall	Marquis of Anglesea
Lord Charles Manners	Marquis of Camden
Lord Robert Manners	Lord Grantham
Lord Clive	Lord Morton
Lord Frederick Bentinck	Lord Cranbourn
Duke of Devonshire	Lord Clifden
Marquis of Sligo	Lord Byron
Lord Cowper	Lord Macdonald
Lord Liverpool	Lord Albemarle
Lord Grosvenor	Lord Foley
Lord Milton	Marquis of Queensberry
Lord Lowther	Lord Aylesford
Marquis of Tavistock	Lord Stowell
Lord Delaware	Lord Talbot
Lord Amherst	Lord Hawke
Lord Valletort	Lord Le Despenser
Lord Sidmouth	Lord Plymouth
Lord Glenorchy	Lord Anson
Duke of Portland	Marquis of Worcester

Lord Sidney Osborne	Lord J. Russell
Lord Apsley	Lord Strathaven
Lord Gage	Lord Graham
Lord L. Gower	Lord Weymouth
Lord Malpas	Lord Harborough
Lord Lisle	Lord Clanwilliam
Lord Herbert	Lord Denbigh
Lord Belfast	Lord Lenox
Lord Garlies	

MACKLIN.—I should think it must have been the last time that Macklin performed the part of Shylock, when, his memory failing him, he stood for a long time speechless. After a long pause, the audience becoming out of patience, a general hissing ensued, regardless of his old age—then approaching to ninety. Not being able to proceed, he retired. I was in the pit, near to the orchestra, and was hurt to see the old man come forward on the stage; in one hand holding a candle, and in the other a paper, which he read to the audience. I do not recollect the contents further than that he justified himself; Macklin brought an action against a lawyer, named Alderton, who had hissed him, and recovered damages; which, on his refusing to accept, the Judge complimented him, saying, “Mr. Macklin, this is one of your best performances.”

DIBDIN.—After his favourite musical piece, “The Padlock,” the words of which were written by Bickerstaff, Dibdin brought forward his

“Wedding Ring.” This was rejected in the very beginning, however delightful the music was. Bickerstaff, who had disgraced himself for ever, and had fled the country, was suspected of being the author; and the disapprobation was so very great, that music had no charms to sooth the audience, who, from the drawing up of the curtain, commenced a general hissing; nor did it cease till Dibdin came forward. His pallid look and agitation, at the time, almost overcame his powers of speech. First striking his breast, he said, “On my honour, *I* am the author.” All doubts being removed, it was suffered to proceed. This opera, I believe, was his first essay, as a writer. The Deserter, Waterman, &c., were subsequent productions.

MRS. POWELL, ACTRESS.—I was acquainted with Mrs. Powell, the actress, in the year 1782. Some time afterwards, Mrs. Farmer was anxious also to become an actress. Being well acquainted with the elder Colman, I took an opportunity, in the summer, when his theatre was open, on being invited to dine with him, at Richmond, to recommend her to his notice. On mentioning to him her wish to make her first appearance in the part of Alicia, in “Jane Shore,” he directly objected to tragedy at his theatre, and said, “She would be a pig of lead to him.” After telling him, as far as my judgment appeared, that she had every requi-

site to succeed upon the stage, I prevailed upon him to give her a hearing. The day being fixed, she waited on him, when her beauty and person, after rehearsing before him the part of Alicia, sufficiently convinced him of her merits. However, he mentioned to her a character he preferred, in “The English Merchant,” a play he had written himself, and which was well suited for her first appearance ; yet her countenance and superior figure were so well suited to tragedy, that he gave the preference to her own choice. The repeated applause she received on the first night augured well for her future fame ; and the pleasure I felt the next day was doubly enhanced, when congratulating her on her successful *début*, and hearing the encomiums every one bestowed, I gave her also several newspapers, which I purposely brought with me, all speaking in the highest terms of her acting. Previous to her winter engagement, by Kemble, which followed, at my request, my friend Bannister gave her those instructions that entirely removed a defect she then had of aspirating her words. Her future celebrity, for many years after, as an actress in tragedy, next only to Mrs. Siddons, needs no comment of mine.

MRS. SIDDONS.—I had often seen Mrs. Siddons, previous to her going to Bath, in “The Runaway,” “The Silent Woman,” &c. When

she returned to London, on her first appearance at Drury-lane, our family was in Mrs. Lacy's box, to see her perform Isabella. A young lady, who had been at the rehearsal in the morning, and had then witnessed her powers, judging what she was to experience from what she had previously seen that day, determined to be beforehand to have a good cry, and not all our laughing and persuasion could prevent her shedding tears. The idea of what she must expect from her affecting acting, was enough to produce weeping.

MRS. JORDAN.—The first night of Mrs. Jordan's appearance at Drury-lane, as Peggy, in "The Country Girl," I was in the balcony box, over the stage, in company with Parson Bate and Dapper Vaughan, a gentleman well known as a great admirer of the drama, and a general frequenter of the theatres, from whom Sheridan is supposed to take his character of Dangle, in "The Critic." At the time, they were so delighted with her *début*, that they both decided on her future excellence; particularly Mr. Bate, whose critique the next morning, in the Morning Herald, speaking of her perfections, "true to nature," foretold her future abilities.

MRS. GOODALL.—Lord Barrymore once got up the play of "The Constant Couple," at his private theatre. The ladies were from Thornton's company, then performing at Reading,

and no one being capable of undertaking the part of Sir Harry Wildair, I was commissioned to wait on Mrs. Goodall, then performing at Drury Lane, to request her to appear in that character at Wargrave, which she accepted. At the same time I went to order a suit of clothes, which I took care should be costly and elegant. Lord Barrymore's character was Beau Clincher; mine, Alderman Smuggler. The critique (which I have now by me) in the newspaper, speaking of the Wargrave theatricals, mentions the play of "The Constant Couple." Of Lord Barrymore, it observes, "He was easy, gay, and volatile, entered particularly into the merits of the character, and through the whole of Clincher, gave infinite satisfaction to the audience." In mentioning what followed, in the same paragraph, as I am writing of myself, *I trust I shall be acquitted of vanity.* "Mr. Angelo, in Alderman Smuggler, brought to our recollection the favourite comic actor, Parsons; and almost every feature in his face, as well as his performance of every part of the character, was a striking resemblance of this very excellent actor."

Mrs. Barry first played Sir Harry Wildair; afterwards, Miss Walpole; and, I believe, the next was Mrs. Goodall, who, for her person and easy deportment, did ample justice to the character. The country audience were delighted with her acting,

and Mrs. Goodall must have been well remunerated, having received from his Lordship a handsome *douceur*. I mentioned to him that the male attire, which I had ordered purposely, might be of service to the lady in her country engagements, instead of adding it to his play-house wardrobe, and I was desired to acquaint her she was welcome to keep it. Speaking of the *jeu de théâtre*, I have to thank Mrs. Goodall, from the information she gave me, for not feeling the smart of a good beating. As she had often occasion, when performing, to give Alderman Smuggler a severe caning, the better to "suit the *action* to the word," she did not fail to strike as hard as possible; accordingly, she took care to give me my full share, for some time drubbing me well on the back, whilst on the ground, obliging me to "suit the *sound* to the *action*." Though I had long smelt the lamp, I never before *felt* the stage effect of a *cane*. The next night, by Sir Harry Wildair's advice, I took care to have plenty of pasteboard lining, which improved the beating I received, the *sound* of the blows keeping pace with the *noise* (laughing) of the audience. However I might have shone in the previous performance of that character, I am confident I did not play it with the same *feeling* the second night.

FOOTE.—Many years ago a novelty was exhibited, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket,

when it belonged to Foote, consisting of *morning theatricals*, a species of puppet show, in addition to a small piece, entitled, "Piety in Pattens," written purposely to introduce Mrs. Jewel, wife of Mr. Jewel, then treasurer at the theatre. The part of the Squire, Mr. Foote; the Butler, Mr. Weston; Polly Pattens, Mrs. Jewel. The morning's entertainment did not answer. Previous to the second conflagration of Drury-lane Theatre, Mr. Waldron, who was the prompter there at that time, favoured me with the manuscript of that piece, as I had then some idea of playing the part of the Butler, with a few amateur actors; and I believe that I am the only person (it is not in print) that has the copy.

QUICK.—At Richmond Theatre, in September 1792, for the benefit of Mr. Yart, who was master of the ceremonies to the ball there, I performed the part of Moses, in "The School for Scandal," and sang Dibdin's Jew song ("Ye jobbers, underwriters"); also Bagatelle, in "The Poor Soldier," and Davy, in "The Rivals." Our old favourite, Quick, was Acres. My friend, Jack Bannister, with whom I played in "The Liar," (when I was the Baron, and sang my duet, "Ballad Singers," at Windsor, before his late Majesty,) was the only performer of note I ever exhibited with; and it is now gratifying to me to say, I have trod the boards

with such an eminent actor as Quick. I was pleased the other day to hear from one of his old acquaintance, that he is enjoying good health—may it long continue. Those that have seen his Tony Lumpkin, Barnaby Brittle, Old Bachelor, &c. of last century, may say “We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

PREVILLE, THE FRENCH ACTOR, and Garrick, were two planets shining at the same time. The former was then reckoned the French comic Roscius, to whom the English one gave me a letter of recommendation. I was kindly received by him whenever I dined at his house. In the evening he always took me with him to the theatre to see him perform. One night, in particular, I was very much amused to see him in the supper scene, in the “*Le Roi et le Fermier*,” (our afterpiece of the “*Miller of Mansfield*,”) Henry Quatre being his guest. Preville, whilst eating his soup, so hot as occasionally to burn his mouth, made grimaces, which, with the stage tricks, his naïveté and imitation of swallowing it so hot, not only delighted the audience, but the King himself could not abstain from risibility. Though then not so conversant with the language, to me it was a treat.

ETON PLAY.—The Rev. Doctor Barnard, at the time he was provost at Eton College, had a juvenile play performed at his house there. A

few of the Etonians were selected for the purpose. The present General Sir William Hutchinson, K.C.B., performed the part of Horatia, in the play, and the Widow Brady, in "The Irish Widow," the afterpiece. Though I was too young then to judge of the merits of acting, I well remember that every one was delighted with his acting, and his Irish dialect in the farce, no little treat to his school-fellows. After I left Eton, I was told that he was one of the first scholars there, and was one of those, with our late premier, Mr. Canning, who assisted in "The Microcosm," a publication emanating from a select few there.

It must have been about the year 1800, when, in the summer, a *fête* was given at Frogmore. Among those admitted with tickets, I was one, when I saw the General in the suite with his Majesty, walking with crutches, having been previously wounded in the knee, in the expedition to the Helder. As there were various amusements in different parts of the garden, wherever they stopped, a chair was always placed for *him* alone to be seated. But a very few days since I was honoured with that notice and friendly cordiality, his old school-fellow had always experienced for a number of years.

SHERIDAN'S DUEL.—I should think it must have been in the year 1770, or 1771, during my holidays at Eton, when our family were on a

visit at Bath, to old Sheridan, who resided in King-street. This must have been but a very short time after his duel with Mathews. I recollect Dick Sheridan (his appellation then) shewing me a wound in his neck, then in a sore state, which he told me he had received from his antagonist on the *ground*, and that his intimate friend, Pomier, who was his second, absconded at the time. R. Sheridan had been a scholar of my father while at Harrow school. Mathews had learnt fencing in France, and was considered very skilful in the science; however, I do not remember the particulars of the duel, further than that the material injury Sheridan received was when they were both down. During our stay there, which was a fortnight, Sheridan at that time ran away with Miss Lindley, which incensed the two fathers so much, that when they first met they were like the two old Spanish fathers, in the play of "The Wonder." Old Sheridan was enraged that his son should marry the daughter of a fiddler; the other, furious at the idea that his daughter, the Cecilia of the age, should be allied to the son of an actor.

The late Marquis of Buckingham, whom I remember at Eton, was captain of the school, and at the rebellion there, when all the big boys quitted the college, Doctor Roberts, with whom he boarded, and who was his tutor, to prevent him

following the others, locked him up in his room. At the time I was at Bath, he was a great crony of Sheridan, being under the tuition of the father to remove a defect he had in speaking, having such a bad habit of stuttering, that for some time he could not articulate at all. When at Eton, in the middle of the upper school, the provost and masters assembled to hear the orations, soon after he began, he was seized with a stammering, which lasted a long time, and the distortions that followed were terrible; we all waited patiently until he could proceed. In the subsequent intimacy of our family with the Lindley's, my mother succeeded in uniting the two fathers, and bringing about a reconciliation with their runaways. I have to thank Sheridan for introducing me to Gainsborough, who was the popular artist at Bath, at the time I was there. Since then, I am proud to say, he has often favoured me with his pleasant company at my house in St. Alban's-street.

SHERIDAN, HORNE TOOKE, AND TICKELL.—At my father's, one night, Sheridan, Tickell, and Horne Tooke were at supper. The latter was then violent in politics, and they strove all they could to induce him, I should say provoke him, to argument, which he took with a deal of good-nature, but all their endeavours failed. I was then very much in the habit of bleeding at the nose, and whilst he only treated their at-

tacks with ridicule, instead of opposing their opinions, I was obliged to leave the room, nor did I see them again that evening. But from what my mother told me the next morning, Horne Tooke was too much for them both, and with a deal of *sang froid*, with very few replies, silenced all their endeavours to provoke him to politics.

BARTHELEMON, the fiddler, was the solo player, and led the band at Vauxhall. One day, as he was walking along the Haymarket, Mrs. Creuzer, who was near her *accouchement*, standing at the window, and seeing him on the other side of the way, told her fond husband, who was prompter at the Opera-house, she longed to kiss Mr. Barthelemon. He was a little Frenchman, with a large head, and handsome chubby countenance, who boasted of his amours. Creuzer ran directly and called to him, “Mr. Barthelemon, my wife do visha to kiss a you ; come, come, she long a to see you.” The little man hastened, and instead of kissing him, she bit part of his ear off.

LORD MULGRAVE.—In the Christmas holidays, when I was at Eton, the play of “Venice Preserved” was performed at Lord Mulgrave’s, in Harley-street. The present Lord Mulgrave (then the Hon. Mr. Phipps) played Jaffier ; his brother, Captain Phipps, of the Ambuscade frigate, Pierre ; Miss Laleuse, Belvidera ; and

myself, Bedamor. Having occasion to wait on his Lordship with one of my family, I observed, that the last time I entered his house was about fifty years ago, when a play was performed there.

COL. HERRIES.—The second time the King went to St. Paul's, after his illness, the Light Horse Volunteers were on duty. Above three hundred dined that day in the Freemasons' Hall. As fencing-master to the corps, I received from Col. Herries, on all occasions, an invitation to their dinners and mess. On that day a serious occurrence, yet a laughable one, might have followed. After dinner, during the conviviality of the table, some leaden balls, with four thick wires attached, extending an inch, so that when placed on the ground, two would be always upright, were handed round for general inspection. These were called *cats*. At that time there were many persons disaffected to the government, and not a doubt existed but that these *cats* were meant to be scattered in different directions to lame the horses of the cavalry. Colonel Herries presided. With all his affable and social attentions in the chair, he was tenacious of his duty as an officer commanding the most respectable corps in Europe, nobility and gentry of the first rank and opulence. A letter having been delivered to him, by way of humour, at the

same time to assure himself of the discipline of his corps, in the height of their festivity he rose up, and said that he had just received a letter from the Lord Mayor, that a serious riot was every moment expected to take place, and that the presence of an armed force was immediately required. At once the whole corps were hastening away, when, telling them the troop in reserve must proceed first, at the moment they were going to leave the room, he called them back, and laughing said, at the same time acknowledging their promptitude, it was only a *ruse de guerre* to prove their discipline.

FESTIVAL AT LISLE.—When at school, in the summer vacation, my father and mother took me with them to Lisle, in Flanders, to fetch away my two elder sisters, who had been some time in a convent there, called the Ursulines. During our stay, there was a grand *fête*, the first given on the occasion, being then one hundred years since the town was retaken from the Spaniards. Residing at the large hotel in the *Grande Place*, before our window was exhibited a large fountain of wine, and the crowd, with their tin pots, scrambling to obtain some, made it very diverting. In one of the environs, we saw firing with cannon at a mark for prizes. In the evening, illuminations and fireworks. This lasted three days.

At one of their *spectacles* (though at the time

I knew very little French) I saw their opera of the “*Déserteur*.” It was so well represented, and had such an effect on my feelings, that I could not avoid shedding tears.

At our return, instead of proceeding straight to Calais, we took Dunkirk in our way ; when, in the evening, walking on the quay there, my father entered into conversation with an English captain of a vessel that was to sail that night for England, and the wind being favourable, he preferred taking that opportunity of returning home. Accordingly, having got permission of the *intendant* to quit the town after the gates were shut, about eleven we embarked. Although the wind was favourable, the waves were not so ; we had a brisk gale, and continual soughings ; keeping the deck to prevent paying those seat ributes (sickness), I continued *above*, but, before my intended bed-time, I was obliged to go *below*. There, crammed in a small cot, almost smothered with heat, the whole night, accompanied with vermin, I was so annoyed, I had not an interval of sleep. In the morning (I lay in my clothes), my white stockings, which I had been continually pinching, were entirely covered with red spots (crushed fleas). The fact was, we had taken our passage in a vessel laden with rags. By ten o’clock the next morning, we were in the river Thames, before Erith, a few houses ; at no great distance was Woolwich,

where we landed. Want of rest, and what I endured during the night, quite deprived me of that appetite, enjoyed by the others, at their breakfast. A lady, who was one of our party, and had smuggled some lace, to remove all her fears of the Custom-house officers, who were very strict then, deputed me to get into the high road to meet a coach, and hasten on to town, first stuffing me, under my clothes, with lace and silks—my father, &c. continuing their voyage to the Tower. I arrived safe with my contrabands; when clean linen, and a few hours sleep, restored me to myself again. This was my first excursion to the continent, being then a school-boy. Whilst at Lisle, we visited at the gate of the convent, where my sisters were. There we saw Sister Frances, an English nun, a Mrs. Skerret, a tall handsome figure, about forty, who was the idol of all the English resident there for their education, and who were said to be numerous. During the Revolution, at the time of Robespierre, I heard that, with several other nuns, she had taken refuge in England.

CATO.—I must have been about ten years old, when, in the Eton holidays, Cato was performed at the Dowager Lady Townshend's, at Privy Gardens, Whitehall. The present Lord J. Townsend was Cato; the late Lord Ferrers, Syphax; Lord Harrington, Sempronius; Hon.

Col. Stanhope, Juba. They then honoured their little schoolfellow with their notice. I was received as the dramatic Decius. Old Sheridan, who was my instructor previous to the performance, received me every day at his house; he then resided with his family in Frith-street, Soho. Old Sheridan, the first thing after dinner, began to prepare his mixture. Having filled his decanter with brandy and water, when the lumps of sugar were added, it was handed round the table, each shaking the bottle till melted. During the glass passing round, I was to leave the room. When entering to receive my lesson, I began my speech, “ Cæsar sends health to Cato”—my instructor often calling out “ Up with it! ” “ Up with it! ” Raising my voice, and being often bid to repeat the same sentence, I became so far perfect, that at my first theatrical *début* I came in for my share of applause, and not a little gratifying to my father was the notice the young noblemen had bestowed on his son. In the mornings R. Sheridan was my reading instructor, whilst at his breakfast. Of the books he had chosen for me to peruse, one was the Vicar of Wakefield. Since I began my reminiscences, I had the honour to be received by Lord Harrington, at his house, with an affability and condescension that were gratifying to my feelings. Talking of our school-boy days reminded me of our different characters in Cato.

BANNISTER AND SUET.—On a ramble to Bartholomew Fair, with John Bannister and Suet, amusing ourselves with the different shows, wild beasts, puppets, &c. &c., our curiosity led us to one of the taverns, where, in a long room, a variety of characters were singing and carousing. Whether the faces of the two droll comedians were recognized, I know not, when a shabby looking little fellow accosted us, saying, “I knows as how you loves a bit of fun; if you’ll go into another room I’ll make you laugh.” Following him up stairs, he left us for a few minutes, when he returned with a napkin wrapped round his hand, showing only the outside of his fore finger and thumb, with the face of an old woman corked on it, occasionally exhibiting the appearance of a mouth opening. Placing his hand and napkin against the wall, he sang, imitating an aged voice, “The Old Woman clothed in Grey,” much to my amusement, and the laughter of the laughter makers. Pleased with what I had seen, and as he said I might send for him at any time, I remembered him the Christmas following. Intending to amuse some friends I had invited to supper, I sent for him the same morning, when the servant informed me he had died only the day before.

KEW GARDENS.—During a certain number of months in the summer season, Kew Gardens were open on Thursday evenings for the public

—a harvest for the King of Bohemia—a famous house for the cits and their ladies on Sundays ; it is now divided into two, almost facing to Chiswick-lane and the Pack Horse. On the King's birth-day, the 4th of June, a splendid firework was exhibited in the gardens, as well as on Tower Hill. On one of the nights there of the fireworks, when with a large party, two lost their watches, one his snuff box, and myself a handkerchief; my loss I did not regret, but I had to remember, not the tender squeezes of a lady who held my arm, but at each report of a firework, being alarmed, she left a pinch whose colour afterwards proved her fears. .

PARSONS.—Previous to his dwelling on the Vauxhall-road, which he called Frog Hall, he lived at Turnham Green, close to the road side. To prove his loyalty, and to add to that notice his Majesty had often honoured him with, by his laughs at his excellent comic humour, Parsons constantly watched the King on his going and returning from Windsor, and stood before his door to make a low bow. The carriages passing so very near his house, his brother actors called it, “ Parsons's Dust-hole.”

LORD PEMBROKE excelled in horsemanship, which was his daily amusement in his manége ; he did not neglect the exercise of fencing, and by way of varying it, he had Henkley, a famous quarter-staff master. Henkley, in his opinion

of his abilities and in his temper, was not like some French fencing-masters *politique* (servile), whom I have known in this country, to put a *de gina in dere pocate*, pocket the hits; not so this Robin Hood, who had often given his lordship a good thrashing. Desiring him (Lord Pembroke) in one of his lessons, to make a *full* stroke at his legs, at the same time prepared to guard them, Lord Pembroke made a full blow on his head, and laid him flat on the floor, leaving on it a purple memento of his mistake. The enraged master called out, “ I said the legs !” when his lordship replied, “ I thought you said the head ; I see I shall never make any thing of this exercise, so I had better pay you for your lessons, and leave off.”

SECTION XII.

HOLLAND.—August 20, 1814. Having first procured my passport from the Dutch ambassador, I proceeded to Harwich. In the coach was a French gentleman and his wife, a handsome robust young woman; he was going to Paris, and having been in Holland before, he preferred that route. Her manners were cheerful, and she had that *vivacité Française* which is so agreeable; indeed she was very amusing for the first fifty miles to Colchester, where we dined. It seems they had been on an excursion to London, where they remained about six weeks, and they never went further than Hampton Court and Windsor. Prejudiced they of course were in favour of the *grand monarque*, and *madame* regarded them both as very far inferior to Versailles. As to Windsor, in her opinion it was not to be compared to Saint Germain's. The theatres being shut was a source of regret to her, but as the weather was

very hot, she fortunately had not to complain of the *vilain charbon*, coals, which foreigners think so injurious to their health. Our *nourriture bif stec* was *dégoûtant*. Though she complained bitterly of English cookery, to judge from her *embonpoint*, she had not been quite starved, and as we approached Colchester, her appetite seemed to increase so much, that I think even a slice of pudding would not have been unacceptable to her. To this place she kept us on the *qui vive*, and every one was in good humour, except a John Bull who was in the coach, who had not an idea beyond his roast beef and porter, and growled more than laughed at the *plaisanterie*; complaining at our patience in listening to French palaver. However she there amused us; her spirits were far different afterwards, for, on our arrival at dinner, madame was impatient to begin.

The first dish introduced and placed before her, was a large one filled with hard Norfolk dumplings. This she said was *épouvantable*. After waiting some time, in came two boiled barn-door fighting cocks, tough combatants, and a large piece of bacon; five minutes after was the disheartening announcement of “The coach is ready.” Bad as was our dinner, they took care to charge a good price for it. On resuming her seat, her silence soon convinced us that she was not pleased with her English

fare ; the remainder of our journey we sat like Quakers not moved by the spirit, and silence was only broken by the John Bull, who snored most fiercely from time to time, till we got to Harwich. The Norfolk dumplings had been not only a damper to our appetites, but to our conversation.

Arrived at “The Three Cups,” an excellent inn, where foreigners are continually going and coming, the fricassee and omelette, I dare say, were very acceptable to madame, and made up to her for the bad English dinner, especially after her having told us of the many delicious *petits plats* at Paris. The next day we took our departure in the packet for Helvoetsluys, about two o’clock. Every thing, at first, wind and tide, favourable, and we were all in expectation of a short passage. It was at the conclusion of the war, and the greater part of the crew were Germans returning home, most of them entered in the Landgrave’s service ; there were very few English. Being entirely attached to my French companions, the lady was pleased to make me her *chaperon*, and the husband *quite agreeable to it*. Indeed the sea sickness with which he was attacked, soon left us to our *tête-à-tête*, and as he secured separate cots for himself and his wife, the *champ de bataille* was left to me ; no unpleasant change, as the beauty of my fair companion made her the admiration of every one. All went on well, the weather was

very pleasant, and we were enjoying the sea breezes, seated on the deck drinking our tea, not troubled with the usual sea tribute to annoy us ; we remained there till near ten. Having placed my cloak bag in the cot next to hers, I ushered the bella donna to bed, and gave up mine to an old sick gentleman ; the one allotted for her being next to the floor, I placed my cloak near her, which answered the purpose of a pillow, the hard floor being my mattress, where I remained the whole night, *en sentinelle vigilant*. I was pleased that with my assistance, her husband had procured two cots, as all the others had been seized on our first coming on board ; but being an old traveller, I have always adopted the same precaution.

This was my first *début* in a Margate hoy, years ago, now *poliment* called the packet. Here we were all stowed together, many on the hard boards ; the heat was intolerable, some were grumbling, and others singing ; the Germans swearing with the “*Tar tifle and tonder ten tronk*,” and a little Frenchman roaring “*Vive l’amour, vive le vin*.” During the day we had seen little of him, except at the side of the ship, when at intervals he was sick, and in a laughing mood he called out, *payez le tribut*. Though the Germans had previously sent him to Coventry, he now gave full scope to his tongue, and told them he had served with

Buonaparte in the Moscow expedition and at Austerlitz ; he did not spare the Germans who were in the different actions. Not content with stating how he signalized himself, he boasted of his prowess, and how they were beaten ; and in quizzing the place where we were all jumbled together, he compared the cots around us to the dens in the Tower ; and as the heads popped out, he said it reminded him of the animals there. Left as we were to rough it, we had no choice (at least those that could not sleep) but to keep up our spirits to pass away the time till morning, and our lively Frenchman very much contributed to relieve our *ennui*.

Crowded as we were, some for want of room could not conveniently lie down. Monsieur was sitting upright, the wainscot his pillow ; the rolling of the vessel occasionally bumping his head, which afforded no little amusement to the party. During the night it blew hard, and our bedroom was like a rocking cradle, so that you may imagine we did not sleep in the most comfortable manner.

In the morning, the wind shifting, we were obliged to lay to ; however, a breeze proving favourable, about one o'clock we were passing the sand-hills off the Island of Goree, and at two landed at Helvoetsluyks. By this time, madame, who was all impatient to land, had

almost forgotten her hard dumplings, and was now delighted at the idea of a *bon bouillon*. We were marched to a *cabaret*, for I cannot call it an hotel, and hearing that a treckschuyt was to sail at three o'clock, as there was nothing to eat, unless we waited past the time, my fellow traveller, *monsieur*, (whilst his lady and I were left to parade the town) undertook the culinary department himself. Indeed he told me that his wife longed for, and must not be disappointed of some soup. Having procured a quantity of large onions and herbs, first frying them in grease, and plenty of toasted bread (not meat), which gave a rich colour, and a quantity of water, he boiled them some time, and produced, in *appearance*, a strong soup; but there was little taste, except of the onions; this, with some *fromage de gruyère*, and a little sour wine, was all we had after such a long night and a hasty departure. Ready for our next voyage, we embarked on the Maes, when we had to trust to the sails, as the river is too wide for boats to be drawn by horses. Seated on the deck, we remained there till near the time we expected to be at Rotterdam, ten o'clock, as we were told by the captain, for after seven the favourable wind had entirely subsided, and not having got more than half way, we were not to expect, unless an alteration took place, to arrive before next morning.

The day had been excessively hot, and now we were annoyed by the damp, we were obliged to go below deck. Here we beheld an assemblage of Dutch peasants and their frauds, going to Rotterdam, it being the time of the grand annual fair; but we could not enjoy the sight, as we were nearly stifled, seated all around, on a bench. Indeed, I found myself in a more unpleasant situation than on the previous night, and, except the tossing about, I was worse off, more wearied, and more impatient. At nine o'clock we passed Schiedam, the famous place for the distillation of gin, about three miles on this side of Rotterdam; and before ten, A.M., we arrived at the end of our voyage, close to the Bomkeys, a long terrace, filled with large warehouses. By eleven we found ourselves seated to a good Dutch breakfast, at the Swine Doff (Boar's Head). As my fatigue got the better of my curiosity to see the town, I had a good nap, a wash, and the comfort of clean linen. At three o'clock I dined at the table d'hôte, and they gave us an excellent dinner. Madame, who was seated next to me, verified the truth of Dr. Johnson's observation, " You must fast, to feast;" for, after her late deprivations, she did not spare either the *fricassée* nor the *entremets*, which followed.

The next morning they took their departure for Paris. When making my *obéissance* to her,

she gave me her address (not solicited, my journey *only* being to Holland), “*Marchand des Modes, Rue de Richelieu, Paris.*” Rotterdam needs no description, it being already so well known to every one. I shall only speak of the fair. I saw the annual one, which lasts many days. There were some thousand booths, every street being filled with them. What attracted me most was the juvenile theatre—the oldest performer was not more than fifteen. My curiosity, in the evening, led me there; it was a comic opera. I do not recollect the name; the fable soon became familiar to me, though in Dutch, with the droll plot, and their excellent acting. The story was (like Falstaff, in “*The Merry Wives of Windsor,*”) a representation of the various escapes of the priest of the village, intriguing with his neighbour’s wife, with whose peccadilloes she has acquainted her husband, an innkeeper. The priest, under pretence of administering spiritual consolation, is ever taking advantage of the husband’s absence, who is keeping out of the way on purpose, till his wife gets a good round sum from the priest, on promising that she will not *disappoint* him *this* time, when the signal being given by her, a noise is heard of the husband coming up stairs. The terrified *good* man, to avoid a discovery (like our farce of “*No Song, No Supper,*” where the lawyer

hides himself), conceals himself in a sack that had been used for flour, when the husband enters, with a posse of neighbours, and the devout lover is dragged out of the sack—his black coat all white—and his disgrace excites the laughter of the whole *dramatis personæ*, and the general applause of the merry audience.

A friend of mine, who had been in Spain, informed me, though such an exhibition may be allowed in Holland, that at no distant period of time, if the audience in the former country had encouraged such an exhibition, they would all have been sent to the Inquisition. The performers were generally excellent, particularly the wife, a handsome girl, about fifteen, quite *au fait* in encouraging the addresses of her clerical lover—an ugly, bandy-legged boy, about the same age, with a disgusting countenance, to heighten the character, and to expose the cloth. Here I saw the house that was inhabited by Erasmus. The broad canals, in almost every street, filled with shipping, must astonish every beholder. Some were large enough to contain a number of families, merely hulks, without masts; they had come down the Rhine by the stream, loaded with wine, and, I was told, could not return. The carillons (bells) of the different churches are much superior to ours; and what with the bustle of the fair, and

the amusement altogether, I remained here four days. At the hotel the charges were moderate.

Leaving this place for the Hague, I travelled by the canal, in the treckschuyt, drawn by horses. I passed by Delf, but had not time, though we changed horses there, to see the church, which is well worth viewing. I arrived at the Hague just in time to dine^r at the table d'hôte, where there were many officers, and some ladies. The inn is close to the canal, where we disembarked. During the whole way in going there, we were saluted from the shore with hurras, on each side, by the children, who were bawling “Orange boven!” it being the Stadtholder's birth-day, the first of his return, since quitting Holland for England, in 1795. In the evening I went to their Vaux-hall, which, compared with ours, is a mere *pot-house* garden. There were some tolerable fireworks; but the company was very indifferent. As my intention was to return home by Brussels, and the time was precious, the next day I proceeded, by the canal, to go to Amsterdam, passing by Leyden, then Haerlem. At this place I quitted the treckschuyt, and I remained till the next day, and saw the first printing of the Lord's Prayer, by Laurence Coster, at the press, the garden of curious plants, and the cassino of Sir A. Hope, a small collection, but

by the choicest masters. As the price was ten guilders to hear the celebrated organ there, in the great church, I did not find myself harmoniously inclined.

On the day following, by the same conveyance, I arrived at Amsterdam, where I took up my quarters at the best inn, the Grand Doel. In the next room I often heard the merry knight Sir William Curtis, who was now here, with Mr. Robarts. Nothing in this place particularly attracted my attention, except the stadhouse, more than my visit to the Munio (spiel houses). As soon as I entered, I seated myself on one of the benches placed round a long room, and glasses of various liqueurs were handed to me, every one being expected to call for something as the price of his admission. Here, indeed, was a strange sight to me, having accompanied some ladies, for at the end of the room were several women and girls (*filles de joie*) parading up and down, some engaged in waltzing, others in corners *tête-à-tête* with officers, &c. till they were occasionally called out of the room by the abbess of the Dutch nunnery. Here were seen fathers with their wives and daughters, officers with their sisters, several of the most respectable appearance. What would our holy bishops say to this? and on a Sunday evening too!

As the time appointed for my return to Eng-

land had arrived, I was obliged to be off the next morning for Gourda, as the coach for Antwerp goes from that place. It was four in the evening when I arrived there. After dinner I saw the famous painting on glass in the great church, and the next morning, at an early hour, departed for Antwerp. After crossing the Scheldt different times, (a coach had to meet us on the other side), one passage nearly a league, we arrived at Breda, one of the best fortified towns in Holland, where we dined. Leaving it, we had several drawbridges to pass, and then pursued our way through an extensive swampy plain, which can easily be inundated in a short time. Nothing occurred till night, when we reached Antwerp about ten o'clock, and went to the Lion d'Or. Having been there before, I merely rambled about the town; the next day, I saw the grand church, where the curious representation of Purgatory is exhibited, and the Place de Mer, which, as well as the view of the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, has been so accurately designed by Rowlandson, (and published by Ackermann,) when on a tour in Holland with Mr. Mitchell, late partner in Hodsoll's (the banker's) house. At one o'clock, the next day, I left Antwerp for Brussels by the coach. It being previous to the Battle of Waterloo, I found the place full of red-coats, and in my way from Ghent,

several of the Guards passed us in the treck schuyts from Bruges. When arrived there, I was fortunately in time for a coach to Ostend, and got there before the gates were shut, or I must have remained outside the whole night, probably at some cabaret.

Here (at the Hôtel Saint Michael) I remained during the next day. In the evening I saw two English regiments on the parade, and as there were some fears that an embargo was going to take place, which would have been a serious delay to me, I paid at the packet office two guineas, and hastily took my passage to Colchester. By nine o'clock the same evening, the time appointed for sailing, I was on board. Here I found myself in a little vessel of not more than thirty tons, a temporary arrangement whilst the packet was painting. We waited till near twelve at night, when though the wind served, yet it was so tempestuous that no vessel could venture out. However, the captain, fearful of being detained and deprived of the profit of his passengers, braved the gale, and hazardously cleared the harbour. There were but few of us, and being the first on board, with only eight cots, I secured the best for myself, an upper one. Here were the very worst accommodations; what I had was a mere apology for a bed, and even that was swarming with fleas. Had I, before I paid my two guineas,

seen the *garniture*, and known (which was the case) that there were only four sailors to guide the vessel, notwithstanding the appearance of bad weather, no fears of an embargo should have emboldened me to leave terra firma. I was very much alarmed at the noise of the wind, and the waves occasionally dashed over the sides of the vessel, which, at times, so inundated the floor of the cabin, that all the boxes and cloak-bags were completely soaked ; fortunately, mine served as my pillow, and having taken a second floor for my bed-room, I avoided being christened with the first floor lodgers. The next morning, when we were told how very narrowly, in consequence of the sudden change of the wind, we had escaped the Goodwin Sands, we all were most thankful to Providence, or we must inevitably have supped in Davy Jones's Locker. Now during the day there was too little wind, and it was night when I got in the river to Colchester ; I was then obliged to have recourse to a boat to take me to Winny Hove, three miles on this side. Here I met with a small inn, cold beef, some good porter, and the best bed I had slept in for some time. Having, too, a bowl of punch before us, I sang—

“ Now safe moored, with bowl before us,
Messmates heave a hand with me ;”

and being refreshed with a sound sleep, the next morning I was myself again.

Had I been cast on the French coast, probably my fare would have been (if so good) an *omelette* and sour wine; like John Bull, *Vive l'Angleterre* for me. As there was no conveyance here, with my cloak-bag, I jogged on, and walked about two miles to the custom-house at Colchester; and, the ceremony of examining my baggage being over, I made a good breakfast, which formed a complete contrast to my previous hard-dumpling reception there. Hearing that the stages to town had been stopped by the custom-house officers, looking for many who had been abroad, during the short peace, purposely to smuggle, and having at Brussels bought a rich veil, lace, and a quantity of cambric, which were concealed within the silk lining of my frock coat, and having seen (terrified at the time) two of the passengers who came with me, at the custom-house, deprived of mere trifles, novelties only to be found abroad,—to avoid a second search I took a post-chaise to Chelmsford, and a hired one the rest of the way. Thus I was conveyed safe to London, where I arrived, much pleased with my foreign excursion, and my narrow escapes, either from drowning, or being stopped as a smuggler, by sea or land.

SECOND VISIT.—In August, 1817, I made a

second tour to Holland, crossing over from Harwich to Helvoetsluys, and from thence, on this occasion, I went to Rotterdam, taking care to avoid another night's delay on the Maes; one of the passengers, who crossed the water, was going thither, and another on a commission to purchase pictures at a great sale that had been advertised for some time. On our arrival, we procured a coach for ourselves, and after travelling over marshy and disagreeable roads, many parts of the way kept in repair by numerous faggots to support the weight of the carriages, we got there in the evening. Having been at Rotterdam before, I remained there but two days, when I proceeded by the canal to the Hague. On this second visit I was lodged in a superior hotel, facing the theatre, and was very much amused on perambulating the streets, having stopped but one day here, when I saw very little. There were a number of fine lofty houses, but many of them were uninhabited, a proof that the town was not in a flourishing state.

After the population I had beheld at Rotterdam, this place appeared deserted. The Stadholder's palace in the wood, better called the cassino; the paintings which refer to the time of King William, and one on the wainscot, covered with rich silk, ornamented with various Chinese devices, being a present from the

Emperor, were the only attractions. Indeed, I was disappointed in expecting to see pictures of the best Dutch masters, for these were very few. I was much amused with a French company of comedians there, particularly with their *petit opéra comique*. One of the performers, with the lungs of a Stentor, astonished me, such was his loud bawling. Thus have I seen, at a country fair, a whip given as a prize to that carter who could vociferate the loudest, “ Whoo, Ball, whoo !”—but this Monsieur would beat them all by an octave.

The walk to Sheveling, two miles from the Hague, pleased me very much. By each side is a fine avenue of lofty trees, and the village seemed to be better than those generally inhabited by fishermen. Here I could get no other refreshment than some gin and shrimps, which, however, they took care to charge for *à l'Anglaise*. Finishing the evening in the *Grand Place*, seated under the trees, I saw many taking their refreshments; the goffles (light batter like pancakes, heated in small tin pans) brought to you straight from the oven, were excellent, as well as their Burgundy.

This jaunt being only intended to occupy a few days, my professional winter campaign now approaching, I returned to Helvoetsluys, having hired a coach, but not without crossing the Maes before I got there, and arrived in time for

the packet, which was to sail the next day. My narrow escape, when last on the other side of the water, sufficiently warned me, however I might be inclined, never again to run any risk by bringing away a few *souvenirs* for my friends, not even some Dutch gingerbread for a child, being sufficiently alarmed already at the custom-house officers.

PARIS.—August 2, 1818.—I left town by the coach for Dover, and the next day embarked about eleven for Calais. The packet, an English one, was crowded with passengers, I should think nearly a hundred; I remained on deck the whole time; except for the sea occasionally wetting us, it was a very pleasant passage. When approaching Calais, on passing the bar, an actor in the comic line at Covent Garden, *passé*, who was going to Paris, standing on the side of the vessel near the bow, a sudden swell of a heavy sea went over him, and he was completely drenched. However he may have taken pains to create a laugh, it was not a comic performance; though a trait of his first performance in a new character, before a marine audience, to their no small risibility; he may have aimed at comicality, but no applause here was obtained, not even one hand held up, which must have *damped* his spirits. The next morning I left Calais by the Diligence; at Abbeville we stopped to supper,

and we had hardly proceeded on towards the next stage (it being then about twelve at night) more than a mile, when the perch of the heavy coach broke. The day having been very hot, I had secured my great coat in the *coupé*; sitting in front, facing the horses, and the coach falling forwards, I was shot out like a sack of coals into the road, head foremost, but luckily only got a scratched nose and chin. Though the passengers were much frightened, they escaped without any material injury. With some little difficulty they were lugged out from the top of the coach, which was *renversé*. The vehicle was mended with ropes, and meanwhile we all had to go on foot five miles to the next post, and we remained there three hours, whilst a smith was employed to forge an iron to repair the damage. The consequence of this was, that we did not arrive at Paris till ten o'clock at night instead of seven. I took up my abode at the *Hôtel des Etats Unis*, near to the Palais Royal, where I was very comfortably lodged in a large room, gaudily furnished, with a fine *armoire sofa*; on the chimney were figures, and an elegant *or-molu* clock; in a recess, adorned with silk curtains, was a canopy bed; all for one Napoleon per week.

Here every morning I was visited by the *cafetier* to receive orders for breakfast, followed by the *restaurateur* with his *carte*. For the fort-

night I remained here, I may firmly aver, I could not have had such a lodging or lived so cheap in London, to say nothing of the *bonne chère* and good wine. After the many accounts of recent travellers to this place, of course I shall only mention the few occurrences that happened whilst I remained. I was rather disheartened at first making my *début* here, for being desirous to see the king at mass, on the first day I went to the Tuilleries, but was refused admittance, because I was in my travelling dress, (I took no other with me, considering I was merely a bird of passage), which they said was not good enough. Being disappointed, I was obliged to make my retreat. The next day, however, I made my appearance in better clothes, having had recourse to a fripier, who furnished me, *sur le champ*, with a suitable dress, my braided frock coat lined with silk not being considered a proper *habillement*. This time I was admitted, when I saw the King, the Duke and Duchess of Berri, and the other branches of the royal family, besides the palace, the pictures, and the statues, also the Louvre. However I was pleased at viewing such a fine collection of pictures, I was suffering the whole time.

The means of obtaining admission too, very much lessened the pleasure, for the clothes, though they fitted me at first, so confined me

afterwards (from the violent heat of the day) that the motion of my arms kept me in a continual perspiration ; I might as well have had on a suit of armour, and glad I was at my return to get rid of my dress imprisonment. Of the many sights that most interested me, was that at the *Barrière d'Enfer*, of the catacombs, and as they are now closed, I may as well say what I saw in a few words. You have to descend by a narrow winding staircase, as if going down to a well, and when at the bottom, you traverse numerous passages and windings. There were about twenty of us, among whom were several ladies, and we each held a wax-light taper, and were followed by the guide, who called himself the *berger* of the place. In the different caverns we passed through, on each side we were surrounded with thousands of skulls, and such a *memento mori* much disheartened my earthly curiosity. In one cell there was a small pool of water, with gold fish swimming, and a large table covered with arm and thigh bones of malefactors who had been broken upon the wheel. The place had such a frightful and desolate appearance, that it struck me at the moment, that if any of us had been suddenly taken ill at such a considerable distance under ground, and had been separated from the others, he would have stood a chance either of being left to starve, or of being buried

alive. Ever averse to be in a subterraneous place, perhaps I might have been the only one of the party who was afraid—*on n'est pas héros partout*. I hope I shall not be thought a coward, when I say, I was delighted when I saw daylight again.

During the short time I was in Paris, I met with general civility, and willingness to oblige, in every one; and I believe I was only annoyed on one occasion. I was walking in the Palais Royal, a lady holding my arm, when three Frenchmen passed me; and, hearing us talk English, one of them called out, “Ah, Mistère God-dam.” Had I been alone, irritated as I was at the time, I might have got into a quarrel; but, as Falstaff says, “the better part of valour is discretion,” and three to one, and having a lady under my care, I laughingly replied, “Messieurs, que le bon Dieu vous bénisse!” They took my reply with a deal of good nature. I often met them afterwards, and they always made me a gracious bow, when we passed each other. I took my departure, by the diligence, for Amiens; arrived there the same evening, and the next day hired a cabriolet to Lisle.

The day following I proceeded to Dunkirk, by the coach. Within a small distance we stopped at Cassel. Here was a view (though with no distant hills), which, for variety

of scenery was, in some respects, preferable to Windsor. There was an extensive flat country, where you may see nearly thirty fortifications. The town was on a very high hill, with a distant view of the ocean. In the evening we arrived at Dunkirk, and the next day passed Gravelines, on our way to Calais.

However I might have been pleased with my passage from Dover, for despatch, yet we were so very numerous, that the greater part had no choice (in foul weather) but to remain on deck. Walking on the pier, and seeing a French packet that was just going to sail, with very few passengers on board, I secured a place, though not without first having my passport signed. Here I might have seriously affronted the chef de bureau. On a previous occasion, when I presented my passport, I was told by him to give something to the clerk, when I presented him with six francs; but being afterwards told that he had no right to extort it, I was prepared this time, and left the room without giving any thing. Monsieur le Chef de Bureau called out to me not to forget the secretary, when I replied, “Combien?” “Comme il vous plaira;” when, standing at the door, making a Grimaldi grimace, and shrugging up my shoulders, I cried, “Il ne me plait pas;” and, imitating a Frenchman taking a pinch of snuff, I was off in a moment; and lucky it was, perhaps, I got

away, for I might easily have been had up before the *Commissaire*, for insolence to a gentleman in office, which might have detained me some days.

Though we sailed near an hour before the English packet was to start, we saw it at a distance of above two leagues, in full sail ; but being encouraged by the French captain, who had been boasting of his exploits against one of our ships, in Lord Howe's action, on the second of June, and his superior knowledge of *fast* sailing, we had every reason to expect we should arrive at Dover long before the other. Here, however, we were mistaken, for in less than half-an-hour it passed us, their sailors jeering, and the passengers clapping their hands ; Monsieur, quite ashamed, was *tranquille, par force*. The few of us on board that were English, knowing as little as myself of sea tactics, soon perceived the bungling of the sailors, if we might judge all the time by the repeated calls of the captain, and the delays in answering his orders. The English vessel having got out of sight, left us many miles behind ; and when we approached the pier, it appeared to have been some time in the harbour.

Little as I was acquainted with the sea, I remember when at Eton, after sailing to Surley Hall, and passing, on my return, the banks of the Brodurst, I knew how to furl the sail, on

approaching the landing-place. This appeared too difficult for them. The captain swearing—sails flapping—and it being rather windy, the sailors were not able to accomplish his orders; and there was every chance that the vessel would drift against the pier-head. To make sure of getting rid of the sails (strange!) they had recourse to a knife, to cut away the cordage, leaving them to fall on the deck. We entered the harbour, to their disgrace, amidst the hooting and hissing of the numerous spectators who lined the shores and the pier, who seemed disgusted with this specimen of French seamanship. What might we have expected, if there had been a gale, and the safety of the ship had depended on a moment's delay? We might all have gone to the bottom. I throw out these hints to those who are fond of crossing in French packets. Having purchased only a watch, an opera-glass, and a few French trinkets, I had no longer fear of the custom-house officers. The Dover stage brought me safe home. Nothing occurred on the continent to alter my ideas of England, and, setting my foot on shore, I exclaimed, with Cowper,

“ England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.”

DEPARTURE FOR NORMANDY.—July the 9th, 1825, was one of the hottest days that had been

for many years. London was a perfect hot-bed. A week previous to leaving town, though very particular business detained me there, overcome with the heat I confined myself to the house, occasionally having recourse to a refreshing beverage. As I intended taking a trip to Normandy, I left town by the morning coach from Piccadilly for Southampton, to proceed to Jersey, first, by the steam-packet that leaves there on the Tuesday evenings, at six o'clock, for that place. I mounted outside, heated as I was, and, after the first twenty miles, taking off my hat to wipe my face, I was much astonished, on putting my hand inside, to feel the heat of an oven. Having heard so many stories of sudden dissolution by a *coup de soleil*, for the first time, and never dreading the sun hurting my complexion, I followed the example of my outside fellow travellers, and had recourse to my umbrella, now my parasol. This, during the remainder of the journey, materially relieved me.

On our arrival about five, I took up my residence at the inn, next to the water side, close to the quay, where I was to embark. On entering the coffee-room all the boxes were filled with parties at dinner, and, strange! not one person with his coat on, all perspiring, I should think from the continual motion of opening their

mouths. Though I had not eaten since my breakfast (seven o'clock), the excessive heat had entirely taken away my appetite. As a *rafraîchissement*, I made my dinner on a *salade aux écrevisses*, and with sea air and breezes from the Isle of Wight, and walking in the evening by the river, my frame was reduced to a proper temperature.

The next evening I embarked about six o'clock, in the steam-packet, for Jersey; preferring the deck, to the sick stowage below, my cloak-bag for my pillow, and a rocolo my coverlid, the boards were a welcome mattress to me, after my unpleasant seat on the coach, where I had the whole day been broiling in the sun. About two we arrived at Guernsey, where many of the passengers were landed. Here we remained nearly an hour; had I known of the delay, I most certainly would have gone on shore. About two hours after the tide being out, we got to Jersey, where we landed some little distance from the town of Saint Hilier, on a rocky shore, being obliged first to pass over heaps of stones on leaving the beach.

My motive in going to Jersey was to visit an English family residing at Avranches, in Normandy. As the passage to the continent opposite was by far the nearest way, expecting to find some vessel going to Granville, I found my-

self mistaken, as no vessel was going to that place, which obliged me to take up my quarters here till the Saturday following, on which day I could have a conveyance, by a French vessel, to St. Maloes, the distance by land being afterwards near forty miles more than if I had landed at Granville.

St. Hilier is a neat, clean town, where you may hear many of the inferior inhabitants intermixing English and French words together, and their costume is the same as you would see in France, especially the women at the fish-market, where all sorts of fish are in great quantities, particularly large conger sea eels, &c. Residing in the square, which is introduced in Copley's picture of Major Pierson, and so excellently engraved by my old friend Heath, as I sat at the window, looking at the Town Hall, which was facing the statue of the king, &c. as represented in the print, I had full scope for reflection. What a scene of confusion and blood (several of the inhabitants had described the attack to me) must there have been in that very place, where they are all now enjoying themselves at their evening promenade! At the corner of the square you may now see a house perforated with musket-balls, remaining on numerous places outside the spot where Major Pierson received his mortal wound. In the picture he is represented in the square, which,

however, was not the place where he was killed, for I was told it was the corner of the street close by. Here was only one regiment.

The weather being so very hot, I visited no part of the island, remaining within doors the whole time. For cheapness of living it exceeds any place I had ever been in. I believe that Cogniac, and all French wines, pay no duty; at all events, they were very cheap, especially the former. On the Saturday morning I was on the quay at seven o'clock, but as there was not sufficient water in it for our departure, I had to wait till eight, in the vessel, no better than a fishing-smack. On the deck were two large dogs tied up, and at some little distance a pail-full of offal, &c., which I considered were for them.

Having had some distance to walk to be in time, I went without my breakfast, thinking I might get something, at least, on board. By ten o'clock I had embarked, when being some distance off, I inquired if any thing like a breakfast could be had, and I was told there was nothing but cider, unless I waited till twelve. When I travel, my general plan is to be contented with whatever I can get; but this was too much of a good thing, and I was fearful of the consequences attending an empty stomach.

St. Maloes, I believe, is about fourteen leagues from Jersey. We were crowded mostly with mar-

ket-women, who had come from thence ; except two, who had handsome pleasing features, these women were horribly ugly ; their faces, like their flat-fish, *scate* ; none but a Hogarth could have caught the exact expression of their countenances. This puts me in mind of what I saw at the Louvre—various designs, in birds, different species of animals, fowl and fish, placed opposite the human head, forming a resemblance—the monkey, dog, sheep, eagle, duck, owl, scate, dory, cod, &c. &c.

For some time I had been looking at a large pot on the fire, their cooking place. About twelve the master (I should say the smuggler), with his three French sailors, went to dinner. The first course was soup ; then followed the remainder of the ingredients, which, though not of a very delicate nature, being the garbage I had seen in the pail that morning, they all devoured greedily. Here is a marine French breakfast, *à la fourchette* ! Hungry as I was by that time, bread and cheese would have been a luxury to me, but here I felt myself too nice. Mingling with the *Mesdames* of the fish-market in conversation, and listening to their *patois chansons*, until we got to Saint Maloes, about five, made up for dining with Duke Humphrey, going without my breakfast, and being so many hours on my passage.

As we approached the French coast, on each

side we were surrounded with rocks, lifting their heads above the sea, some apparently twenty feet from the water. One continued range, they said, extended above fourteen miles towards the continent, which was then nearly twenty miles off. As we passed the island of Alderney, it appeared a mere desert, with a few houses. On our arrival at St. Maloes, we were landed on the sands, near the town, and after a long walk, carrying my cloak-bag, and trudging in a hot evening, now five o'clock, we were conducted to the Custom-house, where a general examination took place.

Here I entered with the same fears as at my return from Holland, when at the Colchester search-house, for I had purchased at Urling's, in the Strand, a bobinet veil, for a French lady, understanding that it was the most acceptable present I could take. This I had concealed on my chest, and though they searched me very minutely, and under my arms, enough to tickle me, fortunately they did not look at the right place. Here Monsieur was outwitted. The other present, a mere trifle, but, coming from England, the more acceptable, was not so lucky to escape, having put it in my cloak-bag, not considering that it could possibly be contraband. No matter! it was secured as perfumery; putting it to their noses, and sniffing for some time, they discovered it had an odour (so had my

pill-box). This was detained (not the latter), and I was desired to call the next day at eleven. When there, I remained an hour before I was indulged with an answer, and then was ordered to go to another *bureau* to obtain a receipt, on paying ninety-six centimes, ninepence-half-penny, when I got back my soap, but not the paper it had been wrapped in, which was an English newspaper, and had there been any thing against their government, my lodging might have been a French prison.

The only pleasant place is the walk on the ramparts surrounding the town, where the fashionables resort on an evening. Fortified as it was, it did not resemble at all the strength of those of the Netherlands, and the inland ones. The houses were lofty, and some few of the streets not unlike Paris. On the Monday following, about seven a. m., I mounted the *coupé* in the diligence for Avranches, my intended visit, about fifty miles distant. A French gentleman sat beside me, and finding I was sociable, and pleased to attend to any information he could give me, as we proceeded, he pointed out to me the different places where the Vendéans had fought against the Revolutionists, and those spots where the most sanguinary conflicts took place. When we got to a town called Dol, I went to the spot where a great resistance had been made by the Vendéans, and where a

great deal of slaughter ensued. Travelling along, not many miles from the sea, I saw a high prominence, on a rock, where there is a building at the top, at some distance from land, and was told that several of those who had signed the death of their king, were there in confinement.

Before approaching Dol, the traveller will be amused at seeing the costume of the peasant women, and their high caps, with broad wings to them, which have a curious appearance. At Dol, not following their neighbours' fashion, they were considerably less, and the more we advanced on our journey, their faces improved in looks, but were very far inferior to any part of England. The country gave me an idea of our roads, hedges, and fields ; not so when passing the grand alleys on the pavement going to Paris, where there are avenues of bitter apples on each side. About ten o'clock we arrived at Avranches, where a good supper, at the *table-d'hôte*, as the coach was going on to Rouen, was in readiness. Here was a repast more like a dinner, and a tolerably good inn. The next day I paid my French visit, and after breakfast went to look at the town ; but first presented the bobinet and soap to the lady. It was lucky that I had escaped the vigilance of the Custom-house officers. It pleased her the more when I told her the risk I had encountered, and she set the more value

upon it. The town is on an eminence; and the residence of the family I went to see was in what we call the parsonage-house, where formerly the Bishop dwelt. It was next the spot where the cathedral once stood, but which is now a mere grass-plot, where is erected a large crucifix, and a wooden figure of our Saviour, as large as life. The fabric was destroyed during the Revolution. From this place was a beautiful prospect, which reminded me much of England, though there are but few mansions to be seen, country residences of gentlemen, and few villages. On one side is a distant country of twenty miles, and on the other, the ocean. Not far from the house were extensive pleasure grounds, and a long walk, on each side of which was an avenue of lofty trees. This had been the property of the friars belonging to the Abbey. To avoid returning the same way to Saint Maloës, the next sea-port, Granville, not being distant more than fifteen miles, and the coach being to pass by at four o'clock, I did not make a long visit to the family (to whom I purposely left England, though strange, yet true, to *prove* my attention), but hastily bid them adieu, and I arrived there about nine. Here I was taken to a miserable *cabaret*. The town appeared larger than most of the fishing ports; but as it was dark when I got there, I merely saw the outside.

On leaving the place, there seemed to be some entrenchments, guarded with cannon, at a short distance from it. As a fishing-smack was to sail for Jersey at five o'clock next morning, after partaking of the best the house could afford—an omelet, and some sour wine for supper—I lay in my clothes, for the place, they told me, was some little distance off, where we were to embark. A little after four I left the house, as usual going without my breakfast; but I felt myself perfectly easy at my forbearance. When on board, sitting near an hour before we sailed, I comforted myself with the hopes (the wind, as they told me, being so very favourable) that by two o'clock, or sooner, I should be at Jersey. The crew consisted of three peasants, two women, the master, and two sailors. About eight they went to breakfast, which consisted of brown bread, apples, and cider. Though an old traveller, and having ever made it a rule to fare like the rest, I found myself too nice, and refused their offer to partake with them, still looking forward to the pleasure of a good dinner. Appearances had been some time in our favour, as we scudded along in good style; but soon, to make use of a sea term, the wind shifted, and came "right in our teeth." By this time (two o'clock) we were within about three leagues of Jersey, but the wind and tide drove us the same distance to the east-

ward. From the variation of the weather, and the continual tacking, we did not arrive before ten at night; though thirty miles, or thereabouts, towards our destination, our voyage must have been double that distance. This was another day of sea starvation; however, cold roast beef, excellent London porter, and a night's repose, added the more zest to my long abstinence. I remained here three days, till the packet for Southampton returned, and arrived there on the Saturday about four, having sailed the evening before. The Monday following I left, and, in addition to my luggage, I contrived to smuggle a quantity of Cogniac brandy, and a piece of India handkerchiefs; the latter I owed to a lady, who was kind enough to conceal it for me; the other, to one of the sailors. The English *souvenir* I took with me to Avranches. Its preservation I owe to my own ingenuity.

MOTIVES TO GO ABROAD.—Having some property left by an uncle, who died at Edinburgh, above four-and-twenty years ago, I was surprised to hear from the Lord President of Scotland, enclosing to me a letter he had received from the Chief Justice of Florence, with a copy of a proclamation announced in the different towns and cities within fifty miles of that place, proclaiming that my uncle died intestate, without children, and that if no claimant ap-

peared, during the space of three years, from the date, March 1827, the estate would devolve on the youngest nephew, at that time residing in Italy. Considering myself as the lawful heir, the elder son of the four brothers (all dead), though at an advanced time of the year (September), and what was worse, myself, too, at an advanced time of life, I determined to undertake the journey, to avoid those delays depending on letters, not considering the great expense that must ensue, the number of miles I had to travel, and the fatigues I must encounter. Inspired by the old saying, "money will make the mare to go," confident expectations that my presence would hasten the business, and that it would be lucrative, justified my resolution, and encouraged me to proceed. Feeling myself ten years younger, and provided with what I considered enough (seventy pounds) to *grease* the wheels, I found that to go by sea was by far the cheapest enterprise. Leaving London on the outside of the coach (no place inside), I was exalted on that stage where no catcalls or oranges check your endeavours to perform a long journey. Seated on the roof, a trunk behind me for a pillow, and a lusty companion on each side, there was no fear of falling whilst indulging myself with a cat's sleep. I neither felt the cold, nor did the time appear tedious.

SECTION XIII.

JOURNEY TO FRANCE, ITALY, AND SWITZERLAND.

DOVER TO BOULOGNE.—September the 7th, 1827, I left Piccadilly by the Dover coach, about seven o'clock in the evening, and arrived there the next morning, about the same hour. After ablution, and being refreshed with a good breakfast at the King's Head, about eleven I took my departure, in the steam-packet, for Boulogne. Amongst the passengers I met with an English gentleman, who had resided at Paris some years, with his family, and who was very anxious to get there by the next night. Impatient myself to hasten the journey, and pleased with his gentleman-like manners, we soon became acquainted, and settled our plan to travel together by post. On our arrival, about two o'clock, after a hurried dinner, and our passport, &c. being settled, with some difficulty we procured a cabriolet and horses, as at that

time they were very scarce, and many families waiting at Boulogne to proceed to Paris. In fact, the King was at Lisle to review the troops, and his suite had previously secured almost all the post-horses on the road. Our *aubergiste*, who then had a good excuse to detain his customers, would have imposed upon us ; but my new *compagnon de voyage*, who was perfectly *habile*, having travelled the road so often, to prevent tricks upon travellers, and French one's too, made a search himself about the town, and in the course of an hour fortunately succeeded, or we might have remained there for some time, like some of the John Bull families, who had been depending on the landlord some days for a conveyance. At six o'clock, not a little to their astonishment, and the many gazers who were surprised at seeing us, we took our departure ; they could not understand how we, who were the last visitors, should get horses.

BOULOGNE TO PARIS.—We now travelled all night, and in many places not a horse, as before, was to be had. My *camarade*, who had so often travelled the same road, knew better, and with that perseverance, so necessary when posting in France, beginning with a *douceur*, the wheels, thus *greased*, kept moving. The next morning, at ten o'clock, thanks to my *conducteur*, who ordered the breakfast, we had some excellent *café à la crème*, and a brace of

perdrix rouge. “ Thus far we rode before the wind.” When we got to Beauvais, then about four o’clock, I should think above one-third of the way, having purchased a couple of tumblers, and the necessary appendage, *une bouteille de bon vin de Bourgogne*, accompanied with a cold roast fowl, to avoid a moment’s delay, forward was the order of the day. With a good appetite, *en mangeant*, we proceeded on our journey, taking our *gouter* in the *cabriolet*. Such travelling pic-nic resources give greater zest to the appetite, than those dinners where variety, from habit, becomes *fade*. The time passed quickly away till we arrived in the Bois de Boulogne, where my fellow traveller resided. Here he pressed me to stop to supper, where every thing was provided, as he was expected that evening. Fatigued with my last night’s *repos*, I declined his polite offer. After mutual compliments to each other how very pleasantly we had beguiled the time on our journey, and accepting his invitation to dine with him the Monday following, I made my *obéissance*.

PARIS.—September 9. Maurice’s *hôtel* being the general rendezvous for the English, I ordered the postilion to drive there. No admittance—full! A friend of mine having spoken highly of the *Hôtel de Lille*, *Rue Saint Thomas du Louvre*, I went there, and found comfortable accommodation. The day following, at the *table d’hôte*,

I believe there were nearly twenty English assembled ; several ladies, with their daughters. Monsieur De Hoster, the master, presided at the table, whose manners and attention to his customers, and speaking English fluently, (having been in England), added much pleasure to the party. Here you were sure to find a multitude of dishes (dinner, three livres), and always a large joint dressed *à l'Anglais*. Board and lodging, per week, two guineas. Having previously twice visited the metropolis of the *grande nation*, I was impatient to leave it, but was detained waiting for my passport, which could not be procured before the Wednesday following. However, I made the most of my time with *promenades* and *spectacles*, the Palais Royal being my chief lounge ; as to antiquities, curiosities, buildings, &c., the greater part I had seen before. On the Monday I was invited to dine with Mr. Grimwood, the gentleman with whom I had travelled to Paris, at five o'clock. I was somewhat disappointed, for being formerly a great frequenter of executions, I wanted, for the first time, to see a man guillotined, and on that day, at four o'clock, a culprit was to be executed for murder. This would have been a new sight to me, though I had, many years ago, seen several suspended in the *Place de Grève*, and two broken on the wheel, at the *Place Dauphin*.

I have ever made it a maxim to be punctual at a dinner party, on all occasions, thanks to the good advice and example of my old friend, Tom Clark, late *premier commis* to Sir Robert Preston. However I may boast of dinner exactness, it is not from epicurism or selfish motives ; but I think punctuality is due to good manners, and is only a proper compliment to the lady of the house. Doctor Kitchiner, in his "Cook's Oracle," says, "There are some who never keep appointments ; but the *gourmand* will be punctual, for the sake of gratifying his ruling passion." So it was with my friend H—, that excellent artist on copper, who observed to me one day, "I always make it a rule, when invited to a good dinner, to take care to be in time ; for, depend on it, if only three minutes after they are seated, if there is fish, not an oyster, or even a tea-spoonful of lobster, will be left in the butter-boat." How provident ! My curiosity did not get the better of good breeding, and I was punctual to the time. Mr. Grimwood was not at home, but expected every minute ; I was, therefore, self-introduced to Mrs. G., from whose amiable manners and favourable reception, I soon found myself a welcome visitor. About half an hour afterwards, Mr. G. arrived, with an Englishman, whom he had taken to see the *guillotine* spec-

tacle. Our dinner party were Mr. and Mrs. G., the English gentleman, and his niece, who much contributed to the cheerfulness of the evening, which continued to a late hour, when Mr. R.'s carriage conveyed me back to the hôtel. Previous to making my *congé*, I was shewn a large, beautiful silver cup, which had been filled with Napoleons, and which our hospitable host won, the day after our arrival, at the Paris races. This must account for his impatience and perseverance to obtain post-horses, to be in time, preparatory to seeing his own horse, which was included in the list of those that were to start for the cup given by the King.

During my short stay here, I went every day to Gallignani's, to read the English newspapers; and this establishment is so well conducted, and such useful information is obtained there, that no stranger should omit a visit to it. Here I read, in one of the foreign papers, that a *bateau de vapeur* was to leave Marseilles, September the 18th, for Leghorn, where, previous to going to Florence, I intended to make inquiries, it being the birth-place of my father, respecting a certificate of his baptism—a very necessary document to produce, on making my claim. On Wednesday I hastened direct to the Rue de Bouloy, to secure a place in the diligence, for Marseilles, but they were all

engaged. Had I succeeded, I might have been in time to avoid the expenses that afterwards attended my journey. By one day's delay now, my plan was frustrated, consequently I was detained here.

PARIS TO LYONS.—September 14. Having taken a place in the diligence to Lyons, punctual to the time, four o'clock, p.m., I looked forward to new scenes, characters, conversation, and adventures. According to custom, previous to our entering the diligence, our names were called over, as numbered on being taken. Mine, that was the last applied for, was the middle one of the three, number 6, not *bien accommodé*, but vulgarly called Bodkin, and, when seated, I may say I was actually wedged in—six in a coach, not so spacious as ours to hold four. I began to be very serious, situated as I was, for I had to travel above three hundred miles. In this miserable condition, these were very unpleasant reflections. Prepared for the worst, *vive le joie*; but I rallied round, and endeavoured to keep up my spirits, though not a little disappointed with my company. On my right, sat an Italian, a vulgar, swarthy-looking fellow, with a lazaroni countenance and huge whiskers; on my left, another Italian, no better for appearance, with a suspicious eye, watching his wife, a fat Frenchwoman, who sat facing him, and who took great pains to talk

with every one, except her husband, to make the *aimable*. Probably had her face kept pace with her tongue, and if the head had possessed as much beauty as volubility, some of us might have suffered for it; however, for the truth must out, she was very ugly, and finding we were not much in the humour for talking, she was disappointed, and her disposition to chatter did not meet with much encouragement. She afterwards seemed determined to make herself disagreeable. However, heated and crowded as we all were, and stowed together, like eggs, what with the hot night, and the effluvia of our Italian companions, who were well scented with their *fleur d'orange* (garlic), our situation became most disagreeable, and we had often occasion for fresh air. By way of revenge for our silence to her, *babil*, Madame insisted on having a window up, to our utter discomfiture, and no remonstrance could persuade her to the contrary, as she was determined to avail herself of the *politesse aux dames*. Suffocated as I almost was, I never found myself more inclined to be the John Bull, finding that she was determined to shut out the air. This continued till the approach of daylight. Jammed together as we were, with difficulty could I occasionally wipe my forehead, incessantly perspiring. My arms were confined, and the annoyance of the Italian on my right rendered my situation

worse, for I was forced, continually, to tell him not to make my shoulder his pillow. Finding that he still persisted, I waited for an opportunity to give him (making use of a fencing phrase) a *coup de temps*, to take him by surprise, whilst supporting his head. Waiting till I was sure that he was fast asleep, and listening to his *nasal obligato*, I seized the moment, when a loud snort was the signal (having kept myself purposely forward), to throw myself back, and my signor's head fell directly forward, his nose pitching on the knee of a respectable old Frenchman, of the *ancien régime*, who sat facing me. Roused at the moment, he bawled out, “*Cospetto di Bacco*,” the blood at the time gushing from his nose; and he took care not again to make me a convenience for his nap, leaving me, for the remainder of the night, disengaged.

After dozing a little, I was most happy I had got over the first night's journey. All our travellers were disagreeable, except the one who sat facing me, a thorough *ultra*: the *conducteur* informed me that he was a marquis, of a distinguished family, and his pleasant manners and conversation now made up for the *disagreeables* I had experienced, up to this time. From his appearance he seemed to be about seventy, and having been in England during the revolution, in the suite of the King, at Tilney House,

he could speak a little English. He was pleased to take great pains to tell me of the hospitable reception his countrymen had met with in England. The other, next to him, appeared a very different character, to judge of his *costume*; he wore a blue linen outward garment, like a carter's frock. He gave me the idea of a countryman going to his farm; when, to my surprise (the conversation now, with us three, becoming general), the *paysan*, as he appeared, boasted that he had been a colonel, and was at the battle of Waterloo. I was much amused in listening to the ultra and the Bonapartist, who were so far *d'accord* with each other; for the latter was all *vanterie*, and was a complete Gascon, boasting of what he had done that day: “Turk Gregory never did such feats in arms.” He exulted in the superiority the French had the whole day, and about their driving the English before them; adding, that if General Grouchy had obeyed Bonaparte’s orders, “*les Anglois seront écrasés*,” Wellington and his army would have been crushed to atoms. I could not help calling out, “*Saure qui peut!*” the old ultra calling out, “*Bravo!*” This was a volley that produced a general laugh, the Italian, and even Madame, joining in chorus, which roused him the more, and he persisted that the battle was sold to the English. He was not content, too,

with praising the feats of the *grande nation*, at Waterloo, but boasted of the perfection of their arts and manufactures, and he had the assurance to say, their commerce had an advantage over us—that we were mere copyists of their inventions, and were a century behind them. This so put me out of temper, though not consistent with good manners, that I could not refrain from giving Monsieur the lie direct to all his assertions. Having Monsieur Ultra, and, indeed, all the others, as far as number and argument went, the *champ de bataille* was all our own, and if the coach had not stopped for us to breakfast, Heaven knows what might have been the consequence. This *fier bavache*, if he had had his Waterloo sword with him, might have cut off my head: but, using a pugilistic term, he would first have found a “customer.” Though I have *eaten* all that *I* have killed, yet, from the impulse of the moment, *then* valiant, I might not have hesitated to defend myself against a French Bobadil, having my *épée de voyage* with me, a sword-stick, the first I ever bought, which I procured the day before I left England. However, when I contradicted him, if he did not choose to understand my *patois* French, 'twas for him, at the time, to shew his resentment, and I thought no more about it, for breakfast was now the order of the day; and as eating at all times is better than fighting,

John Bull and Monsieur Grenouille entered the *salle à manger* in a better humour than when they left the diligence.

Pleased with the armistice, which was the result of the breakfast-hour, I began to reflect that my natural feelings had got the better of my prudence, and that I might have mistaken my man; for though he had the appearance of a country grazier, he might be a *demi-sol*, a half-pay officer, some of whom are dangerous tools to play with, as they generally know very well how to use their swords. In some instances, indeed, the amateurs of the art, not merely keep pace with the fencing-masters, but are often superior. An awkward check might have delayed my arrival at Florence. Not accustomed to a French breakfast, *à la fourchette*, made dishes, &c. &c., exhausted as I had been, shut up in long confinement, more dry than hungry, and no tea, or even coffee, prepared (only a *table d'hôte*, more suitable for the good of the house), I was obliged to keep pace with the others a little, if not so voracious. Encouraged by the old Frenchman, who eat ravenously of every dish, and who, seeing my want of appetite, vociferated. “ *Courage, mon ami; il faut manger pour vous fortifier l'estomac pour le voyage,*” and seconded by our Waterloo hero, who sat next to me, we were now the best of friends, table prisoners, with each man

a green sentinel placed before him (a green bottle) of sour *vin de table*.

No longer *chicaneur*, our time was otherwise employed, and by the transparency of our guards, perceiving that their courage was out, I ordered two bottles of *le meilleur*, La Fitte's *vin de Bordeaux*. Without much pressing they consented to partake of the two new visitors, *tout d'accord, point de dissension*. It was “*Beviamo tutti tre.*” I found the proverb true, “Wine does wonders;” that it is sure to make an alteration, I should say was true, and it was now for the better, for no sooner had we returned to the diligence, than we became most excellent friends. All was gaiety; and madame, who, in addition to taking her glass of Bordeaux with me, had previously supplied herself with not a little of the Cogniac, not minding the jealous looks of her Italian husband, was all *l'amour et la tendresse*, very unlike after our breakfast.

When one is in a diligence in France, the scene is generally different to that want of society we experience in England, where the passengers sit the greater part of the day like Quakers, in a general silence, no one venturing to make any remark, except such as “I think we shall have some rain,” or something in that sort of style. After dinner, those who had been the most silent, now became most talkative. I was no longer the Jack Roast Beef, but

the welcome coach inmate, for bribery sometimes they say goes a great way ; and madame, enlivened by the Cogniac, and particularly gay, and heedless of her *cara sposa*'s looks, sang a French duet with the Waterloo man, who had, previous to the repast, taken off his rustic habit, and had now the appearance of a military gentleman ; and if I may judge of the *langage des yeux*, they seemed to understand each other. Now the song passed round ; the ultra sang a *chanson à boire* ; to add my *little*, I blended both love and wine, and sang Montauciél's song in the “*Déserteur*,” *Vive l'amour, vive le vin*. As the *ancien régime* too knew enough of English to listen to my *attempt* at a comic song, I gave him the Lord Mayor's Show, and the imitation of the alderman, &c. The sleepy Italian, (I do not mean the green-eyed monster—he was in the sulks the whole time), who had his mandolin with him, sung and played several pieces with execution, during the little while I now remained inside passenger. The middle of the day advancing, and the heat with it, I could not resist to mount the top of the coach, preferring the beautiful views and vineyards, &c. that surrounded us ; though requested to remain, I placed myself in the upper story, next to the *conducteur*, where, for the remainder of the journey, I was delighted with the variety of

scenery, so very new to me; every hour enjoying the fresh air, I did not quit my place till we got to Lyons; and when I considered what I suffered inside the previous night, the following, though passed on the roof, was, comparatively speaking, a bed of roses to me. Having occasionally (for bribery at all times has great influence) mugged, as we say in England, (here I must call it liquored) our pilot, he was as good as a *femme de chambre*, finding me good accommodation; and sniffing the southern breezes did not prevent me making up for the loss of sleep, the heat and annoyance from the Italian. Here, had I been sleepless, which on many nights has been my lot when travelling outside, the atmosphere, so far different to England, mild throughout the night, no chills approaching the dawn of day, would have invited me. I regretted that I had ever placed myself inside. The stories of the *conducteur*, *un bon gaillard*, who sat on the other side next to me, and had been in many of the principal actions during the revolution, particularly in the Russian campaign, relating to his long service or his exploits there, very much shortened the miles of the long journey before me, relieving that impatience all travellers feel, thanks to my companions on each side. Though assisted (at my cost) like our stage coachmen at every stage, ready to *vet*

their *vistle*, by night it was *vive la joie*, songs of love and war adventures. On one side of me, were warlike deeds, on the other it was *my Lord Anglais*, while my *patois* amused them, encouraging their *gaieté*. One, from my inquiries, was the *Voyageur d'Avis*, the other by his *soi-disant* stories, a second *Montauciel*, and the time passed cheerfully with my new *camarades*.

The day following I changed my place when we got to Roanne, where we found two priests and a grown boy, one of the former English, the other two Irish. They were waiting to proceed; the Englishman had the appearance of a gentleman, and I found afterwards, both from his manners and conversation, that he was so. He appeared to be familiar with every part of the road to Italy, which was of much advantage to his two companions—mere novices, as well as myself. My place inside being vacant, the Englishman supplied it. Now seated between two of the *kingdom*, I soon became acquainted with my brother countrymen, and they informed me they came from the college at Dublin, and where they were going to. One was the tutor, and was about thirty; the other a Johnny Raw, about seventeen. Their destination was Rome; they were going to the Catholic College, and were recommended to Doctor Blake, with whom the latter was to be

placed as a student, preparatory to taking orders.

To vary the journey, and something to relieve the *ennui*, I expected to have found a pleasant change; but in spite of their classical knowledge, which they took great pains to shew, they were dull companions, and had not an idea beyond the "*propria quæ maribus*." I would much rather have listened to a description of the Irish bogs and huts, or the enterprises of Captain Rock, &c. &c. than to their learned disquisitions. The tutor would have shewn off if I had attended to him, relating to the Catholic question, but I had long ago been sickened with newspapers and religious controversy; orator as *he* would have been, he soon found *me* an Orator Mum. Whatever were his motives to introduce such a subject, I soon got tired of these two "learned Thebans." I changed my place and returned to my two former *camarades*, who seemed pleased to have me again between them, and I was pleased with their good humour. The *conducteur* always seemed to have some story to tell us as we passed the greater towns, and among others, related one about an Englishman, on his arriving at Tonnere, in Burgundy. Having tasted some excellent wine at Tonnere, and not recollecting the name of it, a few days afterwards he bothered his brain for some time en-

deavouring to call it to mind, and at last asked for some *vin de tempête*, thus using thunder for tempest. This joke my companions seemed to think a very good one, and I laughed heartily, begging out of politeness to hear more stories of my countrymen. He also related some extravagant stories about the ferocity and number of wolves in that part of the country, and said that near a hundred peasants had been killed by them in the course of the year.

After a most fatiguing journey (and, let me remark, that it is no joke to go from Paris to Lyons in the diligence in hot weather), I arrived safely, and put up at the Hôtel du Parc. For the information of travellers, I may as well mention, that it is a very indifferent inn, and the charges are much higher than they are in general in that part of the country. Mentioning Tonnere, the house in which Madame D'Eon (Captain I should say) was born, was there pointed out to me. The town was crowded with long cars, laden with casks and staves, it being the time of the *vendange*.

Here I remained till the Wednesday following, visiting in my wanderings the quay, the two rivers, the Rhone, the Saone, the cathedral, &c.; the latter especially attracted my attention. Over the entrance to the church, I saw the mutilations of the royal arms, which had been committed during the revolution. Impatient to get to Florence, my intention was to

pass the Alps by Turin; but the elder of the two priests who travelled with me, had previously taken his passage by a felucca from Nice to Rome: and as I had business at Leghorn, he advised me to do the same, particularly as the conveyance would considerably diminish my travelling expenses.

Following his advice, after remaining two days here, we took our departure by the Bateau de Poste, avoiding the Alps, to go by the Rhone to Avignon. At an early hour we left Lyons, the party (except a number of peasants who sat in a different part of the barge, where there was a-covered awning) consisting of a consequential Frenchman, his wife, her mother, and his two daughters, approaching to thirty. We never spoke together, and by the gentleman's seeming indifference towards us (his carriage placed abaft), for aught I know, he might have been an important silk manufacturer at Lyons. Following the stream (not sailing) about thirty miles, we breakfasted (*à la Française*) at Condueng, and were to have slept the first night at Valence, eighty-one miles distant. Though we had plenty of time to get there, Monsieur preferred stopping at Tournon, contrary to the express regulation that we were to sleep at Valence. By order of the Lyonnais (there was still time to have finished our first day's aquatic journey), he chose to stop the night at

a small town called Rochmeure, famous for the best Burgundy. It seems (we were informed afterwards) he had been invited with his family by the mayor to remain a night there, in his way to Avignon, leaving our water *conducteur* to tell us we could not that evening arrive at our destination. In seeking for beds, the only inn in the town being full, we were obliged to put up with very indifferent ones.

Dissatisfied with the cause, and the advantage taken of us, I conversed the remainder of the journey in French with the elder priest, and within hearing, taking care to talk *aloud* of Waterloo, of the Duke of Wellington in Spain, of Maida, and of an English frigate taking a French seventy-four: no little annoyance to *Monsieur le Marchand de Toile*. Had I proceeded by Turin, the Alps might have astonished me; but I was content with the plan I had now pursued, presenting romantic scenes, and on each side lofty hills, crowded with ascending vineyards, many remarkable for producing the first wines. During my water excursion, seated, or rather reclining, indulging my curiosity, viewing the stately mountains, the various boats returning against the stream laden with salt, some towed by sixty horses, I found myself far better than crammed in a diligence. Though the boat is but a slow conveyance, yet those who wish to see the surrounding country, and who have leisure

(it is less expensive), ought to go by it. We got to Avignon about eleven, A. M.; the Grand Monarch was our hotel. After breakfast, the clericals, more curious than myself, had a long walk to visit the tomb of their late master, Pope Pius, his last prison, thanks to Buonaparte. The city is surrounded with walls, and said to be near three miles in circumference. Having dined, we took our departure by the evening diligence for Aix; and after travelling all night, we arrived the next morning about seven, but little refreshed with a *fourchette* breakfast, and *vin de table* included. I took my P. P. C. of my three new companions. From thence I secured a place with a courier going to Nice. At ten o'clock I quitted Aix; but whilst there (which was too short a time to admit of much general observation) my attention was particularly attracted by two fountains, each in the middle of a stone basin about twenty feet in breadth, and situated about thirty yards from each other: the water of the one being cold, and that of the other, I should think, bearing a heat above ninety.

After travelling all night in a small chaise, with scarce room enough to hold the courier and myself, the next day we passed Frejus, where Buonaparte landed from Elba, also Antibes, facing Nice: a branch of the sea, approaching the River Var, dividing them. We had still some little distance to travel previous

to our entering Italy ; at last we came to the bridge which separates the two kingdoms. This bridge is of great length, and has nearly forty arches, the river in some parts being half a mile in breadth ; though at the time I saw it not a twentieth part was covered with water. Taking French leave before passing over it, I had to wait half an hour at the custom-house, books and tobacco not being permitted to pass.

ITALY.—September 23d. Being in Italy, a new scene appeared. Soon after my entering it, villas were seen on each side as we were approaching Nice ; when arrived there, one is impressed with the idea that the arts are congenial to the Italians. Many of their houses, even inferior ones, are ornamented with fresco paintings, some historical, others decorated with architectural designs, flowers, or colours only. Conducted by the courier, I went to the *Hôtel des Etrangers*, which is considered the first and best. Arrived there about twelve, previous to dinner, after visiting the hot bath, I took my *siesta*, to prepare myself for the *table d'hôte*.

This hotel being superior to all the others, I found a select party, consisting of officers, and several who resided in the house, and an excellent dinner for four scudi. For the first time, I lay in a bed with a temporary covering of muslin, instead of curtains ; this was to exclude the mosquitoes, though it was approaching to

the latter end of September. The next day in wandering about, I was shewn the house where Massena was born, and also the shop where he was employed in his youth in making macaroni. In hopes of procuring the expected passage as recommended to me, I went to the quay; and though the wind at the time was quite contrary, the captain of a felucca assured me, that he should sail on the Wednesday or Thursday following, and the fare to Leghorn would have been about fifteen shillings.

Doubting his sailing, and the delays attending the wind, I made up my mind not to wait so long. Fortunately, Mr. Laurent, the landlord, hearing that I was going to Florence, told me that a courier from Rome was to leave Nice that evening, at eight o'clock; and glad to find such a conveyance, I instantly made my bargain (seventy-two francs) to pay three pounds to Genoa—rather a dear ride, considering the distance, one hundred and forty miles, compared to the diligence; however, as I was impatient to get on to Florence I did not care about a little extra charge.

NICE TO SAVONA.—September 24. At eight o'clock I entered the vetturino, travelling as far as Oneglia, where, about eleven o'clock, we supped. The remainder of the night (a dark one) I must have slept; but in the morning I found that I was mounting and descending a

road, to look from which, even out of the window, was alarming. I was surrounded by precipices, some hundred feet in height, where the distance next to the wheel was but a few inches; and the road was so very narrow, that if a near horse had stumbled, or any accident happened to a wheel, we might have been precipitated to the bottom: so that my fears are very easily accounted for. I should mention that we had two horses, the postillion on one, and at the distance of six feet, like a tandem, was another, and that guided by two ropes, little better than packthread. When I inquired where I was, I was told we had passed the mountain of Borzoli, and that this was nothing to what I might expect when approaching the sea. As the day advanced my fears increased—the roads were merely projections, shelves cut out of the rocks, which for miles we travelled over. On one side, the sea beneath us, dreadful to “cast one’s eyes below,” with no posts or walls, and continual sudden corners to turn. The courier then, more than usual, called out loudly, “Presto!” “Presto!” the postillion continually cracking his whip, and saying to me “Non a paura, Signor,” while the other was urging him on. Whatever my fears were before, here they were the most alarming, apprehensive of what *might* happen. In the evening, before six o’clock, descending, we arrived at a seaport, after traversing the

greater part of the Albinga mountains, called Savona, about forty miles from Genoa. Seeing the same mountainous tract before me, I inquired if they were like those we had already passed, and was not pleased at being told they were no better. A dark night was approaching, and it would be near one before we arrived at Genoa. After what I had already suffered from my fears, I quitted my courier expedition, and cast anchor at Savona, trusting to a conveyance which was to take me to Genoa the next morning. Considering the risks I must have run in a dark night, I did not like to travel such another road again, though I had paid to go farther. However, all my cares were over for the day, preferring the locandiere to the vetturino ; and I found myself comfortably seated over a *bistéchi al Inglese* (as they called it), accompanied with a bottle of *aleatico* : a pleasing transition from a precipice to a valley, and no bad finale to those dangers I was every moment expecting. At ten o'clock I was shewn to my bed, which was intolerably high, being above three feet from the ground ; it had no posts or curtains, and was far more acceptable to me than the preceding night's accommodation.

To this time, from my departure in Piccadilly, no illness or accident had occurred to me. Strange that the first time I ever laid in such a high bed, I should have had the misfortune to

tumble out, and that too at the end ; and falling on the back part of my right hand, (it must have been in the middle of the night), I lay awake from pain, till I was forced to rise at six o'clock. For the comforts of a bed *then*, I might as well have been in a diligence. In the morning I found my right hand considerably swollen ; indeed, for a week afterwards it was with difficulty I could make the least use of it : and if the swelling had not subsided I might have fancied some bone had been broken. My Savona memento had not even left me when I returned to Paris, the effects of the fall leaving behind black and yellow blotches. Though deprived as I was for some time, of the use of my hand, I made myself comfortable, reflecting that it might have been worse, and recollecting, as Voltaire says, "*tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes.*" I thought that had I proceeded with the courier, worse might have happened—so much for my travelling philosophy. The next morning I was conveyed by the diligence, with a *mélange* of priests, sailors, and Savonians, to Genoa.

SAVONA TO GENOA.—Travelling with four horses, though the mountains resembled those I had passed the preceding day, I had less to apprehend than when depending on one to lead the way. About three o'clock I arrived at Genoa, where I alighted at one of the first hotels, the Gran

Bretagna, Place di Locanda, a square and extensive market of garden-stuff. The wind being still very unfavourable, as at Nice, I might have waited here many days; but as my presence was necessary at Leghorn, I preferred going there first to proceeding the direct road to Florence; and as there was no diligence to the former place, I must have waited till I could meet with some one to travel post with. Fortunately, having been delayed here two days, at the *table d'hôte* I met with a gentleman, who sat next me, and who was going to Pisa, on his way to Florence, which is within thirty miles of Leghorn. Mentioning to him my intended route, we soon arranged to travel together. My passport at the Dogana, which had been detained a whole day, was now returned to me, nor did I regret the wind being unfavourable, as an inland journey was preferable to merely having the view of the ocean, and being perhaps delayed had the wind shifted. The name given to this city, Genoa Superba, must have been suggested by the loftiness and grandeur of the buildings, many of which, judging from the outside, are like palaces (a continental term)—what they might contain inside, I had not time to learn. As regards the churches, I took care to see those most celebrated, as is my general custom, and was particularly struck with that built by Prince Carignan, which is at the

summit of the city : there were many scriptural pieces, by some of the first masters. Notwithstanding the beauty of the exterior of the houses, and their grand appearance, on the ground floor, as soon as you enter, they seem to be the abodes of wretchedness—shops of the meanest appearance, barbers, cobblers, macaroni venders, &c. The first morning I was here (my bed-room was in front of the market-place), before six o'clock, I was saluted with the braying of above a hundred donkeys, placed in a long row, under these self named palaces, which proved that many of them must have belonged to the superior class here.

Had I been travelling for my amusement, I most certainly might have seen some valuable collections of pictures, and followed the example of those whose curiosity has improved their minds, and enabled them to obtain much information.

GENOA TO PISA.—September 28.—At an early hour we left Genoa, and proceeded as far as Rapello to breakfast, and a dear one it was, half-a-crown (above six scudis) for bad coffee, bread, and sour butter—for want of salt—no better than hog's lard. At night we arrived at Sestre, forty miles, and on the second day breakfasted at Bracco, and slept at Borghetto, sixty-seven miles. The third day we breakfasted at Pietra Santa, passed a famous

mountain, noted for the choicest marble in Italy, called Massa Carrara, and arrived through Lucca, at Pisa, sixty-five miles: the total distance from Genoa being one hundred and seventy-two miles.

PISA.—September 30.—Fatigued with my three days' journey, I only took a walk before dinner, and nothing then attracted my attention, being more inclined for the *gigot*. I waited till next morning to attend my companion, who, during our travelling here, had an Italian book, giving him information of the routes, cities, and every curiosity, in whatever part of Italy he might travel. Having occasionally read different passages to me, we were partly prepared for the next day. By this time myself and my fellow traveller had got thoroughly acquainted. He told me his father had sent him on his travels, and that his name was Bashlman. He came from Amsterdam; and spoke German, French, and Italian, fluently, as well as English, having resided in London some time. I should think he must have been about five-and-twenty, and he seemed perfectly acquainted with the expenses of travelling, and the mode of avoiding the impositions that would have been practised on us as foreigners. I am sure I am indebted to him for sparing me one third of the expense I must have incurred, had I been left to my own direction.

At an early hour we had recourse to rest.

Our cabriolet we had engaged to take us the next day to Leghorn, which was about thirty miles ; and the baths being not more than three miles from Pisa, though in a contrary direction, we considered them too worthy of notice to be passed over, and early made use of our conveyance to take us thither. In passing through a valley, where there are some mountains behind, we beheld a number of neat casinos (lodging-houses,) and seemingly every accommodation, *pour les étrangers*. In a large building, entirely detached from the other houses, are a number of marble baths, which travellers will find to be a great luxury. After the fatigues of our journey, we took care to have a good soaking, using the tepid baths.

In our way back, at Pisa, our first visit was to the Domo (church), which for grandeur, architectural beauty, and columns of marble granite, and the value of the historical and scriptural paintings, is superior to all the churches I had ever seen on the continent. The beautiful bronze doors are beyond conception—innumerable figures and subjects from scripture, of the most curious workmanship, in relievo. The Campo Santo, which was adjacent, next excited our curiosity, being a quadrangle, surrounded with cloisters. In the centre was the ciméterio, (burying-ground.) On one part of the walls are paintings, different views of Pisa and the environs, executed many years ago by

Orgagna and Buffalmacco. But time has considerably injured some of them, and the others are almost destroyed. The cloisters on each side are crowded with antique sarcophaguses, cenotaphs, and monuments of centuries ago. It is said that the earth of the burial-ground was brought from the Holy Land ; and that for the three first hundred years, the flesh of the bodies remained perfect without the least appearance of corruption, and it was only at the expiration of that time that the decay commenced. About seventy yards beyond the Domo is the celebrated falling tower, one hundred and forty-two feet high. A plummet let down from the top falls fifteen feet from the building. It was built in the year 1063, as also the Domo.

LEGHORN. — October 1. — Gratified with our morning sights, we posted to Leghorn, where we arrived about four. Whilst dinner was preparing, I hastened to the church near the street where I have heard my father say his family lived, the Via di Giardino. Having procured a *commissionnaire* to conduct me there, he left me to speak to a gentleman, who hearing I was an Englishman, civilly addressed me, asking if he could render me any service : and on mentioning my name, though an entire stranger, he seemed still more anxious to serve me. Being a great amateur of fencing, he made many inquiries about my father, whom

he had often heard of. We became more acquainted, so much so, that through his kindness and perseverance I ultimately succeeded in procuring the register of the baptism of my father, who was born in the year 1717, besides much information about the family, which had previously been unknown to me. I found that my name was so well known, that it was a passport to almost every thing, and much assisted me in obtaining the necessary information, for which I might have waited till next day, and then not succeeded in obtaining (for when we got to the church, no one was there to give us an answer,) had not my friend sent directly for the superior, who soon appeared, with another priest, and the books were thoroughly examined, but in vain. However, by the perseverance of my friend, he was the first to find out my father's name. Approaching now to six o'clock, I endeavoured to persuade him to dine with me, but he politely refused, though he promised to favour me with his company to drink to old England. At my return to the hôtel, the master of it told me to whom I was indebted for the civilities I had received—that he had been consul there, and his father before him, and that he was very much respected, and was considered a capital fencer. He was a Mr. Watson, a scholar of Faldoni, of whom I had heard my father say, that he had beaten St. George, and a strange story,

too, he related to me of his death, with his mistress, in a church at the altar.

Mr. Watson having favoured me with his visit, after dinner, verified what my father told me of Faldoni. Our conversation, with many anecdotes of fencing, and of those I had known who have distinguished themselves, so well pleased Mr. Watson, that we kept up the subject till eleven, when, on taking his leave, I promised to send him my father's Treatise on Fencing, which I was pleased to hear from him afterwards had arrived safe. The next evening I finished my journey, and arrived safe at Florence.

FLORENCE.—Here was my destination. After a wearisome and long journey, thankful I was that, up to this time, I had not had a day's illness (though subject occasionally to the gout). When I paid my respects to the Marquess of Sligo at Paris, his lordship obligingly gave me two letters, one to Mr. Halls, in the house with Mr. Finci, banker, the other to Sniedoff, proprietor of the first hotel at Florence, and, comparatively speaking, a palace, contrasted with all the others; often the residence of princes, nobility, and gentry, though by far the dearest. Going there could make but a trifling difference, as merely a bedroom was sufficient for me, having recourse elsewhere to the coffee-house and *table d'hôte*. Here I parted with my fellow-

traveller, who preferred Madame Imbert's Hotel, where he remained a few days, on his way to Rome.

On delivering my letter to Mr. Sniedoff, and mentioning my motive in coming to Florence, I was informed that the courts were shut till the 15th of November, and nothing could be done before that time, as my demand must previously go through one of them. This was a thunder-bolt to me; my finances, though I had taken near eighty pounds with me, were now far reduced, and to remain there till that time, even had I double the sum, would have been a grievance to me, already having experienced quite enough of a foreign tour. The next day I waited on Mr. Halls, whose reception (thanks to the Marquess of Sligo) was very obliging. Mr. Finch, a gentleman who had resided at Florence many years, and who had returned to England only a few weeks previous to my going to the continent, strongly recommended me to his advocate, Doctor di Boni, to whom he was so kind as to give me a letter of introduction. Here again I was informed I must wait till November. However, he said he would make all inquiries concerning the business which had caused my journey. I appointed to wait on him the next day, when I informed him of the particulars; that above twenty years ago, a sum had been placed by my

uncle in the Santa Maria, and I had brought all the documents with me to prove the facts of the case : still I must wait till the courts were open. Having made up my mind to return to England, I was impatient to get away, and made the best use of my time from an early hour till evening. It would be unnecessary to speak of the perfection to which the arts have there been carried, as so much has been already written of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Florence—suffice it to say, I saw the following :—

La Galleria degli Uffizi.
Il Palazzo Vecchio, Piazza di Gran Duca.
Il Palazzo Pitti, ove abita il Principe.
Il Gabinetto d' Historia Naturale.
Il Teatro della Pergola, Opera di Musica.
Il Teatro d' Ognisanti—La Semiramide, &c.

After delivering my letters to Mr. Halls and Doctor di Boni, I waited on the ambassador, Lord Burghersh, whose cordial reception of me was gratifying to my feelings. Having instructed him when he was at Harrow School, I reminded him how very fond he was of the exercise at that time, and mentioned to him what a deal of pains he used often to give himself in instructing the young beginners himself, and leaving me a few minutes' respite. He laughed, at the same time assuring me, that he should always be ready to receive me ; and I took

my leave, very much pleased with his lordship's affability. A few days afterwards, he did me the honour to leave his card at Sniedoff's for me, as I unfortunately happened to be absent when he came. Glutted by this time, I may say, with pictures, statues, &c. &c. and as nothing could be done before November, my impatience now increased to return home ; but the needful being first necessary, as I had not enough for my journey back, I waited on Lord Burghersh, who had previously given himself the trouble to read all my documents, one of which had been signed by himself, also a letter which I produced from the Chief Justice of Florence to the Right Hon. Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland, which sufficiently justified my expectations to be remunerated for my journey. Though it was very unpleasant to my feelings to borrow money of *any* body, I made bold to acquaint his lordship with the disagreeable situation in which I was placed respecting my return home, and, very much to my satisfaction, he directly advanced me the sum I required,—Mr. Halls having kindly permitted me to leave a procuration for him to manage my affairs. You may imagine that I was glad to have such a prospect before me of so soon getting back. Doctor Johnson considered the best road he had ever seen in Scotland was the way home, and to me, the hopes of *dulce domum*

added fresh vigour to age, almost exhausted in travelling.

FLORENCE TO BOLOGNA.—Having so far settled my business for the present, waiting the result till the opening of the courts in November, and having left my affairs in such good hands, I hastened to take my departure. First, I applied at the different offices to procure a conveyance to Bologna, as my intention was to return by Milan and the Simplon, in my way back, to see a little of Switzerland; at no place was I so fortunate as to find any carriage or person going there. Hearing, however, that there was a place for one in a vetturino, which was to leave Florence the next morning, and was to pass through Bologna, I was just in time to secure a place, four being the number. At the usual hour we started, at four o'clock on a dark morning. There were three already seated before I got there. The horses (two) walked gently over the stones, for near an hour, before we got on the high road; by the time I could look about me, I found that two of my companions were priests, the other afterwards proved to be an Englishman. Hitherto our pace did not exceed that of a hearse, and I expected every moment that it would be altered—I might have waited a long time. As yet we had been all silent; out of patience, I was going to call out to the postilion, when one of the priests in-

formed me, that during the whole journey we should not go faster. It is necessary that I should mention, that the charge in these vetturinos is so small when a party is made (four), that the same two horses are to perform the whole journey, their pace not exceeding three miles an hour. The expense of each passenger is not fourteen shillings, their bed and supper included in the fare ; you must rise at four o'clock, and stop till the driver chuses your time for breakfast, and have to wait an hour in the middle of the day whilst he feeds his horses. Then you creep on slowly the rest of the way till dark, and after being on the road near sixteen hours, the choice is entirely left to him of what miserable inn, or supper and bed, you may get.

As the distance I had to go (sixty-three miles) was to be passed in two days, and I had to pay so little, I could not complain, but sat quiet. *Pazienza encora.* To say anything about delay, however tedious, would have been useless. Indeed, to many who go on the economical plan, and to those who wish to see the country as they travel, especially artists, this would be more suitable than to proceed, *à l'Anglaise*, ten miles an hour. I suppose I must have walked one-third of the way, and were I competent, and had carried a sketch-book with me, I might easily have walked on so far, as to

have plenty of time to have made a rough outline, before the vehicle came up. In some places the prospects were beautiful. From the little village of Logano, there is a view of the chain of the Alps, the plain of Padua, and the Po, with the Adriatic Sea. When time is of no consequence, this mode of travelling would be preferable; but to me it was far otherwise, for I was like the school-boy, counting how many days there were to the holidays. About eight we arrived at an inn on the road. I saw no village. The house, to be sure, was a large one, comparatively; it was certainly very inferior to many of our hedge ale-houses I have met with, after a day's fishing, in England, when I was glad to get anywhere, fatigued with standing so many hours near the water.

Our supper consisted of various dishes, commencing with a *lesso*, *macaroni* soup, next figs, Bologna sausages, sour butter, then a *ladole* on a skewer, roasted larks, finishing with a *salade*. The whole would not make a substantial dish enough for John Bull, after travelling so many hours without eating. For two days we went creeping a little faster than a snail, occasionally viewing distant mountains, sometimes extensive valleys. The two priests, in their own language, had their conversation to themselves. The Englishman was a pleasant young man, though not so well informed as the gentleman

I travelled with to Florence; yet he told me many stories of the Turks, having resided with his family, who had their country-house near Constantinople. I should think his father was in the Levant trade. The second evening closed my vetturino journey; and I was so pleased that it was over, as to be almost ready to return thanks on my knees.

BOLOGNA.—October 11. Here I stopped one day, as did also the Englishman, who was going to Milan. I do not recollect the name of the albergo, but we had every thing in the best style—superior dishes and excellent wines. To judge by the names, which, in large letters, are written on the walls of the staircase, Italian and Austrian princes have frequented the house. Except Sniedoff's, at Florence, I have not met with a better the whole way I have travelled. The second evening I went to the Téatro del Corso; the opera was “Due Amanti di una Cieca,” and I was much entertained. The music was excellent, but no dancing. This was a great disappointment to me. I was told the dancers were at Florence; yet my curiosity was gratified in seeing so large a theatre; and these were pleasing *agrémens* to me, at night, after pacing about the whole day, looking about me. The greater part of the streets have arcades on each side, where, however, there are no showy shops, as in our streets.

Many of them are of a very inferior sort, with macaroni and large Bologna sausages, ready cut in slices, &c., &c. Here is another leaning tower, as at Pisa, called Ansinelli; but for size or grandeur not to be compared to it, or in any thing like the declination of the other. The Gabinetto d'Historia Naturale had attracted my attention, also the Theatro Anatomico, and La Chambre d'Accouchement, the latter exciting my curiosity. Here, in the adjacent rooms, were the different schools for instruction, numerous benches in a semicircle, placed for the students, glass cases, filled with very expensive apparatus, essential towards explaining the different lectures on each science, the most learned doctors being engaged for the purpose. Those who, some centuries back, have most distinguished themselves, have their portraits exhibited there, as a memento for others to follow their example. This spectacle, to a man *bien recherché*, must have been a superior treat. We had now travelled from Florence, sixty-three miles—thirty the first day; and as a diligence went from thence to Milan, we took our places for the morrow.

BOLOGNA TO MILAN.—Our places secured, at four o'clock, A.M. we left Bologna to travel one-hundred-and-thirty-three miles to Milan. Passing through Modena, at five o'clock, we got to Parma, where we dined. Here we were to

stop till eleven. After walking about the city, having plenty of time till the departure of the diligence, and hearing of no other place to lounge away an hour or so, I went to see the fantoccini, expecting, as it was an Italian spectacle, that it would be superior; on the contrary, however, I was two hours listening to an Italian tragedy. The figures were miserably managed; their legs, some distance from the ground, not half so good as my old acquaintance, Punch and Judy. At the time appointed, eleven o'clock, we left Parma. Seated in the corner, with my commodious travelling cap, well adapted for a good nap, I soon assisted the snoring accompaniments around me. Though the windows were down, I should have thought it had been the month of July, and our conveyance must have been a travelling oven, being quite full, and the carriage small.

During the day nothing particular occurred to excite my attention. Passing through Modena, we remained there too short a time to view the town; but I regretted very much, that at Lodi, where we stopped some time, I did not see the bridge (a mile off) where Bonaparte so much signalized himself; yet I was pleased with the change of scene which had been continually before me. Here we turned through fertile plains, with no mountains, and at seven o'clock I had finished my two days' journey.

MILAN.—October 13. I arrived at Milan in the evening, and went to the Swiss Hotel Pension, which, with another, is considered one of the best houses in the city. Here I found every accommodation. By the time I got here, it was too late to go to any public place of amusement; but I did not fail to go and look about me as much as possible. The richly-furnished shops were lighted up, and the streets were crowded. Here I filled my pockets with Italian *souvenirs*, for my friends in England; and at the time, I was pleased with the idea that I should convince them it was not with me, “out of sight, out of mind,” little thinking then of what I shall have to relate before I finish my foreign excursion. The next day I visited the Domo, or cathedral, situated in the Great Place. This is a very extensive building, and is termed by the Italians, More Tedesco: I was astonished, on viewing the number of statues that are placed outside, in the niches towards the top, which, of course, increases the effect. This cathedral is considered, next to Saint Peter’s, the largest church in the world, and was begun in 1386. The Italians style it the second wonder of Italy, and the eighth of the world. On entering, you are amazed at its length; though not longer than the Dome at Florence, it is much

wider and more lofty ; but as to paintings and embellishments, it is inferior to many other Catholic churches I have seen.

There were a number of Austrian regiments here, both infantry and cavalry, which gave a gay appearance to the city. The great hospital, the church of Saint Ambrose, the Ambrosian library, &c., &c., I did not see, having arranged with a party to leave Milan the next day, and contented myself with going, in the evening, to the opera house, called the Della Scala, and, it being Sunday, I expected to see something splendid, I dined at the table d'hôte (the usual price half-a-crown), and had an excellent dinner, at which many officers and some most respectable people were present. In the evening, placing myself in the parterre, at the Della Scala, I had a good *coup-d'œil* around me. It appeared to me about one-fourth larger than ours ; and it is, I believe, reckoned, next to that of Naples, the largest in Europe. The decorations, scenery, and dancing, were superior to what we have at present at our Opera-House. The spectacle was “Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii.” I heard two famous bravura singers. The figurantes were costly dressed, far beyond what I had ever seen. The stage is so very wide and extensive, that, at times, there were above a hundred on it. The opera finished with a representation of the eruption of Mount

Vesuvius, which is seen in the back-ground. The sudden blaze, which illumined the whole theatre, had a most awful and fine effect, and the destruction of Pompeii, with the descending lava, as a *tout ensemble*, was frightful. Our last scene in Lodoiska, that is exhibited at Drury-lane theatre, though so well represented, is not to be compared with this. Here the expenses attending the scenery and decorations are less, and the stage much larger, so no wonder they can outvie John Bull.

MILAN TO DOMO D' OSSOLA.—October 15th. After all the strange conveyances in which I had travelled, up to this time, I was agreeably surprised to find myself, at an early hour, seated on the top of an English carriage, in the front, the better to view the country. This was an accommodation quite new to me. The coach, it seems, had been but lately established. I left my English companion, and began jabbering a little Italian, in my way, by which means I got a good deal of information as I travelled. At two o'clock I arrived at Sesto, thirty-three miles from Milan, situated on the left banks of the Tesino, a river issuing from the Lago Maggiore. After a hasty dinner, I embarked in an open boat to Arona. Among the passengers, there was an Italian nobleman, with his wife, daughter, and two sons. We soon joined in conversation; and from his affable manners

and the seeming pleasure he received when I gave him any information about England, while conversing and viewing the scenery on each side, and the distant mountains, the time passed very pleasantly. His two sons, the eldest not fifteen, I should almost have taken to be English, as they spoke the language fluently, had they not told me, that with the other masters residing in their house, there was an Englishman, a very good scholar, who had been with them some years, and instructed them grammatically.

As we approached within a little distance of the place where we went to land, I saw a beautiful large mansion, on one side of which was a high mountain; soon after an elegant boat, rowed by six men in uniform, came alongside. The nobleman (when I entered the boat I soon perceived he was different from all the others), after all his family were seated in it, previously to taking his place there, cordially shook hands with me, at the same time inviting me to visit him the next day. I refused his polite invitation, telling him that I intended proceeding that evening to Domo D'Ossola, and to pass the Simplon the next day. Of the islands of the Lago Maggiore, I find that this mansion is described as one of the most distinguished. It appears that it was built in the year 1673, by Count Vitaliano Borromeo; the

island is called Isola Bella, and his descendant is now in possession of it. "The apartments are superb, and profusely decorated with marble gilding and mirrors, and also with pictures of the most eminent masters of the Italian school. Ten terraces arise, one above another, and give to the island an immense pyramidal shape; at the summit of all is placed a colossal unicorn, the Borromeo's crest. The walls are lined with orange, pomegranates, and other fruit trees, and on the tops are small marble statues, obelisks, and vases, containing rare exotic plants and flowers. The view from the uppermost terrace, elevated upwards of a hundred feet above the surface of the water, is magnificent; it embraces the greater part of the lake, and all the mountains surrounding it, extending even to the glaciers of the Simplon." Had I then known, much gratified as I was at the time, that I, a perfect stranger, had received such an invitation, I most certainly should not have refused, as a day's delay could not have been of any great consequence to me. Soon after five o'clock I landed at Arona, and, hiring a cabriolet, my conducteur took me to Domo D'Ossola, about twenty miles, where I arrived at eleven, on a very dark night, having that day travelled seventy-two miles.

DOMO D'OSSOLA TO BRIEG.—Previous to my night's rest, I was received as one of the party,

that consisted of three, to pass the Simplon the next day. At an early hour we left this place, in a carriage which held four. They were Italians going to Geneva, and, like myself, never having travelled the road before, none of us could be of service to each other, so that I was not so lucky as I had been before, and had nobody to point out to me those particular places, which otherwise might escape my attention. As the day approached, what first engaged my wonder was the bridge at Crevolà, between two mountains; in the middle runs the Doverca. There are two arches, in height approaching to a hundred feet, towering above the village—but I had not those fears now, as when travelling from Nice to Savona, where, on one side, is the same view the whole time, of a dreadful abyss, and a vast expanse of the sea. On both sides stupendous mountains, covered with firs, and huge, barren, craggy rocks, are seen. Looking out of the carriage window, and casting your eyes down, you behold below frightful precipices, where torrents, foaming against large rocks, or immense stones, impede the progress; whilst on each side, and above, you hear the waters dashing from the mountains at an immense height. As we travelled, in some places, the mountains or rocks were scarcely visible at the top, and some were quite hidden by the clouds;

many of them are 2000 feet in height. These scenes, the roar of the cascades, the appalling abyss, the impending rocks, are quite sufficient to convince the traveller that there must have been a convulsion of nature here. The most striking and terrific scene of the Simplon is, when you approach to Gondo. Here your amazement is at its height, and the scene is a *mlange* of all that you have seen before. You have to pass through seven galleries, and rocks which have been excavated, and perforated by means of gunpowder used for the purpose.

On the approach of the grand gallery (Gondo), on the Italian side, next to Domo D'Ossola, close to passing the bridge, a magnificent waterfall, impetuously forcing its way from an immense height under the bridge, must give you a dreadful idea of the waters underneath, where large masses of rocks intercept the furious course of the waters. All this is enough, particularly the grand gallery and waterfall, to repay the traveller for the trouble of going out of his way, in order to take Geneva to Turin, Simplon to Mount Sinai. By this time I arrived at the village of Simplon (six leagues from Domo D'Ossola); it is seated at the bottom of a wild valley. Here I got a very good breakfast, for the spoon, as well as the *fourchette*, and saw several Englishmen who were going to Italy. The road, until

within a few miles of my destination, after the village of the Simplon, presents little more than a mere repetition of the preceding scenes. As I approached Switzerland, I exclaimed, “Adieu to the classic land of Italy, where pictures, palaces, and macaroni flourish with undisputed sway.” Now rose to view a beautiful and extensive plain. The Valais, seven leagues in length; and, if variety is charming, after rocks, mountains, and precipices, this was so indeed. About six I arrived at Brieg, and found the inn much preferable to those of Italy. After a good dinner, I found some amusement in the place, as they happened then to have their annual fair, and I saw the country people regaling themselves. There were numbers of booths, where there was a variety of linen handkerchiefs and other goods for sale, though I believe the greater part were of English manufacture. Though not tempted to purchase anything, I had quite enough to amuse my attention. This day having travelled thirteen leagues and a half, from Domo D’Ossola to Brieg, my mind, more than my body, was in want of rest, and I therefore soon betook myself to my chamber.

BRIEG TO THOMON.—I passed the Simplon, in my yesterday’s journey, without observing, that by travelling from Lyons to Avignon, and that in the time of the *vendange*, I had enjoyed the advantage of seeing the pleasant season of

the year best suited to the south of France, which is preferable at that period to passing the Alps by Mount Cenis. Turin, to be sure, might have excited my curiosity, and it is the shortest way to Florence. But coasting it from Nice to Genoa, Pisa, and Leghorn, furnishes considerable information about the country, and I saw more sights than otherwise I should have done. What I saw yesterday, was one of those astonishing undertakings almost beyond human conception ; it will ever remain a proof of the brilliant designs, and unrivalled genius of Buonaparte. Monsieur Leard, who first proposed the undertaking, was the engineer, and superintended the whole progress of it. It was begun in 1801, and completed in 1807, at the expence of eighteen millions of francs, 750,000*l.* sterling. It commences about a league from this place. Here I left the three Italians, who preferred to remain at Brieg, I should think on account of the fair there, for I believe they were no better than pedlars. After a long day's journey, traversing the Valais, in a cabriolet, with a Swiss dealer, at night I stopped at Thomon. Whether my companion's mind was engaged with the business that had occupied him at the fair, or he was naturally dull, I know not ; but most certainly he was the most stupid being I ever travelled with. Here I could easily have joined in conversation, speaking French, but he

seemed too sulky to talk, or give me the least information, though I passed by several places which I should liked to have known. The next morning I quitted this town to proceed to Geneva.

THOMON TO GENEVA.—October 18. My journey now did not exceed six hours, and during the whole way as we approached to Geneva, it lay through a country abounding with the most agreeable and diversified prospects; I travelled close to the winding banks of the Lake, and I was struck with a species of awe and delight at first beholding the view of Geneva, with the far distant mountains behind, a sight that took me by surprise. The rest of the way we passed close to the Lake, which has a most beautiful appearance. I got my breakfast at Geneva, at the Ecu de Genaas, considered the best hotel, except another, a little way out of the town.

GENEVA.—Having arrived here at eleven o'clock, after breakfast, first securing a place to go by the Diligence, I had plenty of time to look about me; I was not to behold palaces, &c. as in Italy, but merely streets and shops. During the short period I was to remain here, I employed my time by merely amusing my attention. After seeing the Italian streets, some scarcely wide enough for a carriage to pass, here one might call them

“*magnifique.*” On the town or its environs, my stay was too curtailed to form any judgment. In every street were plenty of shops. I bought some handkerchiefs, and at a print-shop I purchased some views of the Simplon, very like those places I had passed through. These now supplied a pleasing recollection to me, and when shewing them I could describe the awful scenery of my day’s journey. At my return to dinner, though the theatre was open that evening, I could not go, as I was to rise at a very early hour the next morning, before four, to be crammed in a Diligence three nights and four days, the limited time to take you to Paris. Seated with a bottle of excellent Burgundy before me, my curiosity did not tempt me to leave my present situation preparatory to procuring some sleep to make up for those nights in which it was not to be expected.

GENEVA TO PARIS.—Though seated ~~now~~ (not Bodkin) in a corner, yet, I could not but fancy myself in the Lyons’ Diligence ~~from~~ Paris, it being of the same construction, and there are three conveyances attached to each other. Those on each side (the middle one is larger) are the size of a post chaise; my place, fortunately this time, was in the corner. Before daylight I could not distinguish my company; and after what passed during the journey, *pas grand chose*, I should think ~~they~~

were all like myself, impatient to get to their homes. They seemed wrapped up in thought at what was to come; thus our party, though all French, was an excessively dull one. I might have expected that the snuff-box and conversation would have kept pace and been a zest to each other. After the stupendous mountains and rocks I had already travelled over, I no longer expected any more sights to be compared to them.

In the morning, about ten, we ascended the Jura, a chain of mountains, the summit of which, at the most elevated, is called the Re- culet; this separates the two countries. Following the example of the others in the coach, I walked till I got near the top, having left the Diligence some distance behind. Whilst resting myself and looking up, the clouds seemed to be passing just over my head; on the right was a very high mountain; approaching to the peak were pines and fir trees; under me were more clouds gliding along, and just at this time the sun, shining forth, produced a beautiful effect. Going near the side of the road to view the country, nothing could be seen but clouds. I descried a valley, which must have extended above twenty miles; but nothing was discernible but the appearance of an ex- panse, which might be compared to a sheet of milk, and towards me were clouds moving, like

mine they counted the number of times there are according to the signatures, and I often paid for them twenty-nine official permissions; all which delays detained me, and sometimes half an hour or more I was kept waiting. Not so expeditious now, we had plenty of time (no dinner yet!) to improve our appetites, all being hungry after a long day's journey. On the coach stopping, several soldiers came to the door, and we were all desired to descend, when trunks, bags, &c. were taken down. Not so much as a basket or even bundle was suffered to remain behind. And now a thorough examination took place. For some time I had been standing by, and no one as yet had any thing taken from him. When it came to my turn, every thing from my travelling bag was spread on the ground, and my Italian silks, female ornaments, &c. &c. which I purchased at Florence and Milan, and some few at Geneva, all were seized as contraband, some being mixed with cotton. Had the search depended only on one officer, I might have had some influence by a *douceur*, at least I think so; but so many at the time were present, that all my entreaties were quite ineffectual. The fellow who examined what was in my bag, was even so scrutinous as to open a pill box; this was after the plunder (I must call it so) of my silks, when, with a number of French oaths, I told

him I wished the pills and box were down his throat ; (and, would you believe it ?) I saw a soldier myself, with the point of his bayonet, go inside the Diligence, pierce the cushions and the sides to discover if anything had been hidden. Not one person escaped searching, even the clothes they had on. When speaking after of the soldier that examined the inside of the coach, I was told it was to see if any watches or musical boxes from Geneva were concealed. Perhaps they concluded I had smuggled a small watch in a pill box. I at first thought it was very hard that I should be the only one of nearly twenty passengers who should have suffered, which very much damped my spirits ; but I made up my mind to my disappointment, and was "*philosophique par force*," and put up quietly with the loss. Our conducteur, who had seen all that had been passing, and who was to leave us that night to return by the Paris Diligence, which was going to Geneva, assured me that he could obtain them if he told them he had bought them of me, and if he produced a receipt at *Geneva* ; and that according to my direction, I might depend on his sending them to Paris.

I had had hopes that my *souvenirs* would accompany me to England ; whether this was a mere *histoire* or *chicanerie* of the conducteur (Monsieur Vernot) at the time, I know not ;

but after I had made continual inquiries at Paris, I lost my silks, and a crown piece I gave to this honest inspector, John, in advance, depending on my getting my contrabands (as they called them) back, which were all condemned. At our dinner I found two English gentlemen, who had been travelling with us in the Coupe. They were on their return from Italy, and from their pleasing manners, and the notice they took of me the remainder of the journey, wherever we stopped, I had reason to regret, when I took my seat, that I had been deprived of their company, as it would very much have shortened the tedious hours. Having left Paris to go to Italy by the south of France, avoiding the Alps, from Nice, coasting by land to Leghorn, to Florence, and returning by Switzerland, I must have travelled above 2,000 miles. Except for thirteen days, I never was in bed after four o'clock A.M., travelling from Florence to Paris by Geneva, the nearest way being 992 miles.

PARIS.—After thirty-eight days absence in this last journey from Geneva, and travelling three nights and four days without an interval of repose, except in the Diligence, where I could only take, what we in English call a cat's sleep, I found myself almost exhausted. I arrived about nine, and took my abode at the same house, Hôtel de Lille. As there were baths

next door, not many minutes ensued before I was in a tepid one, when half an hour's ablution and soaking recovered me, preparatory to a good supper and a night's rest. I arranged my affairs as much as could be done previous to the opening of the court in November at Florence, and, determined to enjoy myself, I remained here three weeks. After the first day's rest, my time was engaged in partaking of the variety of amusements, which, though so very inviting at first, became at last as irksome as if I had taken a lodging at Smithfield, to be close to Bartholomew Fair. This was my fourth visit to Paris—my first was above fifty years ago. However the novelties might have then pleased, they now had not much zest for me. When first at Paris, then a grown boy, my *menus plaisirs*, which my father allowed me weekly, seldom lasted me half the time.

The lotteries (then almost every other day) tempted me once to purchase a number, when to my surprise the day following, I beheld the one I had fixed on, placarded with others, ornamented with ribbons. On inquiring, mine proved to be a prize of sixty francs, having taken the courage to risk one franc. Since that period, I have paid dear for fortune's past favour; for I do not believe I missed one year in the late lottery, nor did I ever get a

prize higher than twenty pounds; and with all my courage, persevering, depending on the old saying “Fortune favours the brave,” it was never so with me. Recollecting now that I had been very lucky in the French lottery, I thought that I would try again; so *encore, courage mes enfans!* I was not too old to learn: at least, why not try again? So boldly I marched forward to the *Bureau de Loterie*, venturing two francs to try my chance, after my late *mischance* with my Italian souvenirs. Two days after, the old novelty again revived, a second *début* made its appearance (after having retired above fifty years); again in large figures, though not so well dressed with ribbons, out of fashion now, a prize of 140 francs, which was a welcome windfall, after having expended above a hundred pounds. I was now the monkey that had seen the world, and loading my pockets with *écus*, I hastened to the hotel, not a little pleased with the small sum I had brought back, which would enable me to remain a few days longer with the *Grande Nation*, and I could well say now—“Good fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcome.”

Whilst I was at Florence, the story I heard my father tell of Faldoni, and since corroborated by Mr. Watson when I was at Leghorn, dwelt so very much on my mind, that after the civilities I had received from

him, I took the liberty to write to him, to request he would send me the whole account of what he knew of Faldoni; at the same time, whatever information his brother (who was then living at Leghorn) could give about him. At my return here, some days after, a letter which had been directed to me in England, was forwarded to me, which I have copied, including the different traits of Faldoni, and the catastrophe of that unfortunate attachment, which proved fatal to him and his mistress. At Florence I received the following answer to mine, written there :

“ Leghorn, —— 5th, 1827.

“ Agreeable to your request, I shall forward to you in England all the anecdotes of the late famous fencing-master, Mr. Joseph Gianfaldoni, and briefly, his life and death, which correctly I shall procure from his brother, who is still living at Leghorn. The whole will be translated into English, and transmitted to you near Bath.”

At Paris, I received another letter from Mr. Watson, which was sent to me from England :

“ Leghorn, October 20th, 1827.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Agreeable to your request I herewith transmit the memoirs and anecdotes of the famous

fencing master, Gianfaldoni, or Faldoni, as they called him in France, as collected from his brother, still living, aged seventy-five years, called Michael Gianfaldoni, now fencing master at Leghorn, from original letters and documents."

ANECDOTES OF FALDONI.—Joseph Gianfaldoni, or Faldoni, as he was called in France, was the son of Andrew Gianfaldoni of Pisa, a famous fencing master who kept a school at Leghorn. He was renowned for many excellent scholars who made a great figure in the art of fencing all over Italy, and no foreign fencer who passed through Leghorn ever got the superiority in the assaults. Joseph was born in Leghorn the 6th of January, 1739. He was brought up to fencing by his father, and became one of the first fencers in Italy. In the year 1759 he made a tour through Italy with great success, not finding a competitor who could stand before him. In the year 1761 he had a difference with a lieutenant of the Tuscan regiment, a good fencer, who attacked him in a public street, covered with a coat of mail under his shirt. Faldoni was surprised at his boldness, and gave him four hits which would have certainly killed him, but at length perceiving that he had a secret security, told him, "I shall now finish you," and was going to wound him in the neck, but was

prevented by two officers, who, to their shame be it said, insisted on parting them. In 1763 he went to Rome in company with a renowned French fencer, Monsieur Delliser. He fenced in a public academy with Major Ruggero de Rocco Picolomini, one of the first fencers in Italy, who was at that time in the service of his Majesty the King of Poland. They made four assaults, in which Faldoni made the first figure, the other masters would not fence with him. Major Rocco Picolomini wrote a letter to Andrew Giansaldoni in the following terms : “ I rejoice with you, Sir, having had the pleasure personally of knowing your son, and have had the satisfaction to fence with him, and to find him of such superior force, having received the applause of every one that was present, who were surprised at the quickness of his straight thrusts and his scientific passades.” In 1764 Monsieur Delliser invited him to France, for the purpose of having an assault with a French fencing master at Marseilles, who had laid a wager with him for a hundred louis-d’or for the first six hits. This wager was won by Faldoni, and the money was paid. He then proceeded to Lyons, where he arrived in June, and Monsieur Delliser associated him with a French fencing master, called Simon, where he had a great many scholars.

He was advised to go to Paris, and to invite in a public academy Monsieur St. George, whom

the French believed 'the only fencer in France that could stand before him. Accordingly, in the year 1766 he went to Paris, and was presented to Monsieur St. George, by Monsieur Lewis Delavoiner, professor of chemistry, with whom he became acquainted in Leghorn. Monsieur St. George refused to fence with him on learning he was an Italian. Faldoni then went round to all the schools in Paris, where he had every day assaults with different masters and their prévôts, and beat them all, of which he received certificates in writing. All the masters in a body went to St. George, representing to him the necessity of his fencing with him; otherwise, they said, this Italian will boast of having beaten all the masters and assailants in Paris. St. George then determined to have an assault with him, and a meeting was given on the 8th of September, 1766, where there were several hundreds of spectators, nobility, &c. &c. Several masters had come for that purpose from Lyons and other parts of France, and these together with the Paris masters, were placed in the third seat round the hall.

The following is an abstract of a letter which Faldoni writes to his father, dated 9th September, 1766. "I have at last finished all my assaults in Paris with one that I made yesterday with the strongest fencer in France, and truly I cannot do less than confess that I don't believe that an equal fencer is now living. But

the success I have now met has been so brilliant, and as much as I could wish before such a famous and powerful fencer, that I shall briefly tell you that I gave him the two first hits, I received the third, then gave him the fourth, which was a straight thrust, and was judged the finest attack in the whole assault; I again was touched with the fifth, and gave him the sixth, which was the last. I cannot describe to you the congratulations and compliments I received from all the nobility and masters; and they all assured me that Paris had never seen such an assault before. The name of the man is St. George, and they believe him to be the first swordsman in Europe, and truly his thrusts are as quick as lightning. He has a very long lounge, and his passades are *presqu'impénétrables*. I made a memorial to the king to open a school at Lyons under my own name." The memorial was immediately granted, and in November he made his appearance through Lyons' streets as a public master, wearing a sword-cane, and a distinction, feathers to his hat, when he opened a school in his name.

About this time two men arrived at Lyons in disguise, wearing an uniform, and visited his school. Having fenced with him, they asked his company to go in the afternoon in the country to have a refreshment, and he complied with their request. As they were at table they

began to use a language which was insulting to the Italian nation. Faldoni perceived their intention was to fight him and to assassinate him. He put this question to one of them "Have you ever had a quarrel with an Italian?" the answer was, "No." "For the Italians, you must know," he continued, "give a cappara, (a slap in the face) before they fight;" and having invited them to rise from their seats, he gave each of them a blow. He afterwards drew his sword, and invited them to go and fight below stairs, saying that he would fight them both together, which they refused, and they were afterwards discovered to be two emissaries sent by the French fencing master at Marseilles, who had lost the 100 louis; and they confessed they had gone to Lyons to kill him. In 1770, one of the arteries of his neck broke, in attempting to save a young man who fell into the river Rhone, and who had been one of his scholars. Poor Faldoni had remained too long under the water; he was freely bled and prohibited by the doctor from using any exercise, such as fencing, dancing, or riding. At this time he was acquainted with a very young lady called Theresa Mosnier, the daughter of a surgeon, and would have married her, but being in this critical situation (having broken a blood vessel), and it having been made known to her that he had determined to put an end to his existence, as the doctor assured him marriage would be the

cause of his death, she encouraged, and determined to join him. He refused to comply with her request; but she insisted, and he tried her, inducing her to believe that on such a day they would poison themselves. On the day fixed, two glasses of lemonade were placed before her, when he said, "this is sublimate, a strong poison," but it was only cream of tartar; instantly she courageously drank the first, when he told her it was not poison, but that the next day they would meet out of Lyons, about four miles distant, in a chapel, where a cord was placed, and two pistols loaded were opposed to their breasts, and it was thus they died, on Sunday, 30th May, 1778. She wrote a letter to her mother, saying that as she could not in this life be joined with her lover, she had been happy in so doing in the tomb. Faldoni was a very handsome man, beautifully made, amazingly strong, broad chest and shoulders, and five feet eleven inches high, of great courage, and a very generous, good-hearted man. The procès-verbal of this tragedy is extant in the tribunal of Fréjus, in France.

Previous to my leaving Paris for Italy, I waited on the Marquis of Sligo, who resided in the *Rue Castiglione*. He was my scholar when a boy, and since at Cambridge, and afterwards ever honoured me with his notice, and received me at his table. I mentioned to him

the motive of my journey to Florence, at the same time shewing him the necessary documents I had taken with me to prove my claim. With that good-nature he has at all times shewn me, he kindly interested himself, and took the trouble to read them all, and then wrote the letter to Mr. Halls which I mentioned, where he so strongly recommended me to his notice. When I mentioned to his lordship the sum I had taken with me for my journey, I was assured by him that my expences in going thither and returning, would far exceed what I had expected, at the same time aiding me with an additional sum, which then I thought would be quite sufficient. That two noblemen should kindly come forward to enable me to pursue my journey, though I never was in the habit of borrowing money of any one, gave me reason to feel not only thankful, but proud of such pecuniary obligations. When I returned, I found the marquess still at Paris, when he was pleased to hear of the reception Mr. Halls gave me, on presenting his letter of recommendation.

Having bid adieu to Italy, I shall now bid adieu to Paris, and had I the pen of Fielding or Smollett, I could tell some strange stories of what I met with in stage coaches, company, &c. &c. But I may have already committed myself by saying too much; therefore, if “a silent tongue maketh a wise head,” I may yet end better than I began, merely calling it the

wild goose chase, or the monkey that has seen the world. From Paris I secured a good place (not Bodkin again) to Boulogne, to join the steam packet to Dover. From thence I took the stage to London, where I descended in the same place from whence I had mounted the roof, September the 8th, in good health. After a journey of near four thousand miles, being thirty-eight days absent from Paris, and only fourteen days in bed, after four o'clock, a.m. I finished my Italian expedition.

ENGLISH STAGE COACHES.—There are few things which, after a foreign tour, more forcibly remind us that we are again in England, than the superiority of our stage-coaches. There is something very exhilarating in being carried through the air with rapidity. Whether this arises from the pressure of an extra quantity of oxygen on the lungs, or from any action in the nervous system, I leave for wiser heads than mine to determine; but the fact, I believe, to be undeniable. Those who have joined the chase, or descended the “Montagne Russe,” will bear me out, I am persuaded; and considering the rate at which stage-coaches now travel, I think I might claim a host of witnesses from the exalted occupiers of the surface of those vehicles. A place on the box or front of a prime set-out, is, indeed, a considerable treat. But, alas! no human enjoyment is free from alloy. A Jew pedlar or mendicant foreigner with his cigar in

his mouth, has it in his power to turn the draft of sweet air into a cup of bitterness ; nor are the joys of velocity unmixed with the drawbacks of fear and danger.

In one of my journeys to Hastings last autumn, I encountered these joys and sorrows. The day was very bright and bracing---the team of the first order. I was on the roof in front, and had the pleasure of sitting by the side of my old acquaintance, Mr. B. Beaumont, whose family at the time were residing at Hastings. In dashing along, the anecdote and the jest went merrily on ; but then we had the annoyance of a coxcomb perched on the box, infecting the fresh air which Heaven had sent us, with the smoke of his abominable cigar ; and in descending Madam-seat-hill, at a quick pace, we were thrown into a sad fright, owing to some urchin's running across the road just before our horses, which obliged the coachman to pull up with some peril to us all. As we travelled on after, Mr. B., full of his anecdotes, related a somewhat similar scene, which he particularly described in nearly the following words :—

“ I remember a case of this kind,” said he, “ which made an impression on my mind that will not easily be effaced. I was last summer travelling in one of these stages which was very heavily laden inside and out ; we were entering the romantic glen of Colebrook Dale, and going

at a great rate down the hill which leads to the cast-iron bridge there, over which our road lay. We were on the stupendous part of the hill, when, on a road which crossed our line just before we came to the bridge, a handsome young woman made her appearance, bounding along, holding a child by one hand, while in her other arm she held an infant, which she was kissing in a playful manner ; the doing of which probably prevented her seeing the coach and horses under which she was absolutely running. As I before observed, the coach was heavily laden, and we were going down hill at a great rate ; it was therefore impossible to pull up in time to prevent the horses going over the woman and her children ! Had the attempt been made, it would most certainly have caused the coach to be overturned, but it was not made ; the coach went forward without stopping, and in an instant the woman and her two children were run over ! The horses and the wheels of the coach passed over every one of them. ‘ Dreadful ! ’ exclaimed a passenger, who was listening, ‘ then they were all killed ! ’ ‘ Oh, no, by no means,’ said Mr. B.—‘ What then was the extent of the injury, may I ask ? ’ said our anxious companion. ‘ There was no injury at all ; I was sitting by the side of the coachman, and, as we crossed the bridge, I looked back, and then I saw the woman and children on the opposite side of the road to

where I first saw them, skipping along on their line of march as merrily as ever.'—‘ How was that possible ? did you not say that the horses and the coach went over them ?’—‘ Very true, and so they did, Sir ; but there was a brick between them. The road which crossed ours was carried through an archway ; the groupe passed under the arch, just as the coach passed over it.’ The serious and deliberate tone and manner with which this narrative was told, added more to the effect than I can pretend to describe, and produced a hearty laugh when ‘ the whole truth’ became known.

My conversations with Mr. B. Beaumont refreshed my memory upon an eventful period in the recent history of our country ; and recalled some curious anecdotes connected with that time, particularly with those eccentric characters, Cooke the tragedian, and Incledon.

INVASION.—All persons now living who were capable of observation in 1803, must bear in recollection the high patriotic feeling which arose in this country on it appearing likely that the threat of invasion would be then realized. From being a nation of shopkeepers we became a nation of heroes. All professions were neglected for the profession of arms. The artizan left his day’s work for drill—the tailor laid aside his goose to mount his war hobby—the shopkeeper could not attend to his customers ; he had to attend parade. Pruning-hooks were

turned into swords, and ploughshares into spears. Even our religious professors reversed their usual lesson, "If your enemy smite you on one cheek turn to him the other," and encouraged us to prepare for smiting him on both cheeks. Among those who were most active in inspiring the people to arms, was a gentleman who had distinguished himself at the Royal Academy as an artist, and who has since been much before the public as major commandant of one of the most popular of the volunteer regiments, as a county magistrate, and as principal director of those eminent insurance establishments the County Fire Office and Provident Life Office (Mr. Barber Beaumont). In several publications he had advocated the expediency of training a considerable portion of the people (those who were already good shots, and others who were likely to be made such) to act as sharp-shooters. What he recommended, he enforced by raising a very fine corps in his own neighbourhood. This, in compliment to the royal personage who became the patron of it, was called the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp-Shooters. It was the first independent rifle corps which took the field in this country; and the novelty of the service, the picturesque appearance of the dress, and the vivacity of the movements, rendered it a general favourite. The use of the sword formed part of the exercises of this regiment. The commandant and several of the

men attended at my fencing school, and through them I became acquainted with many interesting circumstances relating to the service. In expertness as marksmen this corps took the lead, and kept it during the war. There were several other rifle corps raised in and near the metropolis, and occasional trials of skill took place between them, but the D. C. S. S. always came off victorious. One match, made in 1805, had six corps concerned in it, and it lasted ten days. In this the D. C. S. S. headed their competitors in the proportion of three to two, and their commandant proved the best shot of the whole, he placing nineteen shots in the ring out of twenty-four, while the next best man placed only fifteen. On another occasion, in 1810, the Nottinghamshire Riflemen challenged all England. This was accepted by the D. C. S. S. and the Yagers of the Artillery Company. A spot was fixed on for the match midway between London and Nottingham; and here again the Cumberlands won every thing, and beat the Nottingham men at nearly two to one. The confidence which Major Barber had in the steadiness and skill of his marksmen was shewn in a very remarkable manner—I mention it by way of warning, not as a subject for imitation. On a particular occasion, in Hyde Park, he held the target for twelve of his best shots while they fired at it, at the long distance of one hundred and fifty yards. None of them missed the tar-

get. This was done, by way of rehearsal, for a display of skill on the following day before the Earl of Banbury, the inspecting general of the district. The next morning, previous to the firing, Major B. breakfasted with the general, at his house near Park-lane, and told his lordship what he had done, and proposed to repeat it, to prove the confidence which he had in his men; but Lord Banbury forbade him under pain of being put under arrest, and it was fortunate he did so; for, on the firing, Mr. Rice, of the Alien Office, at that time deemed the best shot in the corps, and who had on the previous day hit the bull's eye while the major held the target, became nervous, and actually missed the target altogether in two shots out of three which he fired. The stone from which this firing took place, with D. C. S. S. chiselled thereon, still remains in Hyde Park opposite the spot where the butt stood.

Mr. B. Beaumont had always something new to refresh the zeal of his men. The exercises of the corps were varied. There were ball firing from the shoulder—from a rest—in various positions, and at a moving object—the broad-sword exercise and playing. These exercises were pursued on evenings and on Sunday mornings, in order to interfere as little as might be with the necessary avocations of the men. A transferable gold medal was fired for on the first Sunday in every month, which became finally

the property of the man who won it six times, when a new one was supplied. Other prizes were frequently given for fencing and running, as well as for firing. On their anniversaries, which usually took place at Chalk Farm and at Montpelier Gardens, the trials of skill excited considerable interest, and one which was held at Vauxhall Gardens was particularly brilliant. A monthly mess was formed to give their service the zest of conviviality. The dinners were at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden ; and the songs, which had all of them a reference to the art of the marksman, but which were a little too gay for insertion here, were introduced with animating effect.

In this lively corps were embodied a pretty considerable portion of the *corps dramatique*. George F. Cooke, Charles Incledon, Hill, Bologna and Spencer the harlequins, and little Simmons, were among the most distinguished. The two former had sadly outgrown the service ; but their spirits outlived their bodily capabilities. Cooke, in particular, was most zealous in the cause. He, who could seldom be depended on at rehearsal or performance, was punctual at drill. Full of his new character and of wine, he came on a certain night to the theatre, when a crowded house had assembled to witness one of his unrivalled performances, and peremptorily refused to perform. The entreaties of manager, actors, and actresses were

all in vain. As they followed him about the stage beseeching him to dress for the character, his voice was heard in front, reviling them, in such terms as these, “Out upon you, you vile mumming crew. Is this a time to practice your contemptible buffoonery? The enemy is at your gates—the citadel is in danger—I am studying the speech I shall address to the people of England from Dover Cliffs. Away with you—leave me to myself.” Nothing could turn him—an apology was accordingly made for Mr. Cooke, “he being taken suddenly ill,” and another piece was substituted.

Once, when the Duke of Cumberland was reviewing the corps at Chalk Farm, he took particular notice of Cooke, who, though deficient in speed, was, as before observed, a very attentive soldier. The usual firing and manœuvres being gone through, a sham fight was engaged in, and the troops had to make their way over the fields about Hampstead and Highgate. There was a high bank to get over in starting from the firing ground, up which the young men vaulted with little difficulty—not so with Cooke. He ran at the bank, but he ran in vain, he could not mount it; by dint of pulling from above, and pushing from below, however, he was at length hoisted to the top, when he found a rail, on which he sat to recover his breath. As he came to himself, a little urchin squeaked out, “Richard’s himself

again!" "I wish the bastard dead!" snorted out Cooke, still half exhausted, and he went toddling after the skirmishers, who had bounded on long before—but he was neither last nor least. Charles Incledon, now become corpulent, brought up the rear at little more than a walk. "My lad," said he to a butcher boy, who followed the troops, "carry this d—d gun for me, and I'll give you a shilling." He then started off a little quicker, but was nearly thrown down by his sword getting between his legs; a little girl just then caught his eye: "My little girl," said Charles, "do carry this d—d sword for me, and I'll give you a shilling." This, too, was done, and at the halt, Incledon made his appearance round and green as a cabbage, accompanied by his male and female armour bearers, to the no small amusement of his comrades, and of the by-standers. "What a shame," exclaimed Cooke, "that the first singer in the world should be the last soldier in the field!"

On another occasion Cooke presented himself at ball firing at Chalk Farm, at the regular hour of muster, which was seven o'clock in the morning, a thing somewhat unusual with him. His eyes were red, and the previous night's intoxication had evidently not subsided. He was eager to begin firing, and was suffered to fall in. Here he began to abuse the officers for practising at so short a distance from the target.

“ Two hundred yards,” said one to him, “ is not so short a distance ; if it were further we could not see it this hazy morning, and I’ll lay you the price of the breakfast that you don’t hit it.”—“ Done !” said Cooke. He then presented his piece : all eyes were upon him, when it was observed that he did not level in the direction of the target, but obliquely, and point blank at a woman, who was standing about twenty yards off, with a white apron on. This Cooke had taken for the target. His rifle was caught hold of just as he was about to pull the trigger, and his mistake explained. He could not see the target, however, and was forbidden to fire at all. This objection brought on an harangue from him, which was by no means consistent with the articles of war, and which was most easily terminated, by allowing him to fire one shot, the field being previously cleared. He then boasted that he had won a wager which he had made at two o’clock that morning, at the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, viz. that he would be at muster call that morning at Chalk Farm, and fire with the class.

When sober, Cooke was a very gentlemanly as well as an intelligent companion, and he had somewhat of a philosophical turn of mind ; but when he was intoxicated, which unhappily was too often the case, he was the very devil. He had, while in that condition, a knack of saying the most aggravating things, which could be

conceived against the person he chose to attack, and many a drubbing has his abuse cost him from men who could not bear with his infirmity. More than once he called up the major's family in the middle of the night to borrow a brace of pistols, that he might resent the chastisement he had brought upon himself like a gentleman.

Charles Incledon gave a dinner at his house in St. Michael's Place, Brompton, to a large party of sharp-shooters, and other friends. Cooke was there, and all were delighted with him. He promised not to pass "the Kedron," an expression he used to signify the line of sobriety. Frequently he was reminded by his friends that he was getting pretty near to it, but he good humouredly bade them not to be afraid; he had now learnt to be master of himself. The tale, the joke went round in high glee. Among other things, a Mr. Green told a story of a methodist parson, who was in the habit of treating his congregation with promises of eternal torments. "You will all be damned," said he, "as sure as I catch this fly—Damn it, I've missed him." All the company laughed except Cooke; he, looking at Mr. Green out of the corner of his eyes, in his peculiar way, with his head lowered, whispered, "Please to tell that story again." The gentleman observed that it was a trifling story, and not worth repeating, but he did as he was bade. "Now tell that story again," said Cooke, raising his voice to a

stentorian pitch ; the gentleman excused himself ; Cooke commanded him. This was, of course, treated as it deserved ; when up rose Cooke, vociferating, with all the force of his voice—“ You scoundrel ! I have marked you—I have had my eyes on you ever since you dared enter this room. That fellow is a spy in the pay of the French government—I know it—I can prove it—Oh, you d—d scoundrel, to dare show your face where I am ;” and, thereupon, he seized a chair, which he attempted to throw at the head of the story teller, but was prevented. All the party were soon on their legs, and Mr. Cooke was thrust out of the room, while threatening to annihilate all that were in it. Incledon followed him, and reproached him for having so insulted his friend. “ George Cooke, you have ruined me ; Mr. Green is the best friend I have,” said Charles, “ he always takes two boxes at my benefit, and sometimes three.”—“ Oh, you pitiful fellow, Charles Incledon,” roared out Cooke, shaking his fist at him ; “ so because he takes two boxes at your benefit, and sometimes three, you insult your friends by bringing a French spy among them. I can prove him to be a French spy.”—“ How can you prove it ?” said Major B., “ it is a foolish drunken fancy of your own—you must go and ask his pardon.”—“ Is it possible you can be so dark as not to see through it ?” replied

Cooke; “ that story was meant as a hit at the sharp-shooters ; and why does he attack the sharp-shooters ? because they are the most effective of the volunteers, and the volunteers, it is well known, are the force which the French Government chiefly dread. He is, therefore, sent over here to run down the sharp-shooters ; don’t you see it now ? Give me my hat and stick that I may escape from a house filled with fools and traitors ,” and off he went, brandishing his stick, and bellowing his denunciations. The next morning, Cooke saw the major, who lectured him on his strange and offensive conduct the preceding night ; of this Cooke had then no recollection, but upon the facts being described to him with suitable reflections, he burst out in an impassioned manner—“ Do not despise me, but pity me, I am a wretched—a lost man ; until I have a certain quantity of liquor in me, my feelings are insupportable—I suffer the horrors of the damned—and when I have had the liquor, I am mad !”

Charles Incledon’s frailties among women were notorious. One Sunday morning, after ball firing at Chalk Farm, Charles undertook to convey the major to town in his gig. Arrived in Titchfield Street, he drew up at a handsome house, and begged of the major to hold the reins while he stepped in for a minute. People were just then returning from church, and the

major observed a pretty considerable number collecting about him—some laughed, others looked censoriously. He wondered that a gay uniform should attract such numbers of spectators ; but observing that they looked more at the windows of the house he was in front of, than at himself, he looked up also ; and there, to his dismay, saw every window furnished with girls, in various degrees of dress, and Incledon very busy in introducing him to their observation. A look and a lash of the whip, apprized Charles that he must make a quick retreat, or lose his place in the gig—out he ran, calling upon the major, by name, to stop. He now had to receive some severe reproaches from the major, for exhibiting him in front of such an infamous house. “ Infamous house !” quoth Charles, “ why, its Mrs. ——’s. The P—— goes there —the Duke of Y—— goes there ; all the first men in the country go there ! Infamous house, do you say ? why, it is the most respectable house in London !”

INCLEDON'S SHIPWRECK.—Joe Major used to tell an interesting serio-comic tale regarding Incledon and himself. Charles appropriated a whole year to a professional tour through the principal towns in Great Britain and Ireland, giving an entertainment, which he called “ The Wandering Melodist.” Major accompanied him

on the pianoforte, and Mrs. Incledon was of the party. In crossing from Holyhead to Dublin, they were overtaken by a storm, and entering Dublin bay in the dark, the packet struck upon a rock, or bank, and soon afterwards sunk. Almost the whole of the passengers--and they were numerous--were drowned; but as the vessel had not sunk in deep water, the crew, and Incledon, availing himself of his former nautical habits, got up the shrouds. He also assisted his wife and friend to mount above the level of the sea, and to cling to the rigging. Here they remained for several hours in total darkness, perishing with cold, the vessel rocking to and fro, the waves breaking over them, and with the horrible expectation that each succeeding wave would engulf them for ever. Major said that he had given himself up for lost; he found his strength and spirits giving way, and could scarcely retain his hold of the rigging: still, in the midst of his terrors, he could not help smiling at Incledon's strange mixture of oaths, prayers, and confessions. These will not admit of a full description, but whenever a large wave struck them, he burst out in his peculiar style of wild energy, in such expressions as these: "O Heaven, save my soul--grant me forgiveness. I do confess my manifold sins--I have been a great scoundrel to this dear woman,

my wife—I do confess that I got her to ask Mrs. — to our house, for my own purposes. I do confess my wickedness with her dear friends, Mrs. —, and Mrs. —, and that dear innocent girl, Miss —. I do confess and repent me of the liberties I have taken with our maid Susan, and the maid we had last year, I forget her name”—And so he went on, enumerating his sins, until the return of day. The condition of the sufferers was then discovered from the shore; boats put off, and they were speedily relieved. Warmed beds, and the usual restoratives, were successfully supplied, and Mr. Incledon soon forgot his DANGERS and his *repentance*; but Mrs. Incledon took care that he should *never forget his confessions!*

Such were the frailties of two of the first *professional* dramatic performers of their own or any other time. But *amateur* actors are not without their weaknesses; and with a specimen of these, I bid farewell to my readers.

BOWMAN'S LODGE AND MAJOR WATHEN.— I should think it must have been above twenty years ago when I visited the Bowman's Lodge near Dartford. This consisted of a select meeting of gentlemen, who, in addition to their archery, finished their evenings with a theatrical performance, and an elegant supper. A number of ladies used also to assemble at these meetings.

Invited to their play, and being one of the amateur buskins, I was admitted that night, on paying two guineas, to tread the boards ; and, for the first and last time, a condemned innocent, I was to stalk down the stage with a halter round my neck, the play being the surrender of Calais. King Edward was played by the elder Maddocks ; his brother Joe sustained the part of Eustace ; and Captain Dawkins, of the guards, that of La Gloire.

Having arrived but a short time before the performance, a few words were left for me to say previous to my intended execution. The farce was “ High Life Below Stairs ;” My Lord Duke, Tom Sheridan ; Sir Harry, Berkeley Craven, and Lovewell, Captain Dawkins ; who with his pathetic performance with Madeline in the play, and his humour as the clown in the afterpiece, reminded every one of that great public favorite, my old friend, Bannister.

At supper, I was seated next to Major Wathen, then as much stage-struck as I was, and whose humour and excellent comic songs have often been highly applauded. Among those who were called on to sing, he was included. Facing us, sat Lady Lanesborough and her daughters. Before he began, he said, “ Now you will see how I will make them laugh.” But, alas ! their utter apathy the whole

time he was singing, so disheartened him, that as soon as he finished, he exclaimed—" By Heavens, I never was so comical in all my life! Did you observe the daughters? Not so much as a smile, or a look could I get from them, though I gave one of my best and drollest songs."

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